Good Housekeeping

AUG 24 1929

EPTEMBER
1929

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Beginning—

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Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins. *All measurements are level.*

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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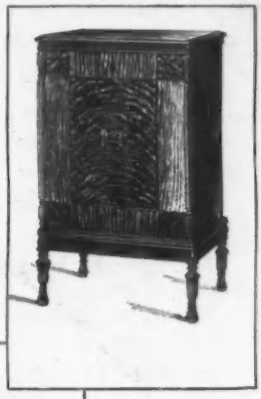

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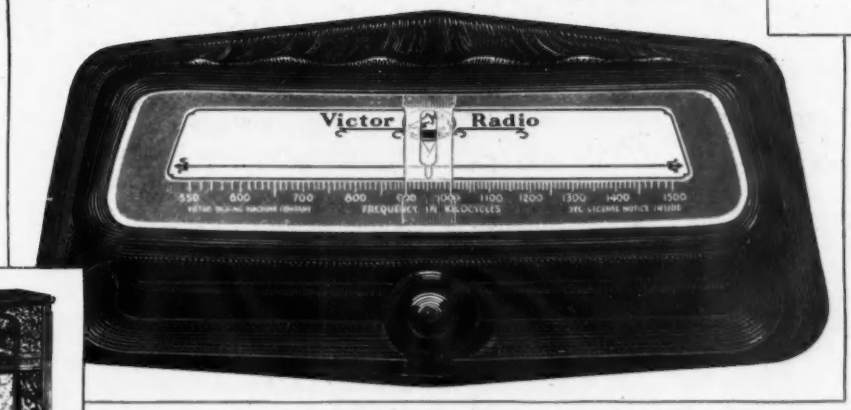

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September 1929
Vol. LXXXIX No. 3

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SCHOOLS are set to the average pace arranged for the average boy. But at either end of the scale are boys who are supernormal—subnormal. What can be done for these children is a question for which Elizabeth Frazer can tell you the answer, in her October article, "A New Job for the Public Schools." It will open up vistas to all women who are working for the good of the community

MONEY is all things to all people but one thing it is not—and Sarah Addington proves it, in her delightful story of a man who insisted on being a playmate and fatherly advisor as well as a boss—"Money Isn't Everything"

GYPSY LOVE—no one writes of it so romantically, so poetically, as Konrad Bercovici—perhaps because in his veins runs some of the true Gypsy fire. "Leyla," in the October Good Housekeeping, is the story of a young couple who ran away from their wedding—together

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER'S legends of "The Golden Trail" blazed by the feet of the Conquistadores four hundred years ago have set a new mark in folklore translated into modern tongues. In October, "The Last Emperor" tells the story of a romance that blossomed under the tropic sun

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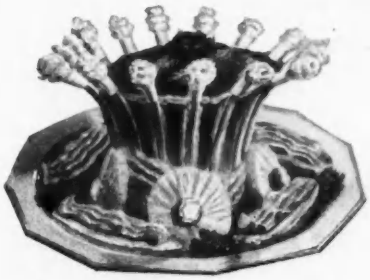
Do you use IMAGINATION in cooking?



Who would think that Star Bacon could improve the appearance and flavor of a crown roast of lamb? It does, however, in a most surprising way. Our free recipe book with its 36 ways to serve Star Bacon, tells the secret on page nine.

What could you make with some bread crumbs and a few slices of Star Bacon? If you look on page thirteen of our free recipe book, with its 36 ways to serve Star Bacon, you'll find a taste-teasing suggestion—Stuffed Star Bacon Slices. Try it!

Bacon and tomatoes may sound exceedingly ordinary. But just wait until you combine some Star Bacon and ripe, juicy tomatoes as described on page seven of our recipe book, with its 36 ways to serve Star Bacon. There is a dish!

WHEN you see food arrive fresh from the market or get a glimpse of leftovers in the refrigerator, are you inspired to "do your stuff" in the kitchen? Does cooking intrigue you as an adventure in flavor-finding or as an opportunity to discover ways to give new zest to old dishes?

From the Armour Kitchen in Chicago has come a cook book with 36 WAYS TO SERVE STAR BACON. With a copy of this book and some Star Bacon you are equipped to take familiar foods and leftovers and convert them into dishes that are delicious surprises in flavor and goodness.

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What The SCHOOLS *ARE FOR*

AS THE millions of American children and young men and women go happily back to school and college, Count Hermann Keyserling looks on and says:

"Since not only objective value, but also subjective happiness depends entirely on improved *inner* conditions—where they were unsatisfactory—what is the use of all efficiency, unless it leads to such improvement? In the same sense, information without understanding is of no value whatsoever, because only information understood means raw material assimilated and spiritualized by man—and understanding proceeds from within to the outside, not vice-versa. This seems to me to dispose finally of the present-day American ideal of education. The kind of education the United States glory in simply means training, as animals can be trained; it makes men more or less fit for the struggle of life; it gives no culture. The real reason why Americans are constantly talking of education as a supreme goal and spend unheard-of sums on it is that they are glad to have something obvious to focus as an aim."

We were just a bit inclined to resent this criticism of our schools, which we had found in the manuscript of the Count's as yet unpublished book, "America Set Free," when we came across this statement of the purpose of the school, attributed to Professor Franklin Bobbitt of the University of Chicago: "The school is not an agency of social reform. It is not directly concerned with improving society. Its responsibility is to help the growing individual continuously and consistently to hold to the type of human living which is the best practical one for him. This should automatically result in an enormous improvement in society in general. But this improvement is not a thing directly aimed at. It is only a by-product."

Look at that third sentence again, "Its responsibility is to help the growing individual *continuously and consistently* to hold to the type of human living which is the best *practical* one *for him.*" Thanks, Count Keyserling, for putting it in plainer English— "The kind of education the United States glory in simply means training, as animals can be trained." We can answer that better. There is no doubt about the Count's meaning: our schools are a mill, grinding out, each year, so many young people more or less prepared to make a living. If any child among them has had his soul awakened to a perception of its responsibility and its opportunity, has had a sense of beauty—physical, mental, spiritual—aroused within him, has learned to recognize his duty to society and to God—it is accidental, says the foreign critic, and that this is as it should be the professor at home admits.

But will the army of teachers who have put and are putting their lives into the schools admit it? Will the multitudes of men and women, boys and girls, whose lives have been touched by the gentle, molding hands of devoted teachers admit it? Will the parents of the millions of Johns and Sallies who have seen their sons and daughters made over in school admit it? No, they won't. One and all, they will tell you that it is the duty of the school to turn out good citizens of the United States—and you may make the definition of a good citizen just as inclusive as you please. The life of the nation is centered in the schools; the citizens of tomorrow will be gathered there this month. If the tinkerers and the theorists will only keep their hands off and their ideas to themselves both schools and pupils will be safe.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

College Age

By

Ethel R. Fuller

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

AND he must go who's lived so few short springs—
  Just eighteen Aprils since his wide gray eyes
First mirrored lilacs and blue butterflies—
  I did not know till now how swift the wings
Of time! The full sweet years, where have they flown?
  Each minute of each day filled to the brim
With plans, with hopes, with dreams alone for him!—
  My little boy, who suddenly is grown.

AND he must go . . . for this, have mothers borne
  Tall, splendid sons from immemorial days—
To say God-speed some early autumn morn,
  To stand aside and let them go their ways.
And if I weep to see my lad depart,
  It is from pride, not from a breaking heart.

Beginning

ALIBI

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER'S

Romantic Murder Mystery

IT WAS on a day like this, just a year ago—or was it two years?—that the main incidents in this story occurred. It was a sultry day. The ground was parched, and the farmers were praying for rain—little dreaming of the things the storm would hide, or that before the sky cleared again the biggest mystery of the year would be the talk of the countryside. Here is the account of it—as gripping a yarn as we have read in years

MISS LUCY KENT cleared her throat with an abrasive noise, as though she whetted the words she suddenly had determined to drive home. Cynthia, her niece, rolled over on the sun-steeped swimming raft like a basking seal, glanced shoreward, and rose.

"Hi, Johnny Tower," she called to Miss Lucy's companion on the big, gray rock at the water's edge. "Whatsa idea?"

Her scarlet bathing cap flamed against the ash-blue August sky, and her wet bathing suit was a black lacquer upon the arrogant beauty of her body.

"Johnny," she wheedled. "Here, Johnny—Johnny—Johnny! You can't vamp Auntie, old-timer, and you need a bath. Come on in. Come, Johnny!"

Miss Lucy, disapproving the expression on her seat-mate's face, wet her lips and gripped the verbal shaft.

Gordon Ashley bobbed up beside the raft, blew water from his nose, and reached a long, tanned arm for the girl's ankle. She yelped, lost balance and, recovering desperately, dived over his head. Her departure rocked the float so that Peter Mortimer's lathy figure, poised on the diving board, lurched and fell in awkwardly.

John Tower, still seated beside Miss Lucy, flipped away his cigarette butt and gave an acid chuckle.

"Not too graceful," he commented, and the gray eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles puckered with something more than tribute to the sun's glare.

His companion, stiff and precise in neat, starched raiment, replied cuttingly, "Mr. Mortimer is an excellent swimmer."

"Every one knows that," Tower retorted, "including Peter Mortimer."

He observed his late uncle's confidential clerk, now private secretary to Gordon Ashley, heir to the Seabrook Ashley millions. Mortimer knifed his way back to the raft with a flagrantly perfect crawl. Tower sniffed derisively.

A fat, faintly opalescent cloud was pushing above the distant ridge. A breeze ran down the slope and slid over the pond with a smell of baking woodland. Mortimer dived beautifully into a sudden drove of blue ripples and wallowed out toward where Cynthia's and Gordon's heads were twin bobbing corks. The breeze perished in the heat, and Miss Lucy, relinquishing her skirt, observed John Tower with seasoned dislike from beneath her parasol.

She had cherished her antipathy for twenty years, since the first of the series of summers Tower and Gordon Ashley, his cousin, and Cynthia had spent together as children on the old Avery farm in the run-down New England hill township of Turin. Miss Lucy was not indulgent toward either boys or men.

Cynthia called something indistinguishable from far out on the pond, and Tower made a vague gesture in reply. He lit another cigarette and nursed his bony knees, a spare, finely-drawn young man in a

Gordon and Cynthia stared into the turmoil of spray and rocking water. Her grip on his arm tightened painfully. "They're fighting!" she cried

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

faded bathing suit. The horn spectacles he had not discarded lent dignity to a faintly scornful face, sharp-featured and worn as though life had honed it unduly. Sandy hair, Miss Lucy saw, was thinning on his freckled temples, and there were deep lines about his compressed mouth.

Cynthia, Ashley, and his secretary were racing back to the raft in a flurry of foam and laughter. They hauled themselves up upon its edge, and the sun turned the new-made millionaire's crisp hair to molten gold. Ashley was good to see, even the spinsterly eyes of Miss Lucy recognized—fit, sun-bronzed, with gay reckless eyes and a boyish grin. He leaned over and shook Cynthia's shoulder affectionately. Miss Lucy was certain that Tower winced.

"Aren't you going to swim, John?" she asked politely.

She knew his ineptitude in the water was restraining him. His glance told her he knew that she knew.

"You see," he returned as one might inform a forgetful child, "I don't swim very much, or very well."

She did not understand why his tone abashed her. She did not, she confessed to herself, understand John Tower at all, which was the major source of her antipathy. She suspected the man for the bewilderment he caused her.

Why had Gordon Ashley, the merry, the lovable, forever in trouble, forever laughing his way out of predicament and into his critics' hearts, held fast to his dour cousin? Why did Cynthia cherish a sisterly fondness for him? Why, despite his uncle's eminence and influence in the

law, had Tower turned his back upon it and later deserted even the quasi-profession of newspaperman to write books for a living? Why, instead of staying at the Outlook Hotel, into which Eli Avery, last and most energetic of his line, had transformed the old farmhouse, had Tower bought and remodeled the barn of a deserted farm a half-mile deep in second-growth forest, and elected to live there?

She had, Miss Lucy considered pursing her lips with satisfaction, a solution for this last puzzle. Quiet for writing? Nonsense. He had crawled off into the woods to nurse the grievance born of his uncle's will. That was why he disliked Mortimer. Even Mortimer had received a larger bequest than had John Tower.

She regarded Gordon's secretary as he sat on the raft's edge, a saturnine figure, shaggy legs mid-shin deep in the water. There was little about him to enlist her partisanship —lank body, sharp, swarthy face, and a strangled voice, hardly more than a whisper, as though his larynx rebelled against the mild extravagance of speech. He was, she admitted to herself, everything that his new employer happily was not, and yet she found herself his adherent in the face of Tower's manifest dislike.

A plane droned high overhead, lost itself in the dazzle of the sun, and emerging, slid out of sight between the swelling cloud and the hill's crest. On the raft's edge Cynthia and Gordon sang inanely:

"Old Johnny Tower is a man full
of wrath—
Sits on a rock and declines to
take a bath."

They rocked against each other in paroxysms of glee, and Mortimer's teeth gleamed in silent laughter.

Cynthia, recovering, called, "We'll make up some more, Johnny, if you don't come in."

His answering smile and movement to rise spurred Miss Lucy to deterrent speech.

"Imagine," she marveled, "Mr. Mortimer flying to Madison from Boston yesterday afternoon and flying back again this evening!"

"I'd rather not," Tower commented. "But facts are facts. We have to endure them."

She surveyed his impassive face dubiously.

"Imagine," she reiterated, "when you want to see your employer on business now, you step into a plane and—there you are. Isn't it wonderful?"

"If you like your business—or your employer," he granted.

"Responsibility," she pursued remorselessly, "does so much for people. Cynthia thinks it has improved Gordon tremendously."

"Possibly," he admitted, rising, eyes fixed upon the girl who lay face up on the planking, crossed arms shielding her eyes from the sun's glare.

The furtive yearning in his face nerved

Johnny's sardonic smile brought flames to Cynthia's eyes. you haven't. You're jealous of your cousin's cash." "No,"

Miss Lucy. She flung her shaft.

"John," she said tensely. "I feel that you should be the first—to know."

He sat down as though her words had thrust against him, and mechanically put on the spectacles he had removed.

"You must understand," she faltered, for his quiet pallor unnerved her, "that I'm telling you on my own responsibility and in confidence. The engagement won't be announced for some time yet—poor Mr. Ashley's death and all that."

"Old John Tower—" Gordon and Cynthia began again and collapsed in helpless laughter. A brown newt rested on the

"You're jealous," she charged, "because Gordon has what he denied in a trembling voice. "Not of his—cash"

surface in the shallows before Miss Lucy's confidant and was rocked by ripples from the raft. Tower observed it with an abstracted intensity. It blew a mocking bubble at him and wriggled downward to the pebbly bottom.

There was something almost metallic, the woman appreciated, about the sharpness of her companion's features. His eyes were still as granite chips, and heavy creases ran from his nose to his lip corners. She found herself explaining, almost apologizing, to that stricken, baleful face.

"It seemed to me—fairer, John. You've known each other so long and so well, and since Gordon's your cousin—I felt—No one is supposed to know yet, but I'm telling you in confidence I'm sure you will respect."

"Oh, Johnny," Gordon called from the raft, "for Pete's sake, come on in! We won't let you drown."

Tower rose with dazed slowness and took off his spectacles again. Miss Lucy's courage suddenly deserted her. Her anticipated triumph was something akin to fright.

"You'll keep the secret, John?" she begged.

He paused knee-deep in the water. "Better than you did, Miss Lucy," he promised.

The splash of his launching muffled her indignant gasp. He floundered out toward the raft to the accompaniment of its occupants' ironic cheers. Miss Lucy, observing his progress with offended eyes, permitted herself a brief, unlady-like hope that he might sink.

Twice, during his desperate passage, it seemed her wish might be fulfilled. Upon the float Gordon and Cynthia abandoned themselves to heathen glee, shouting counsel, screeching applause when, after a final flurry, Tower ignored the sardonically outstretched hand of Mortimer and gripped the edge of the planking to cling there, panting.

"Why," the girl exclaimed, inspecting the set, wet face before her, "it's Leander himself. So sorry, sir, but Miss Hero has gone away for the week-end."

Mortimer laughed silently and said in his rasping whisper, "Leander will need all that time to rest up, eh, Tower?"

The swimmer coughed and turned on Gordon's secretary a blank, short-sighted stare.

"No," he replied, and the word seemed to puncture the gay balloon of their merriment. "With Miss Lucy there and you here, Leander prefers to drown in mid-channel, thanks."

Mortimer's grin twisted into a smirk. After a brief, oppressed silence, Cynthia said quietly.

"That wasn't a pretty speech, Johnny."

Her eyes still held a trace of swashbuckling, irrevêrent gaiety, but the bright lips beneath her straight, little nose were severe.

He hauled himself awkwardly up to the raft beside her.

"No," he agreed.

Gordon Ashley considered his dripping cousin dubiously for an instant and then chuckled. The sound broke the tension, and his grin was disarming. It swept the faint cast of recklessness from his vital, homely features and turned him, for all his width of tanned shoulder and girth of chest, into a little boy.

"Sore, Johnny?" he asked and lay back upon the raft to grin at the pale, hot sky.

Mortimer rose, ran up the springboard, and dived, his body a cunningly cast projectile that entered the water with scarcely a sound. In the perfection of the feat Tower moodily discerned mocking retort to his affront. He (*Continued on page 242*)

© Frances B. Johnston

An Epic of Boyhood—with The Man a Whole World Knew as "TEDDY" *Always in the Background*

Algonquin, the calico pony, always came to meet Quentin at the close of school, led by a White House servant

The White House Gang

By

Earle Looker

CHAPTER IV

A COMBINATION of many knightly souls, mixed with the blood of all the mighty Nimrods and Daniel Boones—add a touch of savage scalping zest—is in every small boy. Sometimes this is hardly clear, because of his particular manner of headlong hunting, chasing, coursing in full hue-and-cry. It is somewhat of a come-down to the chasing of alley cats, but that perchance may be the only practical adventure in immediate prospect. It has been true of boys, since the beginning, that they chase cats on sight and yelp joyously at them. Paul Ireland, one of our associate cat-chasers—son of Major Ireland, who later became Surgeon-General of the Army—yelped at cats in a penetrative tone that could be heard two blocks down Massachusetts Avenue.

"Listen!" Q said abruptly. "Paul has treed a cat! Hurry! Hurry!"

We bounded away, coming upon Paul at the base of a tree, eyeing the cat through his goggle-glasses and ever and anon throwing his head back to yelp.

For the cat, matters were complicated by the fact that it had been chased out on a limb by another cat, and in his, or her, excitement had finally slipped, hung for a moment by its claws, and fallen to the sidewalk, to be caught by Paul, whose cheek was clawed. Q fell upon Paul, and the Gang piled on top of all three and held them down, until we were sure of the capture of the cat. We took turns, carrying it to the White House.

During its dangerous and somewhat painful progress the cat had assumed the character of a wild and vicious animal, and we considered ourselves in the light of some noble band which had succeeded in ridding the forest of one of the smaller, cross-roads dragons. This dragon we finally secured by tying some clothesline about his neck and giving him some thirty feet of the most exciting freedom in the south garden. A catnip ball, found by Q in the depths of a box in his room, was dragged in circuitous ways

about the gardens for half a mile or more, expecting that the animal would follow it just as a foxhound would the drag. Then we rubbed its nose in the trail, but it showed no interest whatever in the proceedings and hardly deigned to play with the catnip ball when we presented it directly.

Finally Q conceived the brilliant idea of tethering the cat to a big stone tied to the end of the clothesline. Thus anchored, we shot at it with bow-and-arrow. Suddenly we became aware of official notice of our target practise, TR calling to us from the south portico.

"That's not at all sporting!" he cried. "The cat can only go in a circle, and a small one at that. You're not giving him half a chance. Now, if he were free, and some of you were beaters to shoo him out of the bushes, so that others could get running shots at him, that would be better. Moreover, some of the beaters and the hunters might stand a chance of being wounded, which seems only fair to me. As a matter of fact, it is only because you are such poor shots that you haven't filled him full of arrows half a dozen times over."

"Practise," Q responded in his, and our, defense, "makes perfect—"

"Yes, yes, I know," TR agreed. "But don't you think you'd better practise on something better than a cat?"

Quentin looked dubious.

TR came down the curving steps of the portico and directed our energies in a trial of distance shots. "A well-shot shaft." "Pull back to the ear, like an ancient archer with his gray-goose quill." "Account for windage." "Oh! awful!"—such was some of his running comment.

By this time we were being watched from the windows of the State-War-Navy Building. TR glanced in that direction, and his face flushed.

"The cat! Release the cat!" he cried suddenly. "They'll think, over there, that *I'm* shooting at the cat! Here's a pretty mess! I can see the newspapers tomorrow telling the far corners of the country that my favorite sport is shooting, with bow-and-arrow, at a tethered cat. "'The President has only killed four cats this week,' they'll say, 'a poor showing for him, since the Presidential cats supplied to him are always meek, mild creatures, with no great fight in them.'"

Q and the Gang laughed, but began also to see the point.

"It would be almost as bad for us, wouldn't it, if they told the story on us?" asked Q.

"Worse!" TR replied—"far worse. For you are of the younger and more humane generation, and supposed to know better."

The cat was released, and, as Paul

Walker White compensated for lack of size by an unusually quick pick-up and sustained speed and stamina

© *Harris & Ewing*

Ambassador Bryce won the eternal gratitude of the Gang, by upholding their claim to sanctuary on British territory—namely, the Embassy yard

Thinking back to the Force School days, and knowing Charlie Taft's steadiness of purpose, it seems possible that even then he had decided on his career

yelped, it squeezed through the iron fence and made off in the direction of the Monument. A few minutes later TR, to his tremendous embarrassment, broke one of our bows—a fortunate accident, because, later in the afternoon, a messenger appeared with a new target and bigger and better bows for all of us.

As TR left to return to his official duties, he faced round to us and said in his emphatic way:

"If you capture something really *sporting* to shoot at—something fast, and strong, and dangerous to life and limb—please let me know at once. Otherwise I shall not be interested, nor, do I think, should you. I'm not joking about this."

Joke-books were one of Q's failings. Filed together, he spent a heap of his allowance buying them, and worked assiduously through them to find jokes about his father.

"The worse they are against him," he explained once, "the better he likes them. Archie found a fearful one a couple of weeks ago, and I'm still frantic to find a fearfuller."

It was from such incidentals, perhaps, that the Gang learned most.

TR's instruction was always far more effective than anything we received at school. There, our elders contemplated us with profound misgiving, baffled, more or less, by the impossibility of ever doing anything with us. They, themselves, had not learned that we were reasonable, amenable young creatures.

Even Ben W. Murch, who as teacher, principal, and division supervisor is remembered vividly by large numbers that passed through Washington schools, would turn away from us and walk away heavily to his office, a sorely-tried man, carrying a load of responsibility of which the presence of the youngest Roosevelt formed no small part.

"Cheese it! Murch!" was the warning cry of both school-yard and classroom, when scouts reported the Principal as being sighted, bearing down upon conspirators, concerning some particularly impish practical joke or harassing invention.

Scouts were indeed necessary, for when the thick-set, swarthy Murch arrived, it was with a rush, collaring boys and getting a close approximation of the truth from most of them. With an understanding and a gift for description far beyond his years, Q said:

"When Murch comes, the earth trembles with the thundah of his hooves! He terrifies boys into saying things they don't mean. I don't mean, at all, that he doesn't belong," he added, fearing lest his judgment should appear to be too harsh.

Q must have been thinking of the social distinctions which, when they were false, never were a part of the Roosevelt consideration. These were serious matters, on one occasion, in the village of Northport, Long Island, when Q came from Sagamore Hill to visit me, while I was the guest of my cousin, Mrs. George B. Wilson.

Q's arrival had the village gossips in turmoil, and there was some resentment because the children of certain families had not been selected to meet the son of the President of the United States. This, however, my cousin had not considered; she wished, and rightly, to make no more of Q than of any other boy, or of any other friend of mine.

At lunch, Q, feeling entirely at home, and, with the utter frankness of a small boy, after eating two or three spoonfuls of his dessert, remarked, "This is Long Island ice-cream, I fear!"

So, although it was perfectly good, some of the ice-cream was left over. It was a broiling summer day, and Mrs. Wilson called a neighbor by telephone to ask if her children would like it. The answer was startling. The sum of it was that since her children had not been invited to meet the son of the President, which had been expected as a social right, her children certainly would not think of eating Q's ice-cream.

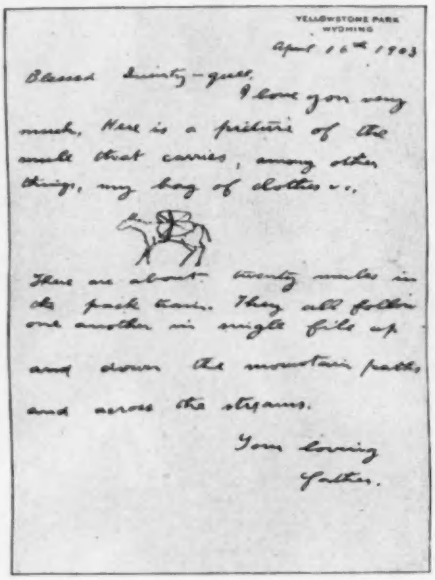
"Well," my cousin replied calmly, and counting implicitly upon Q's natural good sense, "would you accept it if the son of the President brought it over himself?"

This could hardly be refused; so Q, thinking it not at all out of the way, showed himself eager to help, took time to stagger a considerable distance with the heavy freezer, properly and democratically delivering it at the back door, where it was impossible—socially, of course—for any one to meet him but the cook.

"Ice-cream for Mrs. ——," Q said professionally.

"Thank you, boy," said that functionary.

"You're quite welcome, I'm sure," said Q.


YELLOWSTONE PARK
WYOMING
April 16th 1903

Blessed darling-girl,

I love you very much. Here is a picture of the mule that carries, among other things, my bag of clothes &c.

There are about twenty mules in the pack train. They all follow one another in single file up and down the mountain paths, and across the streams.

Your loving
Father.

No matter how arduous were the duties of the Presidency, TR always found time for his children. And the Gang profited thereby

Like any other healthy-minded boy, he would help up to the point where it seemed unreasonable. Authority without apparent reason galled him and brought on one notably fierce dispute at school. This was the burning question with regard to the actual boundaries of school authority. Did they extend to the street in front of the school, or were the frontiers, at the iron pickets, keeping the children away from the green grass-plots facing Massachusetts Avenue? Q, I still think, was right in fixing the actual line at neither place, but at the outer edge of the curb-stone. For, as he asked: "Don't people in winter have to clean the snow off the sidewalks in front of their houses? They don't clean the street, do they? Doesn't the city street begin outside the curb?"

This was an important legality understood by the hokey-pokey man with his pushcart of dubious ice-cream and his box of questionably clean crackers. His close proximity to Q's pony, too, at recess, was perhaps as poor a hygienic policy as it was good business. Where Q's calico, Algonquin, stood nervously, held by a White House servant, there was always the greatest density of children, admiring him, envying him, patting him, rubbing his soft muzzle. Incidentally the problem of bringing Algonquin to school to meet Q at the end of the afternoon session was solved by Allan Deane riding a bicycle from the White House stables, up Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, and leading the diminutive pony, who trotted along after him. Such a procedure would be impossible in the motor traffic of today.

Wherever Algonquin was, there, also, was the hokey-pokey man. One day, however, despite the crowd, business depression fell upon him; too much salt in the ice-cream had spoiled both his trade and his good temper. In the deep recesses of his necessity the happy inspiration was conceived that if Q could be induced to buy, his business would revive. He offered Q two hokey-pokey sandwiches at the price of one. The ice-cream was spread between two sweet crackers and eaten in a messy, dripping kind of lump.

"But I haven't any money," Q said.

"Here y'are anyway, f'nothin'," the man offered.

Q refused, because his code forbade him accepting gifts from strangers.

"You get boys t'buy, y'get yours free," the hokey-pokey man offered craftily.

Slats elbowed his way to Q and told him about the salt. Q was indignant.

"That's a mean trick!" Q said loudly.

"No, no, not thisa lot," the man explained. "I get more t'morra; y'get more boy promise t'buy; y'get yours free."

That struck Q as being satisfactory; he saw he would be earning his hokey-pokey sandwiches. "If there is any salt in them—the slightest bit"—he said decisively, "I won't do business with you. You must see to that."

The Italian promised, and Q went into committee with the Gang as to the best ways and means to drum up trade to the profit of us all. He was emphatic in stating that he would not consider doing it just for himself. The upshot of it was the adoption of a selling scheme under which each buyer received, along with his purchase from the hokey-pokey man, a piece of paper with a number on it. The next day, those who held certain numbers—the

"Stop that!" Q shouted, going to the rescue of the unoffending boy. "You should be smashed for that!" For a moment "the mummy" was too stunned to act. Then he swung his broom like a scythe at Q's feet

winning ones to be decided by Q himself—were to receive three sandwiches absolutely free. Q was to receive three every day for his personal commission, and each member of the Gang two, for writing the numbers on slips of paper.

This suggestion was put before the hokey-pokey man, who countered with the rival proposition that there were to be only six winning numbers, and two sandwiches only to be given each winner, Q to receive two, the Gang one. After considerable wrangling we compromised upon these terms. Q shook hands with the Italian to ratify the agreement, and the plan went into effect the next day. The Gang undertook the dangerous and laborious job of writing the tickets on school-pads during school-hours, whenever a teacher was sufficiently occupied to permit of its being proceeded with.

The plan worked splendidly. Business boomed, for we informed the whole school—some six hundred children—at morning recess, Q barking loudest and most effectively, eventually developing in his sales argument an

(*Continued on page 261*)

GOLDEN to

The Story of a Man Who Offered a Girl Everything— Except the One Thing She Wanted

LONG the Valley of the Windy Gates had been empty of life but for the great, ruddy stags, a stealthy, gray slinking of timber wolves, and occasionally some Moslem bandit seeking asylum here, in the wilderness, from whatever crimson deed he had done in the plains. Then, early one morning, the rocks had echoed the rumbling of dynamite and blasting-powder; had echoed the zumming and rasping of diamond-tipped drills and the dramatic crash of huge trees before the woodman's axe. For Russian engineers, the Tsar's engineers, came cutting a road across this land, the mountains of the High Altai, deep in the yellow, sardonic heart of Central Asia.

At first the Tartar tribesmen, whose brown felt tents lay to the west, felt little love for the enterprise. For if it meant rich caravans trading east into China and south into Afghanistan, it also meant Cossack patrols clattering up and down, therefore small chance to ambush the traveling merchants. It meant an end to the old days, the free, lusty, rowdy days when men rode briskly to strife with trumpets and drums and jingle of steel. It meant the Tsar's law running its sharp, pitiless way, and not, as formerly, the law running the other way—running like a startled rabbit, with the laughing, yelling nomads at its heels.

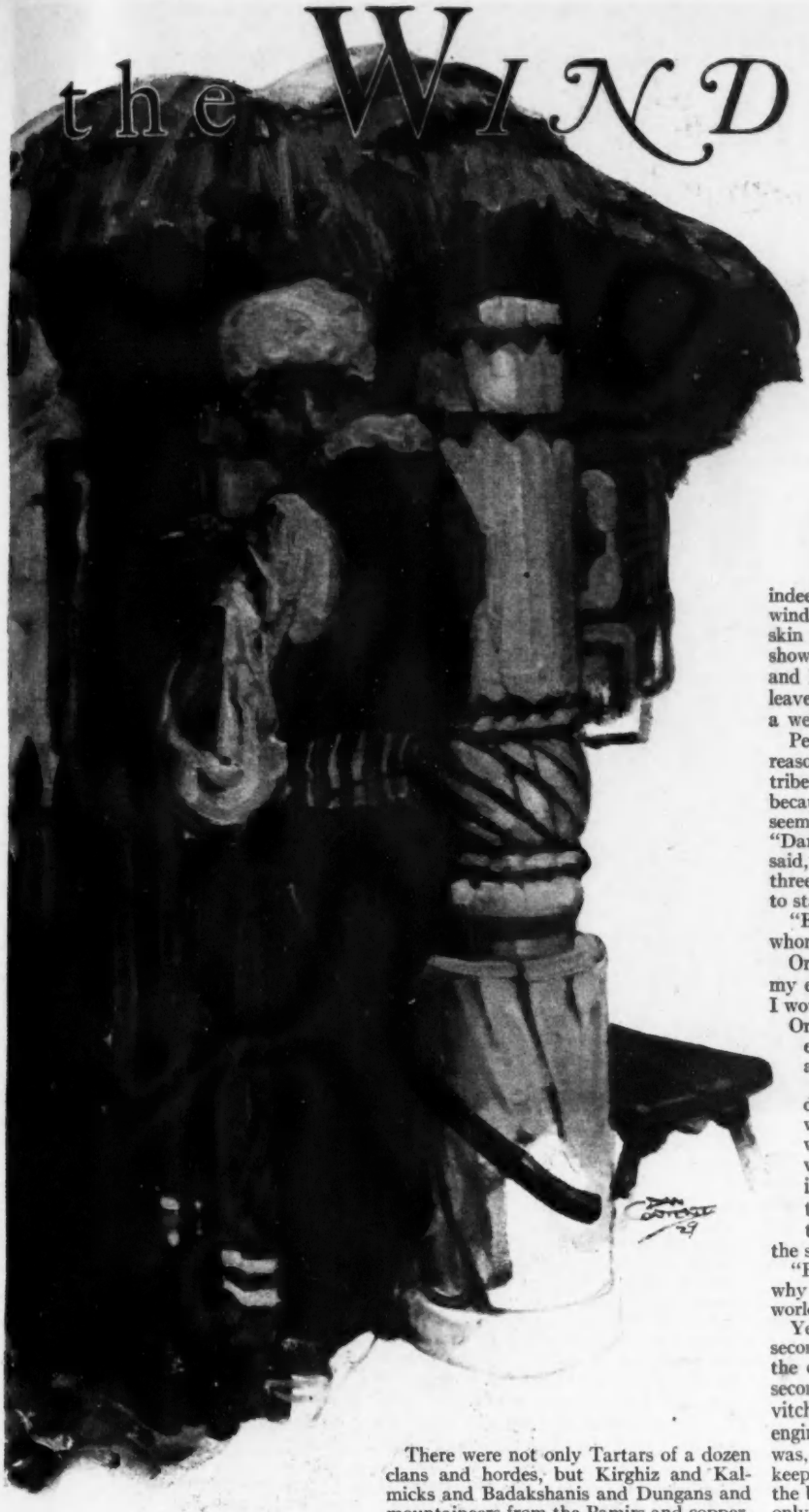
Once or twice the latter tried reckless issue with the Slav gray-coats. But they discovered soon enough that swords could not stand up against rifles, nor individual courage against massed battalions.

So, being Moslems and fatalists, they did the next best thing. They bowed their stubborn heads in rather ungracious resignation, exclaimed hypocritically that such was the will of Allah, the King, the One Lord of the Day of Judgment. And, since looting the road could it not be, they took the Russians' gold peacefully and honestly, working for them on this same road, blasting, digging, ax-wielding, spading—well-fed and fairly content.

the WINDS

By
Achmed
Abdullah

Illustrated
By Dan Content



"Within the hour I am taking the far road. Come with me. Be my wife, O child of kings." Yekaterina trembled a little. Then, "Why should I?" she asked

There were not only Tartars of a dozen clans and hordes, but Kirghiz and Kalmicks and Badakshanis and Dungans and mountaineers from the Pamirs and copper-faced giants from Outer Mongolia. A motley kaleidoscope, a picaresque riff-raff of this turbulent, chilly, northern land; fur-capped, felt-booted, bearded, ruffianly—and, the lot of them, casting sheep's eyes at the big, broad-shouldered girl whom they called "the Dark One."

A wrong name for her.

For she was not swarthy. Her face, indeed, was a dusty gold that the sun and wind had dyed her; but milk-white her skin when she rolled up her sleeves and showed her smooth, round, muscular arms, and her curly hair the fox-red of autumn leaves, and her fearless eyes gray-blue like a well-tempered blade.

Perhaps—since there was a queer, unreasonable imagining in these coarse tribesmen—they called her the Dark One because of something darkly tragic that seemed to hover about her like a shadow. "Darkness of fate"—some of them said; said, too, that no man, be he under the three-score, could pass her without turning to stare after her and thinking,

"By the Good Book Revealed—it is she whom I want by my own fireside!"

Or thinking, "Her head to the crook of my elbow—and it is not the Tsar himself I would envy!"

Or thinking, "Ah—her eyes—the very eyes to find the core of a man's soul—and her voice so ringing and clear!"

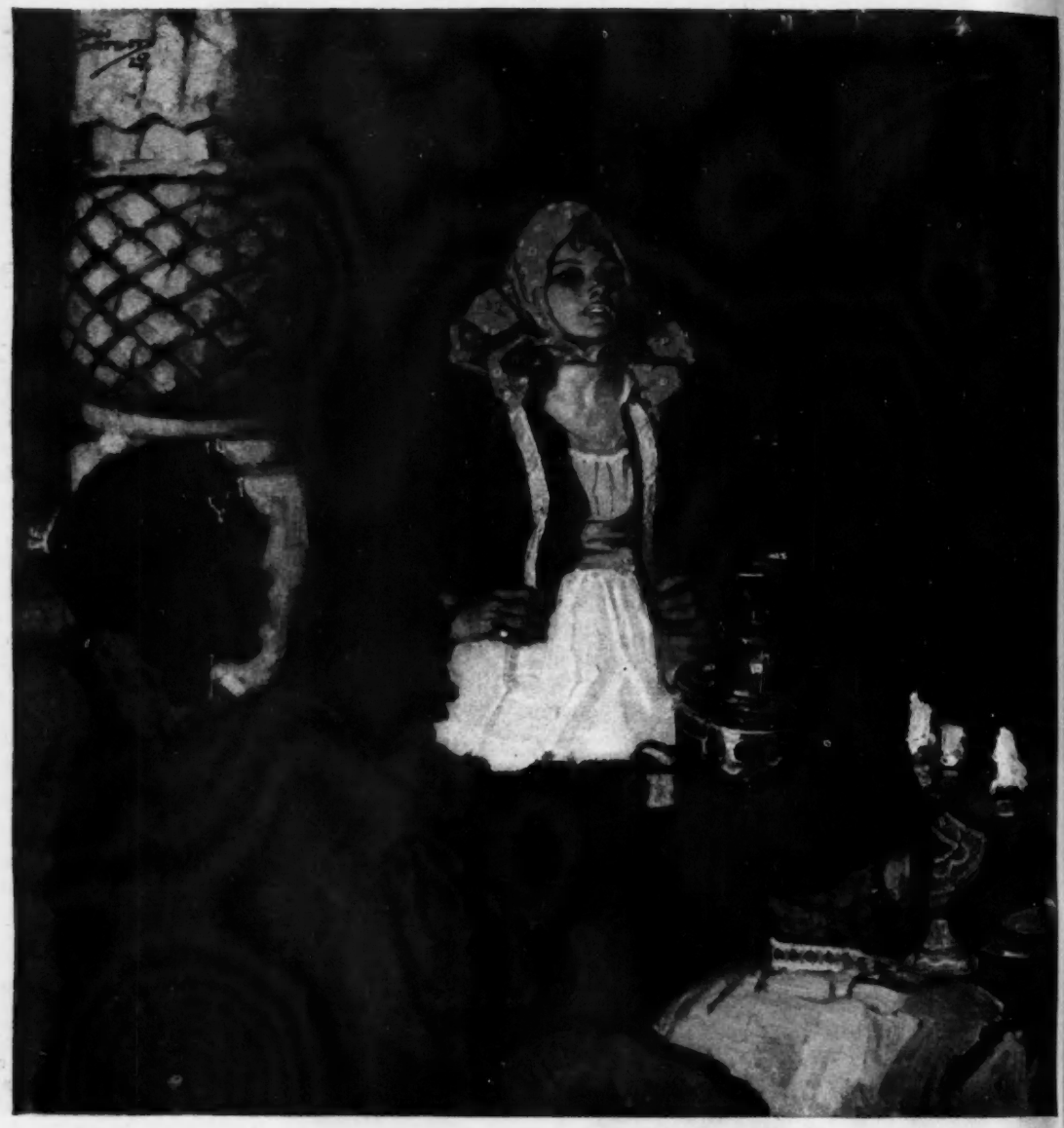
Some told her so, straight out; spoke decently of marriage. But "No!" would always be her curt reply; and when a suitor grew too bold, there would be skillet or rolling-pin descending on his hard head, and her contemptuous shout—in Russian or Tartar, she speaking both languages with the same fluency:

"Begone, O creature! Marry *you?* Ah—why should I, O wart on the nose of the world?"

Yekaterina was her first name, and her second was Burlieff. But the workmen in the construction camp did not know this second name. Only Baron Karl Karlovitch de Kuprine, the Russian chief engineer, knew. Only he knew who she was, what had brought her here and was keeping her here, in this rough place at the back of the beyond where she was the only woman.

Frankly, on the day she had arrived, bare-footed, worn out with fatigue, she had told him her tale; and he, the fat, kindly, elderly man, had crossed himself and murmured:

"*Slava Bogoo*—glory be to God! Do not worry, my little pigeon! Are we not all in the protection of the Dear Crucified One?"



Karakhan looked up sharply when he heard not come to the heel of you—eh?" Then he roared

AND her story? Ordinary enough; at least in the Russia of these fantastic, black days—days so recent, yet almost forgotten.

She was a peasant girl from the Crimea, of mixed Tartar and Slav stock. Years earlier her mother had died, and her father had been poor—made yet poorer when twice blight had stripped his acres bare and three times wolves, drifting south with the melting of the blue ice in spring, had raided his sheep-fold.

"I have nothing!" he had told the Russian tax-collectors—who, unable to gather the Tsar's tithe in gold, had gathered it in welts and blood and agony, plying their knotted, rawhide *nagaika* whips across the man's back.

So—and could you blame him?—he had listened to certain pale, bespectacled youths who traveled all over the land, mostly at night, from village to village, preaching amazing doctrines. For instance, that all men, even the Tsar's subjects, had a right to freedom, happiness, and three square meals a day; that the fields belonged to the *moujiks*, the peasants, and not to these cursed aristocrats.

Eh? The Tsar was strong? He had soldiers, rifles, a horde of bureaucrats as greedy as locusts? Pah—what of that? Here—help yourself to the vodka, brother—pass the bottle—and—look! Look at this small, round thing. Weighs only a few pounds—you can hide it under your coat—and yet it is as powerful and cruel as a dozen *sotnias* of Cossacks! And so easy to handle! See this little fuse? You light it—then you throw the bomb—straight! At whom? At His Imperial Highness Grand Duke Pavel Pavlovitch, governor of the Crimea—*kchortoo*—the Devil fly away with him! Tomorrow morning he will take the road toward Baktchi-Serai to ride to maneuver . . . and—you know the wooden bridge near the Twin Peaks, little brother? You must wait there—and be sure your aim is straight!

He had thrown straight. The Grand Duke had died, torn to pieces by the iron splinters. The peasant, too, had died, under the Cossacks' whips . . .

Proper punishment. But not enough punishment. For what about the peasant's family? Doubtless they were accomplices.

What? He had no wife, no sons? Only a young daughter?

Well—let her pay!

How?

Siberia!

Of course, since even autocracy had its rules and regulations, there had been a sort of trial in the drab building with the imperial eagle above the door that housed the *ugolovneuie sood*, the court of justice. Yekaterina had testified—nor had she lied—that she was innocent, that she had known nothing of her father's intention. But who would accept her word? Was she not a *moujik*, a murderer's daughter, and surely a nihilist? Ah, an enemy of Holy

Mustaffa's mocking query, "So, after all, she did with rage. He jumped up, gripped Mustaffa's throat

Russia, of the Blessed Fatherland— God save the Tsar and all the Romanoffs!— and so,

"Guilty!"

Thus Yekaterina had trudged off toward the frozen north, while left and right the ankle irons of other prisoners had clanked sarcastic punctuation marks to her black thoughts.

Siberia—the mines—because of man's stupid, blind injustice! Three long, bitter years—until, one day, with half a dozen fellow-convicts, she had escaped into the *taiga*, the wilderness stretching south of Krassnoyarsk.

The *taiga* had been more cruel than the jailers; had killed her comrades one by one. She alone, so big and hale, had survived; had finally reached the High Altai.

Freedom? Why, here was still the same Russia, immense and merciless; still the same Tsar's gray, enormous shadow. And so, utterly tired out, with the frankness of despair she had told her tale to Baron de Kuprine, who had murmured,

"Are we not all in the protection of the Dear Crucified One?"

Her lips had curled in a wan smile. "Not I!" she had replied. "I am of the Moslems."

"What difference does that make, my little pigeon? Moslems or Christians, Buddhists or Jews, must we not all suffer and hope and pray and live—and, some day, die?"

And he had said never a word about her in his monthly official report to Moscow; had let her remain; had given her money and—in his negligent Russian way—lumber and supplies from the government stores for the large, ramshackle inn she had built on a knoll overlooking the construction camp.

There, night after night, the workmen gathered, drinking, eating, smoking, chattering, laughing, singing, while Yekaterina, behind her wide, well-scrubbed counter, presided over stew-pots and samovar and an array of bottles round and square—presided, furthermore, over the whole noisy assembly, as autocratic as any Tsar.

She liked the place. She liked the odor of mutton and onions, of beer and tea and vodka and acrid tobacco, the mingling of shifting fire smoke and livid candle wraith the steam of hearty, human vapor, all floating up, companionably enough, toward the low, black-beamed ceiling; liked the picturesque tapestry of faces, scarred and bearded, grotesque and handsome, ruddy and swart; liked the symphony of guttural, explosive voices peaking up, swapping news and lies and boasts and riotous jests.

In a way she was happy. But there was ever that tragic, dark shadow hovering about her; ever black memories, memories of Siberia, memories of injustice and cruelty, like an inky scrawl across her brain, her soul—across her youth, for she was still young, not yet twenty-two; was old only in suffering. And she gave curt, bitter answers (*Continued on page 303*)

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Opens

A Little Window *Into* Seville

For Those Who Stay at Home

Graceful arches link one shining façade to another; delicate balconies of wrought-iron are half hidden by the fragrant flowers clustering over them

Photographs © Publishers Photo Service

The narrow streets of the Barrio Santa Cruz are so white that they look as if they had been dipped in snow

DEAR GENEVIEVE:

Usually, when I write you your birthday letter, I do so on top of a suitcase, or on a portable table precariously fastened to the side of a *wagon-lit* compartment, or tilting about a stateroom on a boat. But this one is being written in the gardens of the Alcázar Palace at Seville—a place of such beauty and peace that no words of mine can describe it. I am sitting on a circular seat made of Moorish tiles, which curves about a little dripping fountain. Orange trees and yews, cypresses and palms, shade the court; roses and geraniums are blooming in the flower-beds beyond the box which borders the walk. Birds are singing all around me, but there is no other sound or distraction, no interruption of telephone or doorbell, no engagements set for later in the day which force me to watch the time. So I feel that I should be able to send you a better birthday letter than usual; because, in such surroundings and under such conditions, the visitor to Seville who could not speak of its wonders with emotion and understanding and affection would be insensible to every beauty in the world.

First of all, perhaps, I should tell you how I happen to be in this heavenly spot. Yesterday I was out the greater part of the day, for I went to a luncheon given by Don José Cruz Conde, the Director General of the Ibero-American Exposition, and afterward to see the Palace of Ancient Arts and the replica of the *Santa Maria* that lies at anchor in the Guadalquivir. And when I came back to my hotel about seven, I found the *concierge* in a great state of excitement because the King's private secretary, the Marques de Torres, had called upon me with a message from His Majesty and had been very sorry not to find me in. Would I please telephone the Royal Palace immediately?

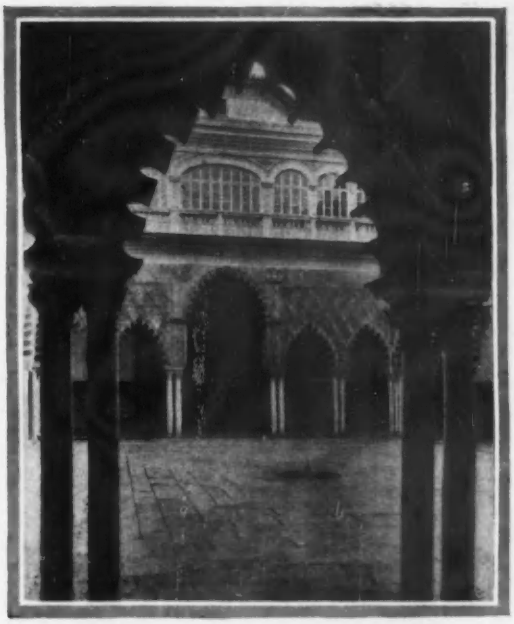
There are small printed cards beside the telephones in every room, proclaiming that from this point of vantage it is possible to "celebrate conferences" with every part of the world. I must confess, however, that many things about Seville appeal to me more than my experiences with the hotel telephone system. I began at once my efforts to get in touch with the Marques, whom I had had the pleasure of meeting six years ago; but it was nearly eleven before I heard his voice over the wire. They had been so glad, he said, to learn at the Palace through the Spanish Ambassador in Washington that I had come back to Spain; and it had occurred to them that I might like to visit the Alcázar and its gardens while the Royal Family was in residence. I had a friend with me, had I not? Oh, yes—Miss Elisabeth Shirley. Well, would she like to come with me, and would ten the following morning be a convenient time? He would meet us at the Puerta de las Banderas . . .

Promptly at the appointed hour Elisabeth and I presented ourselves at the designated place, after some argument with the chauffeur, who was sure he ought not to take us there, and who kept informing us with mounting vehemence that the public was not admitted to the Palace. The first guards we met reiterated this statement; but a calm disregard of their doubts as to our welcome, combined with some smiling samples of Elisabeth's fluent Spanish, won the day for us, and we passed beyond the bleak outer walls, which do not give the slightest indication of the loveliness which lies within them, through the stone-flagged *Patio de las Banderas*—the court of flags—to the door where the Marques had told us to meet him. Then, the first greetings over,

he led us from the grim grayness of the walls into the Moorish majesty of the great apartments which lie beyond them, each one of which seemed more magnificent than the one before it, as we passed between its slender columns and stood dazzled by the vividness of its color, the intricacies of its carvings, the richness of its blended designs, the spaciousness and perfection of its proportions.

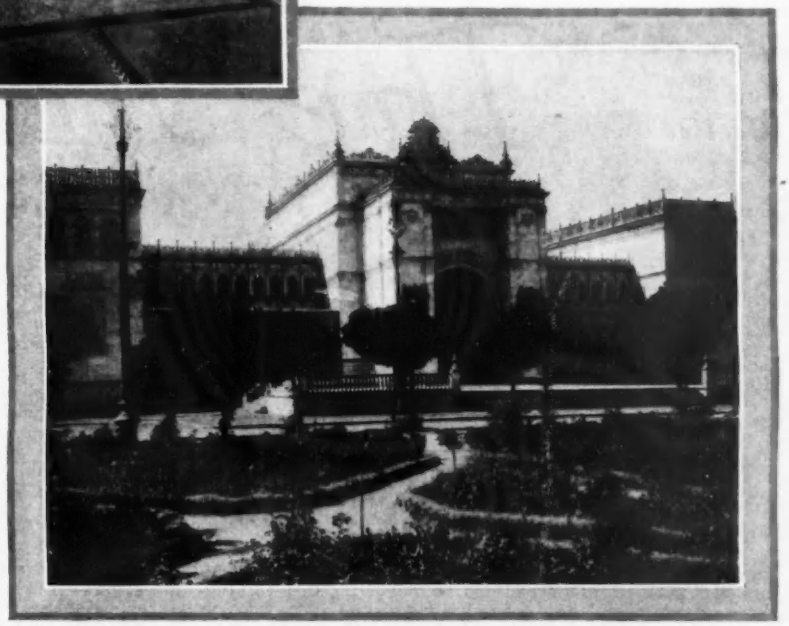
They are cool, these rooms, and quiet, with a coolness and a quietness that are part of their matchless beauty and their inheritance of the centuries; and beneath them the great clear pool of still, green water where Maria de Padilla, the wife of Peter the Cruel, used to bathe with her ladies, is cooler and quieter still. But the sun-drenched gardens beyond are flooded with southern warmth: the ancient labyrinth where, only the day before—so the Marques told us—the King, wandering through it with his daughters in one of his rare hours of leisure, became lost in its maze and extricated himself from it with difficulty; the pavilion of Charles V, used for hundreds of years for royal refreshments; and beyond both pavilion and labyrinth, the fountains, the tiled seats, the orange trees and yews, the roses and box, the nightingales!

Do you wonder that under the spell of so much loveliness I exclaimed involuntarily, "If I could only write in such a place as this, I could put on paper what I would really like to say!"



This beautiful "Court of the Maidens," once the harem, is in the center of the old Moorish royal palace, the Alcázar

In the sun-drenched gardens flooded with southern warmth, orange trees and yews rival the luxuriant roses and the box



The Pavilion of Fine Arts proves beyond all question that it is possible to combine the beauty of the past with the glory of the present

"Well, why not?" the Marques answered instantly. "It would give us great pleasure to have you write here. Remember those ancient sayings I have been quoting to you—*'Quien no ha visto Sevilla no ha visto maravilla'*—'he who has not seen Seville has seen no wonder'—and *'De Sevilla al cielo y en el cielo un ventanillo para ver Sevilla'*—'from Seville to Heaven and in Heaven a little window to look down on Seville.' Can you not, here in the garden of the Alcázar, make some one else see what you are seeing? Can you not, so to speak, open a little window into Seville for your friends?"

So that, dear Genevieve, is what I shall try to do!

Looking through your open window I want you to see Seville as the ancient city of the Goths, the Romans, the Moors, and the "Christian Kings," each of whom have left their impression upon it; the quiet city drowsing beside the Guadalquivir, where only the great, golden-tongued bells of the Giralda tower shatter the stillness; the adventurous city which sent Columbus and Magellan out on their journeys of discovery and welcomed them back again, and which still clasps to its breast, in the Archives of the Indies, the records of their daring deeds; the benignant city in which Murillo was born, and where he left the mystic, glowing imprint of his art; the laughing city where Carmen flung out her teasing scarlet flowers.

Come with me past the *Fabrica de Tabacos* where she worked, through the gardens that bear Murillo's name, into the narrow, white streets of the Barrio Santa Cruz—so narrow that no vehicle of any kind can pass through them, and no hot rays of the semi-tropical sun can penetrate their coolness; so white that they look as if they had been dipped in snow.

This was once the Jewish quarter of the city; the Ghetto where "the doors were closed at sunset and opened at dawn so that the persecuted race should be secluded from the rest of the town by (*Continued on page 280*)

Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb

The MISS EDISON

Stirring Story of Love and Courage

IT WAS a bitter legacy for a father to leave his son—the weight of an unknown sin—but Red Mackenzie knew his parson son, and died without a doubt that Angus would right the wrong he had done in his young days, in the frozen north.

Angus had little to guide him—but he had not been an hour in the tiny Eskimo village to which his father had sent him when he learned the secret. Red Mackenzie had not been forgotten. His mating with an Eskimo woman had left a son—Ugruk—whose half-white blood had raised him above his fellows in only one way. It had made him covet the white trader's daughter—Gretchen Konrad.

The long winter settled down upon the little settlement—Mr. and Mrs. Konrad, Gretchen, Angus, and the government doctor, Frank Jannison, who had come north a drunkard, striving to forget, but had gradually pulled himself back to sobriety. Angus found little to do for the Eskimos he had come to serve as missionary. And in spite of himself he fell in love with Gretchen.

Angus saw no hope of ever winning her. His promise to his father kept him chained in this icy wilderness. His life was dedicated to the service of others, even if he left the north and returned to his own country. And yet—on the night when Gretchen and he fought together to save the life of an Eskimo baby—and on the day when, unarmed, he charged a herd of walrus to save Gretchen from certain death—it seemed to him that their spirits walked hand and hand together.

It was not long until Angus perceived that Gretchen was attracted to Frank Jannison. She had almost consented to marry him if he would take her away from the icy wilderness in which she felt imprisoned.

Konrad was a ruthless trader, but had a reputation for keeping his word. So when Ugruk brought in a silver fox skin that was almost miraculous in its size and perfection, he believed Konrad when he agreed to let him buy Gretchen with it. But Konrad knew what Ugruk did not. Gretchen and Frank Jannison were preparing to leave the next week.

"I want Gretchen. She mine. You sell her to me," Ugruk said heavily. Konrad's voice trembled with repressed anger. "You can't have Gretchen"

IONARY

MARSHALL'S

in the Darkness of the Far North

CHAPTER XI

EMIL KONRAD ordered Gretchen to keep secret her intention of leaving the village with Jannison. Why she must do so, the trader did not explain, and she obeyed without argument and with but mild curiosity. Often his imperious nature made him take a dictatorial attitude regarding her affairs, and at such times he was impatient of interference or question. Of course, his real purpose was to avoid trouble with Ugruk. The Eskimo half-breed was not to know of his betrayal until the travelers were well on their way to Point Barrow.

Ugruk was completely deceived. It never occurred to him that Konrad would break his contract. It is not in Eskimo psychology to conceive of such a thing. Gretchen was now his property, bought and paid for. Konrad could steal her from him no more than he himself could steal from a fellow's food-cache in the howling wild. This was the law of the Arctic, where life itself depends upon men's mutual trust. Besides, he knew Konrad of old: his word was as good as his bond.

In ten days, Ugruk supposed, Gretchen would be delivered to him. He looked forward to that time with a wonder and a happiness beyond his wildest dreams. Actually he was lifted out of himself; for these few days he could hardly feel the burden of the base clay that enchained his spirit. His feet walked on the bleak shore of the Arctic Sea, but his head was with the stars.

He ached to express his joy, but in vain. He knew few English words, and his own language was too dull and poor properly to clothe his thoughts. There are no Eskimo words for beauty, transfiguration, exultation, fulfilment. The truth was that Ugruk, in this hour of hope, was bigger than his whole race. He could see where they were darkened, feel where they were insensible, and dream where they were dead.

He was denied even the primitive joy-rites of his people. The kettle-drums which he would have beaten into thunder had rotted away long ago, and the tribe had almost forgotten the laugh-songs they used to sing. Since the white men came, the Eskimos were ashamed of their old customs, and they met no more in the

Kashga, at the wedding-eve of a brave, to dance the love dance. However, he tried to celebrate in every way he knew. He stuffed himself with *kow-kow*—the best from Konrad's shelves—until he could stuff no more. In the evenings he sat in the igloos of his friends, gorging meat, boasting of his victory, and talking excitedly, with many gestures, in the high-pitched, sing-song tone which the Eskimos employ in moments of exultation. In the daytime he walked about the village with his teeth gleaming between his smiling lips.

"*Ah de gah*," he whispered a thousand times. "*Ah de gah*."

Would Gretchen be pleased to be his squaw? This question hardly entered his head. In the first place her pleasure or displeasure was not his concern, but was for Konrad to look to before he ever made the contract. An Eskimo is, beyond all things, a realist. He does not care how other people feel, but only how he feels himself; he has no sentimental ideas. Gretchen was Ugruk's own, to live with, to keep, to look at, and to love. She belonged to him as thoroughly as had his now-vanished sledge dogs. In the second place he could not, if he tried, put himself in her place and imagine her feelings. Even an imaginative white man can hardly guess how a squaw feels; much less can any Eskimo fathom the thoughts of a white girl.

True, he planned to honor her as her beauty and worth deserved. He would build a new igloo—better than any in the village. He would hunt and trap for her from the Buckland Mountains to the Shaviovik River, and win for her all the treasures of the North—*kow-kow* in abundance, reindeer skins and wolverine fur for her parkas, ivory beads for her white throat.

He made no effort to see Gretchen, but waited patiently for the marriage day. Once, however, he happened to meet her outside the trading post, so he stopped her, grinning.

He pointed to a bolt of cloth in her arms. "You make'm clothes?" he asked, nodding vigorously.

"Yes, Ugruk. I want to make myself look as pretty as possible."

"Ugruk think you heap pretty now. Pretty as silver fox—pretty as eider duck. You make'm dress get married in?"

"Ultimately, I hope."

She smiled and walked on, leaving him greatly puzzled, vaguely uneasy.

THIS incident occurred on the twenty-ninth day of March. At dawn of the next day, Gretchen, Jannison, and Mrs. Konrad intended to start for Point Barrow. Apparently the trader's plot had worked perfectly. Ugruk would not learn of his promised bride's departure until she was well on her way, and then he could be put off with some plausible story. Even if he tried to follow the party, he could never overtake them. He must travel slowly on foot, while they sped the white miles with Konrad's powerful dog team. Konrad could eat his cake and have it, too. The wonderful silver fox skin gleamed in the candlelight, caressing his cheek like a sweetheart's fingers. It seemed there was no penalty for double dealing.

But suddenly the secret was out. No one knew how: Konrad had taken great pains to conceal all preparations for the trip. There is a curious underground telegraphy among primitive people. The news sped through the village like the wind and in the early dusk reached Ugruk's ears.

"Konrad has lied to you," his fellows told him. "The girl starts tomorrow to Point Barrow, never to return. She will become the wife of a white man, not an Eskimo. She will marry the Giver-of-Medicine."

Ugruk shook his head, unbelieving. Had Konrad ever broken a promise to one of them? It was the tale-bearers, not Konrad, who lied, and they would see the truth with their own eyes in a few days more. When he led Gretchen to his igloo, they would repent of their foolish tongues. Yet the seed of doubt was sown, and Ugruk lost no time in hunting up Konrad.

"YOU always keep promise to Eskimo?" Ugruk began, when they met in the trading store. "When you make deal, you stand by it?"

"Sure I do," the trader blustered. "Have you ever known me to go back on a deal? What's troubling you, Ugruk?"

"Eskimos, they say you cheat Ugruk. They say Gretchen she take dog team tomorrow, start to Point Barrow, no come back, maybe marry Doctor. But she no go to Barrow! She mine. You sell her to me."

Ugruk spoke in a voice restrained and low. His face was devoid of expression save, perhaps, a curious, dull glow far back in his eyes.

Konrad studied him intently. He was at the point of defying the Eskimo, beating and bluffing him down with the sheer power of his arrogance and will, but he changed his mind. Somehow he was reluctant to face the issue now. It seemed wiser to put Ugruk off with a plausible lie. Konrad felt that he was the other's master in all ways, but particularly he could outmatch him in cunning.

"Those fellows are teasing you," he said. "They're jealous of you for marrying a white girl. If Gretchen goes anywhere tomorrow, it is just to Charley's and Bill's cabin to ask them over to the wedding."

"They no be back in five days."

"Yes, by traveling fast. They won't have to take much grub—there's plenty where they're going—and they can drive fast. The ice is so smooth on the bays that they can go straight across and save more than a hundred miles."

Ugruk nodded solemnly. Konrad's story upheld his own deep convictions. Yet a haunting doubt remained, and when he saw Gretchen standing on her doorstep, he trudged over to her. For long seconds he gazed into her face, torn, baffled, and almost overwhelmed by the rising tide of his love for her.

Her glance grew sharp and questioning. "What is it, Ugruk?"

"You—no—run—away—from Ugruk?"

"I don't understand—"

"Where you go tomorrow? You go to cabin where old men talk-talk, come back five days? Or maybe you go to Barrow, never come back? You no lie."

"No, I won't lie to you, since you know that I'm leaving. I'm going to Barrow. I don't know when I'll be back. Maybe not until the ice comes and goes many times."

Ugruk was thunderstruck. His hand waggled futilely, as if he were trying to grasp words. His eyes seemed to sink and darken under the frost-rime of his brows. The light of Ugruk's life was going out.

"What is it?" the girl asked gently.

Then the words came in a volcanic rush. "You mine, you mine!" Ugruk shook his open hands in her face. "You no run away! You stay here, marry Ugruk like Konrad promise. Ugruk, he buy you, pay for you. Konrad, he sell you to Ugruk for silver fox. Now I got you, no let you go, keep you for squaw." Then, with brightening hope, "You play joke on Ugruk?"

"A joke? Merciful heavens! No, not even Gretchen would joke about a thing like this." She paused, trying to steady herself. "Did my father promise you I'd be your squaw?"

"He no just promise—he make trade over counter. Ugruk buy you, all same dog. If you try run away, Ugruk catch you, kill you maybe. No, Ugruk no kill you. He want you, treat you fine, catch you plenty fox, buy you plenty *kow-kow*, give you plenty baby . . . But he no let you run away."

"But I don't belong to you. Father had no right to sell me."

"You his daughter, eh? *Ah, ah*. Then you his girl, sell you when he dam' please. You no make talk, try twist Ugruk up. Ugruk buy you, pay fair price. He no let you leave village. If Doctor he try steal you, I kill him."

"The doctor isn't trying to steal me. I'm leaving of my own free will, and he is just going along. And I couldn't marry you, Ugruk. You see—you're an Eskimo—and I'm a white girl."

These last words baffled Ugruk. He stood like a man of wood, his arms hanging in front of his body, his face like dried, brown mud. Gretchen took the opportunity to turn away, enter the house, and close the door behind her.

But the sound of the closing latch seemed to waken Ugruk to new force. His hand reached the door-knob, then drew strongly back. He would bide his time. The girl could not escape him tonight. He retained his sure grasp of reality: no words she might say could lessen the fact that he had bought and paid for Gretchen and that she was his to have and to hold.

He went straight to Angus's quarters and sat with his brother in the lamplight. For a long moment neither man spoke. Angus studied the dark, impassive face, wondering what manner of spiritual problem was to come before him tonight.

"YOU my brother?" Ugruk asked at last.

"Aye."

"You fight for Ugruk? You help Ugruk get square deal?"

"As much as I can. Not only you, but every Eskimo in the village."

"If Konrad take Ugruk's fur, then no pay him, you raise hell?"

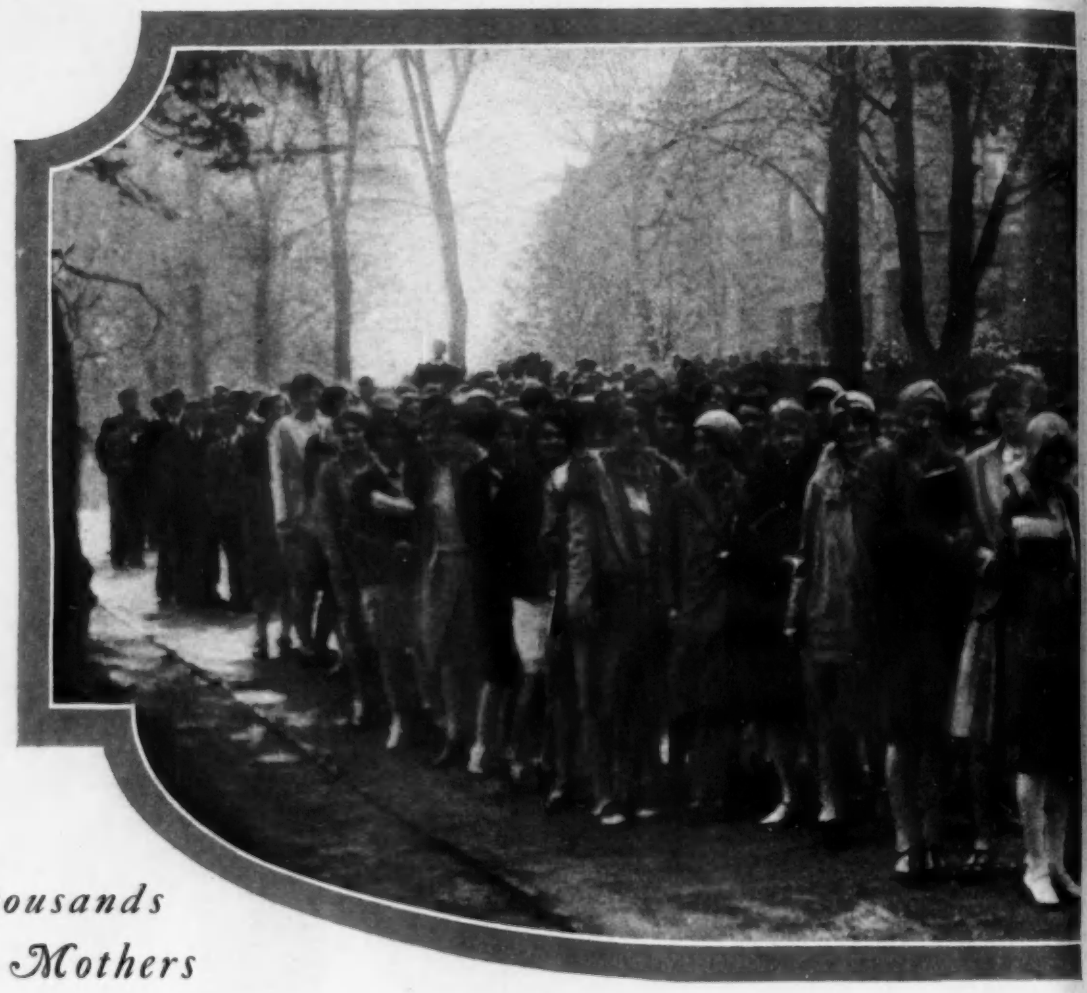
"A little hell anyway, Ugruk." Angus smiled gravely. "But Meester Konrad hasn't done that, has he? I've observed that he usually keeps his word to the letter. Tell me about it."

Ugruk told him, in his flat, guttural voice. At the end of the recital Angus sat a long time silent. At last he sighed heavily and laid his hand on his brother's knee.

"What do ye want me to do?"

"I want you (*Continued on page 163*)

THE world and the night and the firmament were one pale blue. The girl seemed to Angus the spirit of the Arctic—mysterious, illusory, unattainable. "Goodby, Angus," she whispered. "Goodby, and God bless you—sweetest girl in all the world"



Thousands Of Mothers Are Asking the Question,

In many colleges there is a short devotional that inspires both college loyalty and the eighteen hundred students at Ohio

Is My Daughter

I HAVE just come back from a trip through many states and through many colleges to find the answer to this question. I have visited city colleges and country colleges, Eastern colleges, Western colleges, small sectarian colleges and large state and municipal institutions. I have visited colleges for women and co-educational colleges. I have lived in college dormitories and club houses. I have talked with presidents and deans and heads of residence; with doctors, psychiatrists, and athletic directors; with all types of students from the heads of Student Governments and Christian Associations to the extreme variety of flapper who must be interviewed early in her college career, if at all as a college student. I have talked with police captains and judges in college towns, with leaders of the orchestras which play for college dances, perhaps the most informed and unbiased witnesses of all. I have been "dated" by youths whose interest in having me see their college parties as they really are has overcome the natural preference of youth for partners of its own age. In these and many other ways I have been able to gather a great deal of information about our two hundred leading co-educational colleges and colleges for women.

Despite all these things, I find myself loath to give a categorical answer to the question that forms the title of this article. This is not because of the conflicting opinions that I found in each college on every phase of the moral situation. I know that one must allow for personal reactions and biases. I know that one must allow for the natural reticence of administrative officers about the shortcomings of their institutions. I know, too, that where one dean pollyannas his way among the stars, seeing nothing but sweetness and light, another in exactly the same surroundings finds only mud.

On the other hand, I know that we must allow for the exhibitionism of youth which, like the fat boy in Dickens, "wants to make your blood run cold" with the tales of its exploits, as well as for the type which wants to impress the inquirer with its sanity and sanctity; and I am sure that we must allow tremendously for the unwinnowed gossip of people who do not really know, and who run to cover immediately they are asked for proof.

My hesitation to answer my self-imposed question is due to deeper, more fundamental difficulties than that of weighing these variations and prejudices against each other in the search for a balance of truth. It is due to the difficulty of *finding*

and get-together service daily—a service loyalty to high ideals. The picture shows Wesleyan coming from mid-morning chapel

"YES,"
Answers
RITA S. HALLE,
"If She Is Safe at Home"

Safe *at* College?

a general truth in dealing with such variable quantities as daughters and colleges.

Of course, after we have had our daughters in our own homes and under our own influence for eighteen years, we should—theoretically, at any rate—be able to send them anywhere, secure in our faith in their judgment, good taste, and strength of character. But some of them are ready for college before eighteen—which is unfortunate for them as well as for the colleges in many cases. Also, some of them have a deplorable combination of chromosomes that makes them less proof against temptation than we should like them to be. And I know that, while we must sooner or later have them meet the world as it is and make or mar their own lives, we want to protect them as long as we can from too difficult a strain on their resistances.

As for the colleges, the variation is infinite, and while I may be of the opinion that certain types are, in general, better than others, no general statement can be entirely true. For I might say that small sectarian colleges are the safest of all, yet your daughter might choose the one small sectarian institution in the country where the administration has gone to sleep, has depended on its faith in the character and upbringing of the students who came to them, and has failed to wake up to the changes that a new day and a new type of students have wrought. Or I might say that the situation was more normal in a large co-educational institution in a city; and your daughter, by chance or through some inherent weakness of her own, might find there the one abnormal group in that type of institution.

Or I might say that the greatest danger lay in the large universities in small towns, where the abnormal crowding together of so many young people thrown in upon themselves for their amusements constitutes a menace. But immediately I think of several splendid exceptions.

I might say that the women's colleges are the safest of all, which I really believe to be so. Yet there are those who say that the week-ends outside the jurisdiction of these colleges constitute a menace as great as that in any co-educational college.

Nor does there appear to be any relation between the reputation of a college and the facts. In several instances I was prepared to find the most unpleasant situations. Yet the most diligent search failed to reveal anything to account for the tales I had heard—except the institution's unfortunate proximity to an unscrupulous newspaper. But (*Continued on page 227*)

By

Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrated by
Joseph M. Clement

SHE was so tired she could not go another step, and yet Lucy Ives felt it was impossible to spend another night in the glacial order of Miss Morella Nickerson's, whose rooms looked as though the funeral had just taken place and the deceased's effects had all nicely been put away.

It was here she caught sight of the jovial dilapidation of the little yellow house. The pickets were half off the fence. A burst of white bloom choked the yard. A pear-tree spired upward. Gnarled apple-trees were in bud. Stray daffodils, reminders of a former garden, pierced the grass.

The house itself was a low story-and-a-half Cape Cod house. It had a big, square chimney from which bricks were missing. In the jog, where a brief ell joined the main building, was a porch covered with grapevine, and on the porch, swinging invitingly to and fro, was a rocker as gray as weathered driftwood. It was too ancient and dilapidated for any one to steal, and it swung invitingly to and fro in the spring breeze.

In the window was a sign. "House for Sale." It was askew and yellow and looked as though it did not believe in itself and had given up any attempt at finding an owner for the abandoned yellow house, which looked so peaceful and yet at the same time so pleasingly helter-skelter and disorderly that Lucy Ives found herself walking up the short brick path.

With a sigh of content she sat down in the old rocker. The hum of bees in the fruit trees came to her. There were dark spikes of budding lilac against white of flowering fruit tree. The abandoned garden was in a tumult of disordered bloom. The perfume of grape and of apple and the fresh earth and wet grass mingled in one ecstatic smell. A kitten leaped through the grass. The silver maples and the willow trees were coming into belated leaf and held the pale tenderness of the reluctant Cape Cod spring.

Lucy resolutely shut out the pictures of the past. She would not remember that she had only fifteen hundred dollars in the world, that her business was gone, and that her sweetheart had married some one else. She would forget that Dr. Graham had told her if she wanted to stay out of a sanitarium she would have to spend a year in the country. She would forget that she had ever been a smart dressmaker whose name was Madame Lucille, with an establishment just off the Avenue.

"It's spring, and I'm Lucy," she thought "and I don't have to do anything for an hour. And that is the sea just beyond those trees," for over and above all the delicious smell of spring was the exhilarating tang of salt in the air.

Nowhere in this little wind-swept town off on a sandpit could one forget the imminence of the sea.

The sun shone warmly in this sheltered spot. "I feel as if I had been here a long time. I feel as if I'd been here before," she thought. Things grew small and far off before her eyes as she tried to catch the teasing memory.

In the midst of this peace came a stealthy noise, a noise that had no reason and no place in this spring afternoon. A noise as though of something slithering awfully behind the wall of the silent house. Lucy checked the gentle rocking of her chair and sat rigid. No sound now but the far-off noise of sea, pleasant plash of waves on beach, wind in trees, bees humming, distant children's voices. Everything right in the world again.

"It was my imagination. I'm all nerves," she thought.

Again a slithering, sly, unnatural noise. She turned sharply. Something stirred behind those closed shutters. The noise had a quality of no other sound that had ever fallen on Lucy's ears. It was not to be put into the category of any other noise she had ever heard.

"If I believed in ghosts—" she thought, and just then, from the very wall near which she was sitting, came a low moan. It shivered out on the loveliness of the spring, hideous, impersonal as an insane

COMEBACK

There Is Just One Sure Cure For Love—More Love

It was long after dinnertime when Captain David Whorf found her. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I can't work any more," Lucy said

ghost. Not at all loud, yet penetrating as the point of a dagger.

Lucy stood up in panic, and as the moan came again, her sick nerves broke. Her knees would not carry her. She dropped back helpless in the chair, shivering. As the terrible, tortured little sound came to her again, she burst into the tears of the helpless. Now another dread noise, the sound of a quietly opened window. Lucy hid her face in her hands.

A voice, troubled, anxious, said, "Hey! Miss!"

Lucy looked into the clearest and sweetest blue eyes she had ever beheld. They were topped by red hair and completely surrounded by freckles.

"What's the matter?" the boy asked anxiously. "Are you sick?"

"I'm f-frightened," blubbered Lucy.

"What scared you?" he inquired cautiously.

"An awful, awful noise!" said Lucy, and she wept again as if she would never stop.

The boy got out of the window and stood before her. Lucy, through her tears, could observe he was dressed in battered dungarees and that he was one of the most engaging-looking people that she had ever seen. He had, though he was big and twelve or thirteen, retained an air of guileless innocence. His brow had a worried pucker.

"You ought to lie down, I guess," he said. "You come in the house. I can open it easy. Aw, come on."

He went inside, there was sound of drawing bolts, and he threw the door wide open.

"There's a swell lounge right here," he said, "and I'll get you some water. Aw, come on!"

There was an irresistible quality in his voice, a beguilement in his manner, which was at once both tender and masterful. He would, when he grew up, be the kind of man who guessed the thing you wanted most to do and made you do it.

Just now, above all things, Lucy did want to lie down, and she did want a drink of water, and she did want to be taken care of. He led her into a sitting-room. The sun shone in on yellow floors, old braided rugs, old furniture arranged in so

homely a fashion that Lucy could only let fall,

"Oh, the darling house, the darling, darling house!"

For it was wainscoted and it had corner cupboards. On an old-fashioned paper was a motto, hanging askew, informing one that the Lord Would Provide. In an adjoining room, she heard pumping, and presently the boy appeared, bringing crystal-clear spring water. A sense of peace such as she had not known came over her. He drew up a chair and sat, his legs apart, his hands grasping his cap, looking at her with anxiety.

"You feel better?" he asked. "You look awful white yet."

"I look white all the time," said Lucy. "I only got out of the hospital a while ago."

"Oh!" he said, conveying in that monosyllable a wealth of sympathy.

"Yes," Lucy went on, "and when I got out, I didn't have any money and some one else had my business."

"Gee!" he said. "What was your business?"

"I used to be a dressmaker," said Lucy.

"We got one at our house," he answered. "M' sister, May Emma, she's getting married next fall."

Lucy closed her eyes and rested for a moment. With closed eyes she said: "Oh, how I wish I could stay here! I wish this was my house! But now I've got to go on and find a room."

"Say," he said, "why don't you stay? Why don't you buy this house? It's only twelve hundred dollars."

"I've only got fifteen hundred in the world."

"You wouldn't have to put down that much cash. You could easy get a mortgage of six hundred. I heard m' uncle Dave say so."

"Then what would I live on?"

"Roomers," he said. "Lots o' folks live all year round on roomers."

It was preposterous, she knew, but she was actually playing with the idea of buying the house.

"Twelve hundred's very cheap for a house."

"It's because it's ha'nted," said the boy.

"Oh," she cried. "I couldn't buy a haunted house."

"It wouldn't be ha'nted any more if you bought it," he said, looking away.

"Wouldn't be ha'nted any more? Why not?" asked Lucy.

"*I'm the ha'nt!*" he said, flushing with modest pride.

Their laughter rippled out on the spring air. They rocked with it.

"I been keeping folks from buying since Grandma Winslow died. Ain't no one *tries* to buy it no more."

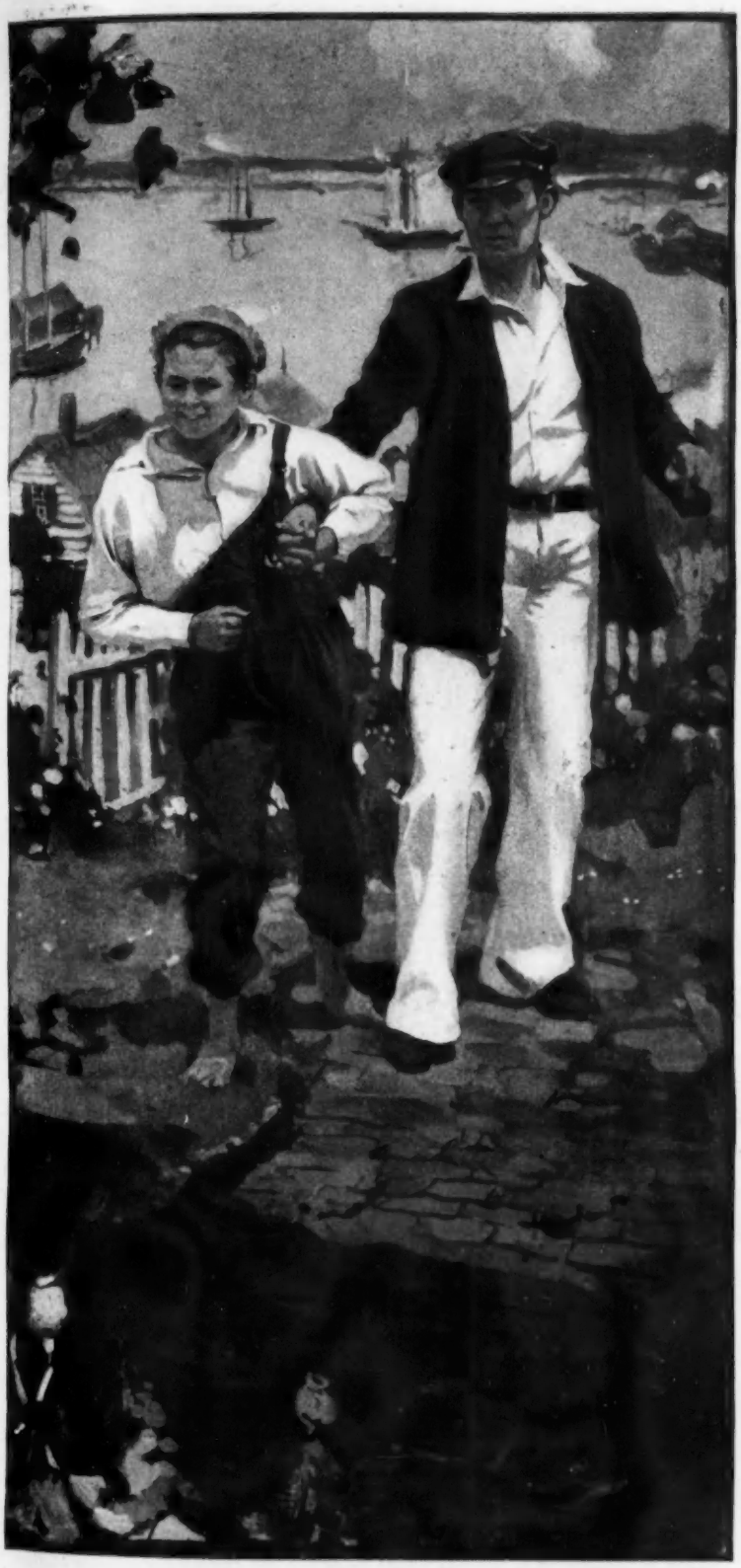
"Why do you want me to have it then?" asked Lucy.

He stubbed a worn toe against the yellow floor. "Oh, I do' know," he said, and looked away.

And at his words, it was as though a weight was lifted from little Lucy Ives' heart. Color crept into her pale cheeks and light into her round eyes whose eyebrows were arched ever so slightly as though in perpetual childish surprise. The little, hard, tired lines around her mouth relaxed. It was indeed as though ten years fell right off her shoulders.

They came up the walk like a small tug pulling a big boat. Lucy heard Ed explain

It was the first human contact she had made since Louis Farrar, the man she had trusted and to whom she had lent her money, had thrown her over. When he turned his back upon her, it was as though her world had gone into eclipse, for with himself he had taken her smile and her confidence in herself, taken her joy away



ing: "She was cryin' because she's got to sell her house. Don't let her go, Uncle Dave"

with him and the charm that had been part of her capital. He, illness, and misfortune had together made a clean sweep of it. Taken career, health, and money all at once from Madame Lucille and left behind Lucy Ives, a shaken, frightened, little person, who in her piteousness fulfilled the predictions of her older friends that she had been riding for a fall in the last few years, keeping up the swift pace of Louis Farrar.

Now this most delightful boy had said to her what no one had said for so long.

"Lucy, you're a dear. You're a little love. I like you so much I want you to buy my most treasured possession—my ha'nted house."

"I would love to buy it," Lucy repeated with a great sigh of longing.

"I got kind of sick of ha'nting," he explained hastily. "I kind of thought how nice the house usta look with lights lit, and how I usta come in here and get a cookie when Grandma Winslow had it. Lookit—here's the cookie jar!"

He went to the corner cupboard and drew out an ample, brown jar. "You'd be the kind who wouldn't mind a feller comin' in for a drink o' water or a cookie. You wouldn't mind the gang havin' a clubhouse in the barn-loft."

He looked at her with his trusting blue eyes. "You haven't seen the barn. You come on and see the barn," he pleaded.

The inflection of his voice made the barn an enchanting prospect. Lucy walked through the abandoned garden with him to the little gray building. It had a box stall and another stall. A ladder led to the loft. Lucy climbed the ladder and peered into the twilight above. Her eyes rested on a spectacle which previously no adult eyes had beheld. On a large packing box stood a chair. Packing boxes were ranged around circle-wise. Candle ends stood in pools of wax on a work-bench. Cigarette butts littered the floor. Here the gang gathered, here the tribal rites of the primitive took place. Lucy realized that the supreme compliment had been paid her in letting her see this.

"Come on," he urged. "Aw, buy it! M' uncle Dave, he'll sell it to you. M' uncle Dave used to be a whaling captain, but he got awful hurt by a whale one time, and he didn't go North no more. He went into real estate."

For no reason at all Lucy laughed, the light, gay, careless laugh that had made people love her. She had not heard herself laugh since who knows when. And she could not have told whether she was laughing at the idea of buying a house or because she was with the red-haired boy or because his uncle Dave was a whaling captain turned real estate man. The world had turned another and different face to her than she could have believed possible.

"It won't do any harm to ask the price of the house," she thought and followed the boy down the lane that was pale in the delicate spring sunshine.

The whole world was in a high key of color, translucent and delicate as though it might vanish. All down the lane the boy built up a saga of his uncle Dave, stories of perils in the North, stories of leviathan, and Eskimos. He let drop:

"There was a captain sailed out of Seattle same time as my uncle Dave did. He kidnapped a whole Eskimo village, this man, and the gov'ment vessel followed him for two years and they caught him!"

The picture of a mighty captain was built up before Lucy. A romantic figure. The boy said:

"He's lived with us ever since m' aunt died. My aunt, (*Continued on page 198*)

With tails spread wide and wings beating rapidly, the willets jumped about like mad things, flinging themselves violently here and there in the splashing pool. Their enjoyment was obvious; happiness thrilled them, filled them to overflowing

A Few of Those Exquisite Moments When Earth Keeps

F & S

WALKING through a pine wood one spring afternoon, I heard a parula warbler singing. I moved toward the spot, but I was a long time finding the warbler; in fact, I never actually found him, though I found the tree that he was in. Just at this stage of my search, I came upon something else that was far better than the parula, something that caused me to forget in an instant the little tree-top singer and his song.

On a branch of a young long-leafed pine a male summer tanager was perching, a bird that has always seemed to me to be among the most beautiful of all birds because of the peculiar rosy tints in its red plumage. It is a less vivid red than that of the more famous scarlet tanager, but to my mind even lovelier because of its rosiness, which is like no other tint that I know among birds; and it happened that behind this tanager the sky beyond the fringes of the wood was aglow with the sunset, while on either side of the bird rose two tall pine candles, as the young pine shoots are often called—slim, straight, silvery-yellow spikes of unopened leaves, standing erect at the ends of the twigs like the candles decorating a Christmas tree.

The result was a woodland picture of extraordinary beauty; for the long golden sunbeams, slanting through the forest, touched the whole scene—the bright bird that was the center of the picture, the tall pine candles beside it, and all the rich background of lustrous, green pine foliage and lilac-tinted tree trunks—with a light that seemed magical and fairylike, a strange, glimmering radiance at once brilliant and soft and exquisitely delicate.

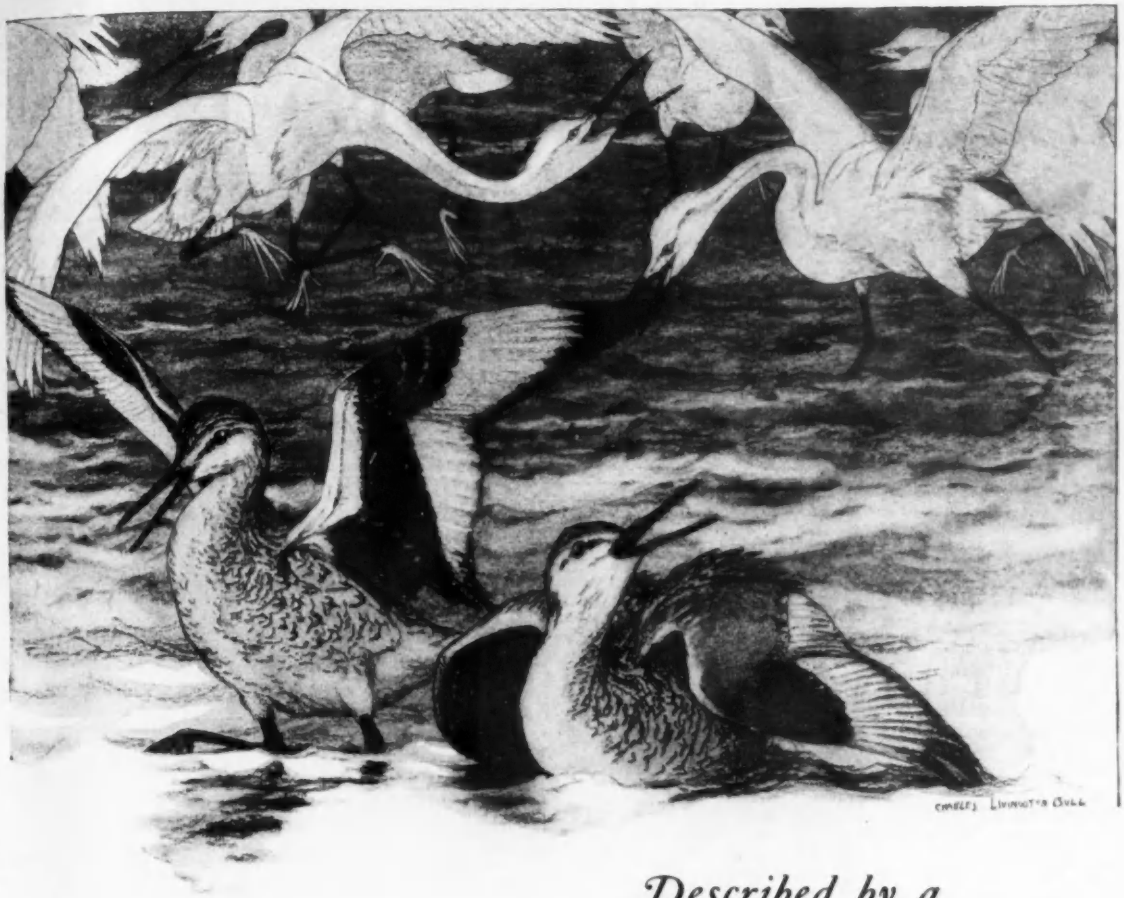
In that light the pine candles on either side of the bird, and others which were visible behind it, became a vivid gold. The tanager itself became almost luminous; its rosy tints were intensified and made doubly brilliant, so that the bird seemed to shine with a radiance of its own—an exquisite pink effulgence that was not like dead pigment, but seemed alive like a glowing ember or even a rose-colored flame.

The effect was so beautiful that it was impossible to imagine an added touch that might have enhanced its beauty. Yet, as I watched the tanager, a strange thing happened: slowly, slowly the feathers of its head began to rise until they formed a crest, and through the translucent, rose-tinted feathers of this crest the slanting, mellow light shone so that it made a rosy halo around the head of the radiant bird perching motionless between the tall, golden pine candles.

I wondered why the bird had raised its crest at that moment, at just the right moment to make still lovelier a picture that seemed already perfect. It is not generally known that the summer tanager has this habit of erecting its head-feathers to form a crest; at least, I do not recall seeing it mentioned in any natural history work that I have read. It is, as a matter of fact, a fairly characteristic habit of the bird, and in this instance I discovered quickly the reason for the display of crest-feathers. Another tanager was coming. I heard his "chucky-tucky-tuck" call-note before I saw him, and next moment he alighted in the same pine in which the first tanager was perching.

Then, in an instant, the scene was transformed: a picture of still life—for heretofore the first tanager had made no move—became a motion picture of lively and wonderfully graceful action.

At the same moment both birds took wing and came together in the air. Round and round each other they circled, sinking and ascending, their tails spread wide, their rosy pinions fluttering rapidly. They



Described by a Man Whose Soul is Tuned to Her Music

S T I V A L

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

did not seem to be fighting—at least, they did no injury that I could discover, and in their light aerial maneuverings I could see no evidence of hostile intent. Rather, they appeared to be playing, dancing in the air, enjoying a game in which they were partners and in which they both delighted—a game that was wholly light-hearted and joyous like the play of children.

The slanting sun rays lit them as they danced, buoyantly rising, slowly descending, sometimes so close together that their wings seemed to touch, again separating and circling each other in the air. Their bodies glowed now pink, now a deeper, darker red; through their widespread, fluttering wings and fan-like tails the light shone pink as rose-petals, luminous as the most delicate sky-tints of dawn. Now high, now low, they danced in the silent, beautiful pine wood, all lustrous green and lilac and purple, decked with its hundreds of straight, tall pine candles glowing golden in the late light. Then, suddenly, as though each knew in the same instant that the game had reached its end, they darted away in opposite directions and disappeared.

THIS incident witnessed in a pine wood—this Dance of the Rosy Tanagers, as it might be called—was a woodland spectacle of extraordinary beauty. To me it was something more: it was a part of Earth's festival, an episode in the unending pageant of Earth's happiness.

Nature is not the hard, stern mistress that some would have us believe her to be. She has plenty of time for idle enjoyment, plenty of time for play. There is more laughter than sorrow in the trees and the thickets under them and in the wide blue spaces over the roof of the forest. I have sometimes traveled in fancy far into those wide blue regions—up and up to the kingdom of the eagles; for as the poet's heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky, so is mine lifted and borne on high at sight of a soaring eagle, and for a while I am there with him in the lofty solitude where he reigns unchallenged—the kingliest, grandest figure in the whole world of feathered life.

It is a still finer experience to ride the air in fancy with the monarch of birds when, for the time being, he ceases his stately soaring and, putting away his regal dignity, rushes at headlong speed, with powerful beats of his pinions, to meet his snowy-headed mate. He sees her far off, a mere speck against the blue, circling upward from the huge, castle-like nest which for many years, perhaps half a century or even more, has been the eagles' home. Seeing her, he forgets all else; a fierce, passionate joy thrills him in every nerve and fiber. Wheeling in mid-circle, he hastens toward her, his broad, serrated wings, seven feet in extent from tip to tip, lashing the eddying air.

There are no eggs in the nest as yet: it is autumn, the (*Continued on page 234*)

GREEN

You Can't Eat Cake and Have it, Too— But Love Is Something Different

YOU noticed her eyes first. Green eyes resembling the impatient sea. You noticed her hands next. Little hands with long, slim fingers that painted sleek ladies for magazine covers and drew broad-shouldered heroes for magazine stories. Then you became conscious of her name—Dorine—an odd name, but one that suited her slim person.

You heard talk about her, laughing talk.

"She has no inhibitions," people would say of Dorine.

They said that when they found her telling the world, "I'm in love again!" or "I've just met a man who is positively breaking my heart!"

Hannah smiled at these outbursts. Hannah, a kind, loving sister, with her protruding teeth, her unattractive figure, and her great heart. It was she who petted and worshiped and spoiled Dorine because she considered her pretty and popular and a genius. Because Dorine enjoyed life and liked being admired.

"When you're really in love," Hannah said, "you won't talk about it."

Then Dorine would smile. Smile charitably. What did Hannah know about love? Hannah who had been adored by only one beau, an industrious young doctor whom she married. For that matter, what did any one know about love? privately questioned Dorine. She, who had fancied herself in that state dozens of times, but secretly wondered if there was such a thing. The real thing. The thrilling, heart-to-heart, ideal, soul-mate romance you read about and wished you could believe; from the time you first envied Cinderella and her Prince, until, perhaps, the day you died.

Surely somewhere, somehow, she would meet him. The genuine him. She used to think that, feeling foolish, when she was alone. Other women must have the same sort of thoughts, she reasoned, or why would they sing such songs? There was one now, one of Gershwin's. Ironic, that it may have epitomized every girl's dream, when it was most effectually sung by a hard-boiled night-club hostess!

"Some day he'll come along,
The man I love;
And he'll be big and strong,
The man I love."

In the meanwhile there was her work, her absorbing work.

She had watched her friends.

Leatrice, who married for money. Leatrice, who proffered advice in her smug, self-satisfied way, as she sat in her smug, over-decorated, too new apartment.

"Love comes after marriage," Leatrice had said.

Dorine did not believe this. Maybe it never came at all, but it did not, it could not, come that way. Be like Leatrice. Marry a man for support. Marry a man because he had a bank account. Marry a man for the sake of getting married. A man not repulsive, not attractive, just negative.

Orchids

By Nanette Kutner

At gay, laughing, everybody-there parties Dorine had heard things—loud whispers—flattering ones: "You know who that is, don't you?" "Yes, they're seen together all the time. He named his last show after her"

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

The very thought made Dorine cringe. There was Evelyn. To Dorine her case appeared worst of all. Evelyn who had everything. Looks and brains and money and youth. Evelyn who, like Dorine, always obtained exactly what she wanted, so when she wanted Henry Patterson she simply went out and got him.

"It's love, real love," she had told Dorine.

It seemed like love. Henry possessed eyes for no girl but Evelyn, and Evelyn was unable to see a man outside of her Henry. Thus they were married. Dorine had been bridesmaid. Everybody said it was a love match. Now, two short years after their wedding, people saw Evelyn going places with various young men, and there was talk of Henry making love to another girl.

"Sooner or later one or the other gets bored," Evelyn explained to Dorine.

Then Dorine had dinner with them—Evelyn and Henry. They fought. Hurled nasty words at each other in the presence of strangers. It was disgusting. Their semi-public quarrel made Dorine vow that if she ever did find romance she would keep it intact and not let it dissolve into just a series of meant-to-hurt retorts.

Probably there was no such thing as romance anyway. She used to think that.

"It's just imaginative glamour!"

Later she wondered how she could have uttered those words, and in her right mind, too. "Just imaginative glamour." But of course she said those things only because she met him. For he had come along, something like the man the night-club hostess sang about, except that he was not big and strong. He was thin and rather white, and the lamps in his spacious studio emphasized the golden glints of his curly brown hair, as he sat, running competent, slender, fascinating fingers over black and white piano keys.

They were introduced in a noisy song-publishing house, while the raucous voices of vaudeville sopranos conflicted with the tin-panny selections being played in the various small booths that lined the place. The manager had sent for her to design a dozen song covers.

"Dorine, of course you've met Scott Mason," some one said.

She dimpled. "No, I haven't."

Scott laughed, that roaring laugh of his. And they both thought it was fate. For had he not, only the previous season, composed the score for "Don't, Don't Dorine," the international musical comedy success!

"You're the first authentic Dorine I've ever met," he said. "Most girls claim that's their name because they want me to play my Dorine tunes."

Right then and there he sat down at the piano.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, as those fleet fingers (*Continued on page 293*)

The Boy With the Basket

By Bruce Barton

Children of the Bible, No. IX

IN THE autumn the hillsides around the Sea of Galilee are dry and brown, for they suffer when the "latter rains" cease. But in the spring they are green, as they slope gently to the sea, and the red anemone blooms so freely that when the hillside is observed in ascent it seems almost crimson with its color. No traveler has written with too great enthusiasm of the beauty of the shores of the Sea of Galilee in spring.

It is in spring we are to think of it in this picture, and the place is uninhabited. It is called a "desert place"; that is, a deserted place; it is not a desert in the sense of being sterile.

Jesus had been in Capernaum, which was now "his own city," a village near the head of the lake. The roads were thronged with pilgrims going up to Jerusalem for the Passover which was celebrated at the full moon at the time of the vernal equinox. It was a glorious time of year, warm enough for hardy people to sleep out of doors as they camped in their travel, and not yet hot as it soon would be, and so not very dusty. People whose ancestors had dwelt in tents for generations hailed the spring in Palestine as in Chaucer's day they did in England, "Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

The pilgrimage above all others was that of the Passover. It might be celebrated anywhere, but many reasons, religious and patriotic, combined to make Jerusalem the place of all places most desired for this festival. Whole caravans went out of their way to pass through Capernaum, for it was the period of Jesus' greatest popularity, and he was the most talked about man in Palestine. "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."

Worn out by the importunate demands of curious tourists who invaded the house and brooked no restraints, and with energy lessened by the heavy drain upon his sympathy, Jesus at length left town and sought this quiet place on the other side of the lake. He went in the evening and rested overnight, sleeping, no doubt, as he often must have slept, in the open air.

But the crowd which arrived in Capernaum next morning was not to be denied. They started after Jesus. He and his disciples had used a boat to cross the lake, which is six miles wide in direct line, or about seven or eight as they crossed it at an angle. People had to travel at least ten miles around by land to catch up with him. They *did* catch up. If any disappointed pilgrims who had come to Capernaum in search of the great sensation moved straight on to Jerusalem, we do not know it. The crowd went around. They would have begun to arrive before ten o'clock; by noon there was a great multitude, and during the first half of the afternoon the throng continued to swell.

They brought their lunches with them, no doubt; they were campers and were not without food. But there were no villages on that side of the lake in which they might have replenished their depleted stores, and as night approached the disciples were anxious. "Send the multitude away," they besought Jesus. If they were to get back to Capernaum, or Bethsaida before bedtime, they ought to start. The sun went down at six, and twilight did not linger long. It was moonlight, to be sure, but the roads were not very good even in daylight. It was time for them to go.

But Jesus had compassion on the multitude. This reckless, improvident mob, so eager to see him that they had made no adequate provision for supper, would find themselves weary when they started back, supperless, and with the inevitable reaction from their enthusiasm.

Jesus said to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?"

They had "two hundred penny-worth" of money in their common purse. A penny was a day's wages. In a time when a dollar paid an unskilled workman for a day's labor in our country, we might have estimated that the disciples had on hand two hundred dollars, not an excessive sum for a company of thirteen men. The question which confronted them, or seemed to, sometimes confronts us all in the crises of social devotion: "Suppose we give our all, will any good come of it?" Two hundred pence was not a negligible matter to the disciples of Jesus; it had required a good many nights of fishing, and the contents of several contribution boxes, to make up the amount. But two hundred pence would not be sufficient in that crowd for more than a crumb apiece. What is the use of giving our all and leaving the multitude still hungry?

Was there any other way to meet the emergency? Were there other resources? Surely in all this crowd there must be individuals who have food on hand. How much is in sight? Very little. If people had food they were not displaying it.

Andrew, pat on saint of Scotland, had been around, lifting the covers of baskets and making calculations. "There is a lad here," he said, "which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"

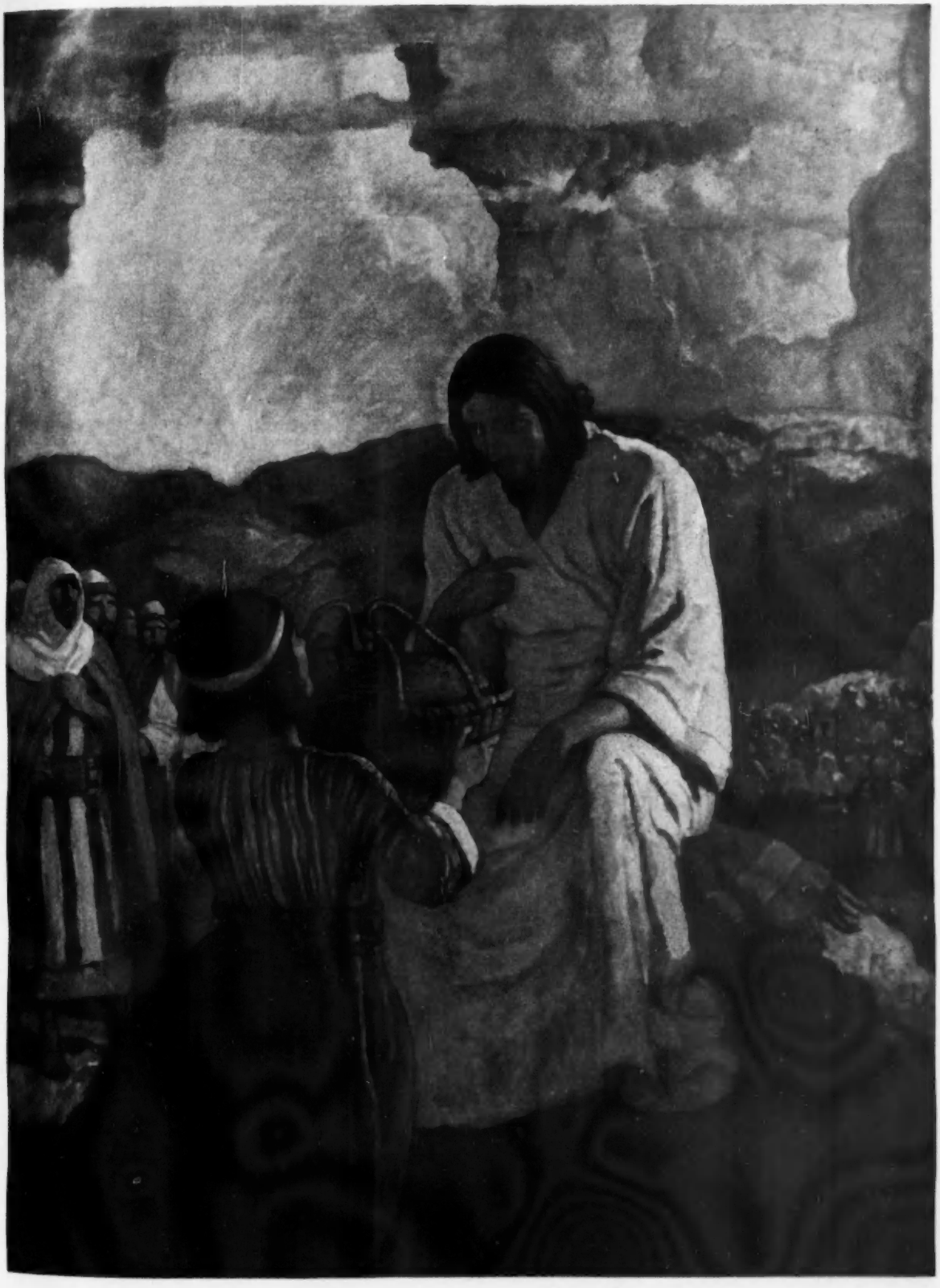
It was the best suggestion that had been offered up to that time. Whatever hope the situation afforded was in that lad.

That boy's mother, doubting whether the boy would be back in time for supper, had packed enough food for two men, the amount needed for one boy. He had eaten his lunch, presumably, and had left over five barley loaves and two small dried fish. It was enough for one and would have made a modest meal for two. But what about five thousand? That, however, was not the boy's problem. He was not responsible for the feeding of the crowd. The question for him to answer was whether he would give up his own supper to provide a meal for Jesus. He does not appear to have hesitated. With the fine, unreckoning generosity of youth, he gave, not hoping to receive a gain.

Age grows calculating, but youth is spendthrift in its generosity. The Oxford lads who "gave their merry youth away for country and for God" are like all normal lads. They give like those who have not yet learned how to make their gifts return with added purchasing power; they give because already they know that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

The hungry crowd looked on, not hearing the dialogue. No one reports it. No one of the four evangelists tells us what Jesus said to the lad. We are surely justified in the belief that Jesus did not take the food without the boy's free and generous consent. Even if the boy trudged home hungry, he intended that Jesus should be fed. He gave his evening meal to the Master.

Just what happened then is not described in very complete detail. Jesus had directed that the crowd should be seated in groups of fifty or a hundred, and this was done. Then he took the bread and the fishes and divided and distributed them, and the entire multitude was fed. Every one had enough. It was not necessary for the disciples (*Continued on page 278*)



Painting by
N.C.Wyeth

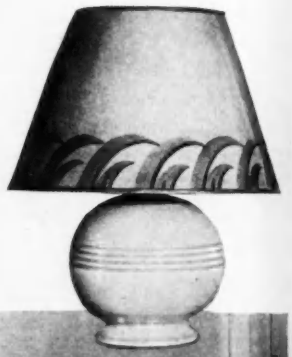
AGE grows calculating, but youth is spendthrift in its generosity. Even if the boy trudged home hungry, he intended that Jesus should be fed. He gave his evening meal to the Master

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO OF

Helen Koues,

THE STUDIO WILL BUY FOR YOU THESE ATTRACTIVE PIECES

How often have you wanted an extra table for your living-room? The drop-leaf, butterfly table below is finished in maple, beautifully made, 22″ high, 28″ wide open, and 9″ wide shut; $12.00, express collect. Beside it is an upholstered chair with a special spring construction which makes it very comfortable. It comes upholstered in a variety of flowered chintzes in the following backgrounds: blue, rose, yellow, lavender, and green. The legs are finished in maple. It is 30″ high, 25½″ wide, and costs only $18.75, express collect. On the table a yellow pottery lamp with a matching border on its parchment shade is 12″ high, $2.95, complete. A vase of imported smoky glass, 4 inches high, is $2.75



Where shall we put our umbrellas? The painted tin stand above answers the question. In green, red, or black with assorted prints, 19½″ high, $4.50. A modernistic plant stand of green wrought iron, 37½″ high, is $8.00, express collect

A fat little green pottery jar at right above has a matching shade, green and black border, 12″ high, $5.00 complete. Quaint flower prints, over 100 yrs. old, like the one below, come framed in gilt, black, green or red, 10½″ x 13½″, $5.00

The handsome four-poster bed at left, solid maple posts, curly-maple veneered panel, is 3′3″ wide, $47.75; upholstered box spring $27.50; spring-filled felt mattress, $39.50 all express collect. The Kapok-filled pillow, $1.45. The sturdy bedside table of maple veneer is 29″ high, drawer, $18.75, express collect

Quaint sprigged sateen piped in blue, lavender, rose or gold makes the ruffled bedspread, 72″ x 108″ or 90″ x 108″; either size $5.50. A matching wool-filled comforter lined with sateen in above colors, 72″ x 81″, is $9.75. On the table a cheerful, yellow-pottery, boat-shaped vase, 4¼″ high, is $2.25

Furnishings and Decorations

Director

New Curtains, Lamps and Flower Stands

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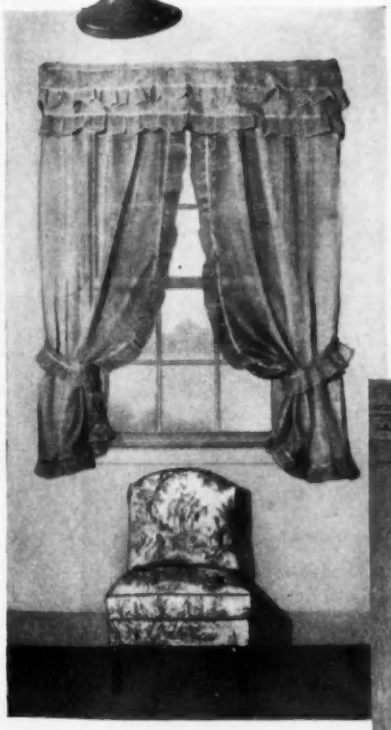
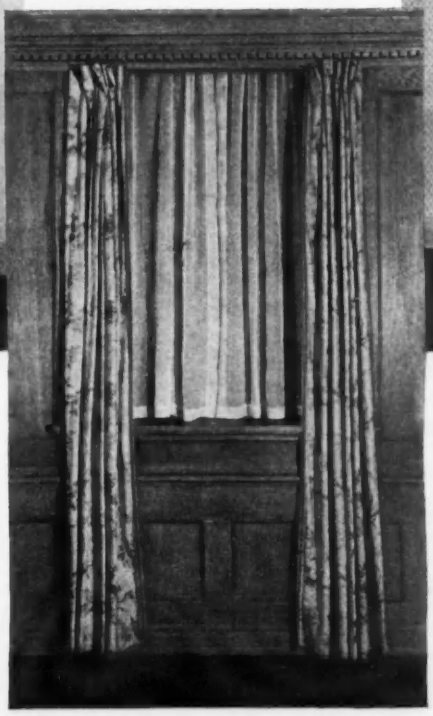
Let us send you some of the useful and attractive things on these two pages. Just send us the correct amount in check or money-order, and we will see that whatever you want is sent you at once. Be sure to mention the page number and the position on the page of the things you select. Be sure to address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In olden days people hung glass balls over their doors to keep out the witches. Today we hang copies of those old balls over our windows to hold lovely, trailing vines. The one above, 5″ high, in green, rose, or crystal with black wood stand, $1.00. Chain for hanging if desired, 30c. By twisting a knob at the side of the lamp above, it may be turned very low or to full brightness. In enameled metal in blue or rose, same colored border on parchment shade, 10″ high, $3.95 complete



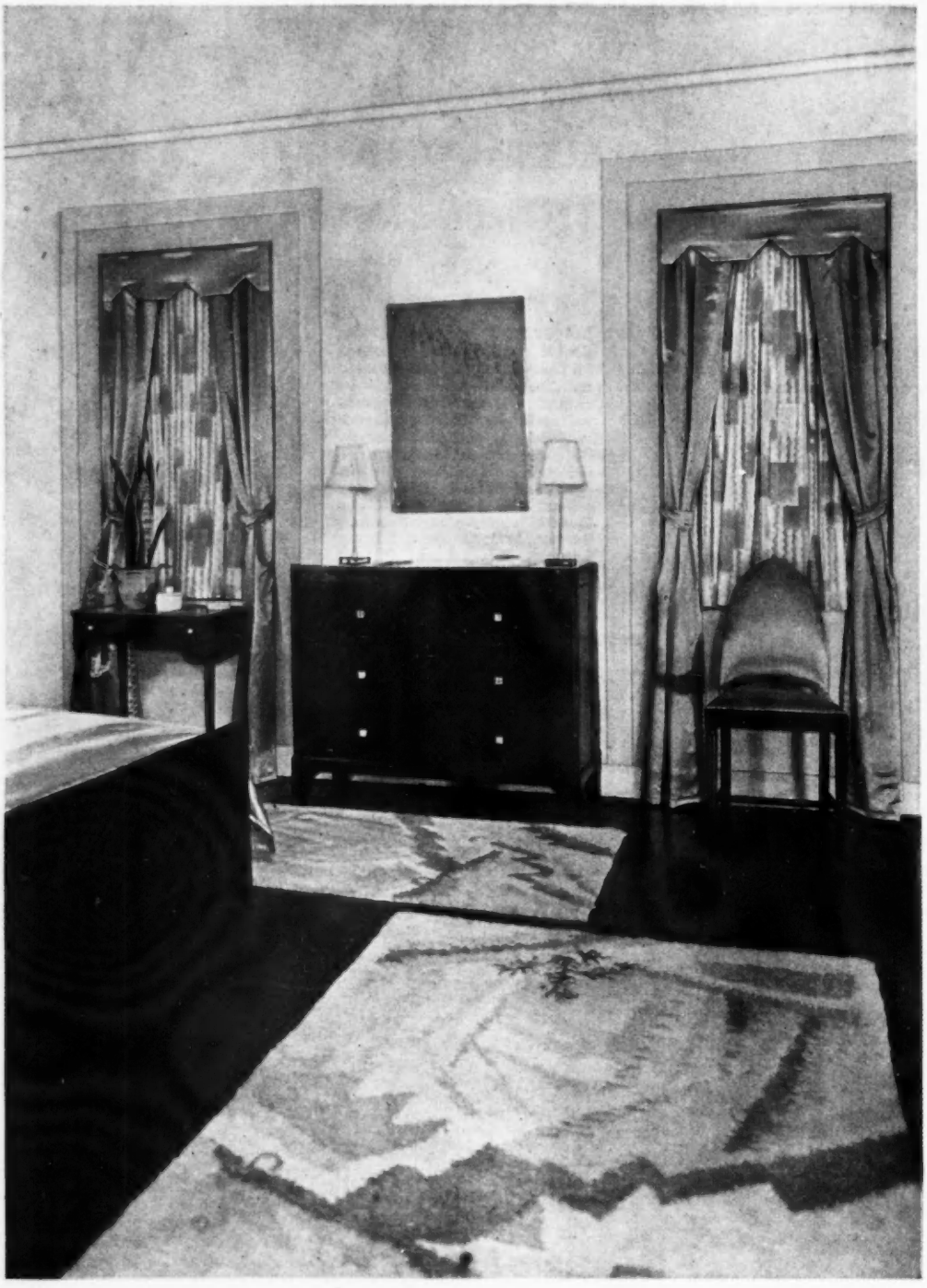


A color for each of your bedrooms may be found in the charming organdy curtains above, with gauffered ruffles, 2¼ yards by 36″, in maize, blue, rose, green, peach, lavender, or beige. Complete with valance and tie-backs, only $4.95

Who can resist a plump, little, overstuffed slipper chair like the one above? It is only 28″ high, and 19″ wide; covered in flowered, glazed chintzes in all pastel shades, or in toile in rose, blue, green, or mauve, it is $30, express collect

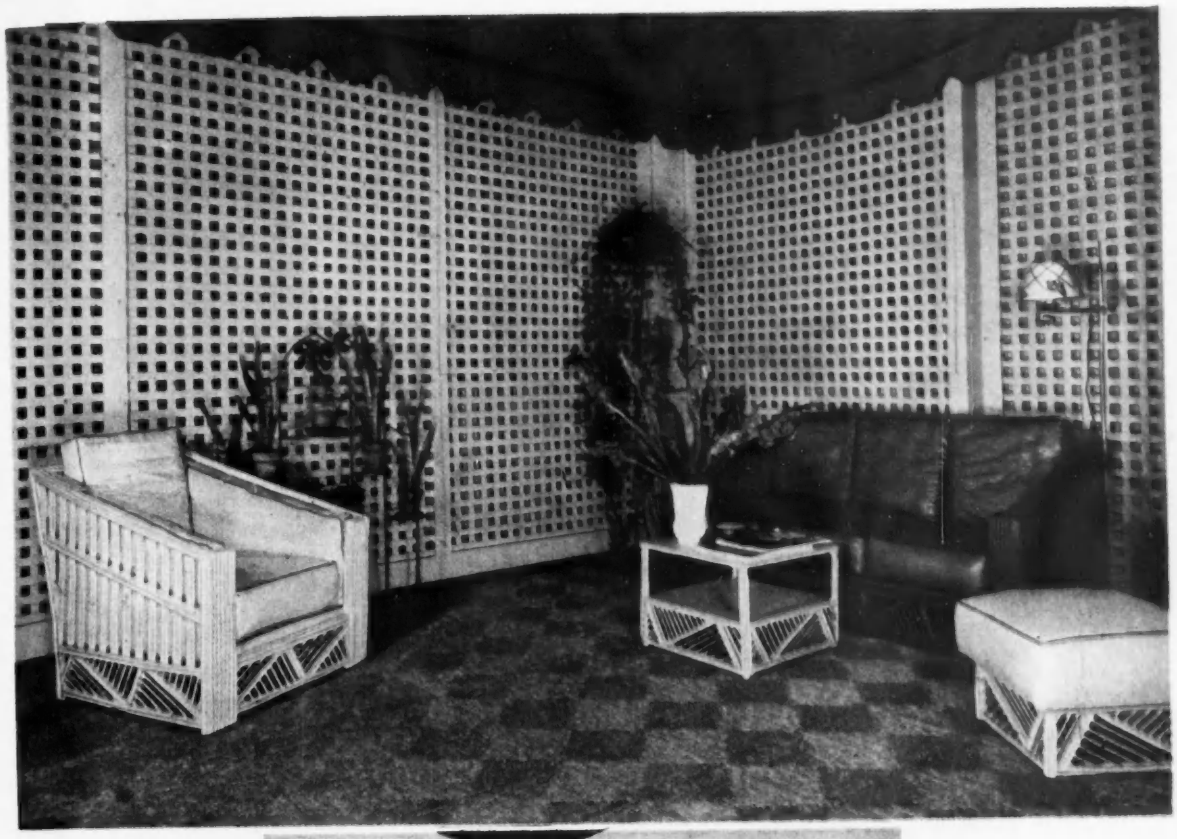
For any size window, use hangings of toile de jouy in an appropriate color. Toile like that above, in orange, nile, or blue, on oyster, is $3.25 a yd., 31″ wide. Silk gauze for glass-curtains, all pastel shades, 50″ wide, $1.95 a yard

Net curtains like the ones at left are suitable in a bedroom, dining-room, or living-room when used with appropriate draperies. They measure 2¼ yards long by 35″ wide and come in cream or beige; only require adjustment, $1.95 a pr.



A BEDROOM NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE STUDIO

One of the Rooms Built and Furnished
In the Modern Feeling, Which
We Cordially Invite You to Visit



COLORFUL MODERN FURNISHING

A vivid and altogether modern color plan gives character to this attractive sunroom. The yellow of the lattice forms a background for the blue-green furniture and bright accessories

IN THE WINTER SUNROOM

Comfort, durability, and the straight lines of modern design mark the furniture used in this sunroom. The decorative plant stands of wrought iron hold vivid green plants

A mirror between cabinets makes a comfortable and modern dressing arrangement

THE STUDIO BUILDS A BEDROOM IN THE MODERN FEELING

By the Director

A SUCCESSFUL picture, or a room built to make a picture, must have something to express, some reason for being. Back of every really delightful house or room has been a motive, from the days of the primitive hut, when mere protection was sought, to our own stirring, vivid age when new materials and new needs hold bewildering possibilities.

The Studio made this modern spirit the motive for an apartment now on exhibition. Color, simple forms, light, a new form of pattern which is geometrical rather than naturalistic, are some of the tenets of the modern faith. To me, as to many others, box-like forms without grace or beauty of finish, the grotesque in pattern, or the drab in color, have no charm. Therefore, in furnishing this bedroom, we have avoided these characteristics and endeavored to find modern furniture and fabrics with intrinsic beauty of line—something which we shall not be ashamed of tomorrow.

Beds, bureau, and cabinets of beautifully grained wood, simple in line but of nice proportions, are given both grace and practicability by the feet which lift them from the floor but keep them low. They have the spirit, but not the exaggeration, of the modern trend. The colors in the room are clear, and pattern is sparingly used in glass curtains, rugs, and one overstuffed chair.

There are tens of thousands of rooms of this size and shape, in houses and apartment houses all over the country, nondescript until the motive for decorating is determined. The four walls are vacant, so to speak, ready to take the character desired.

In this room the walls were painted a clear yellow, while the door and window frames are of two tones of yellow-orange which blend pleasantly into it. These

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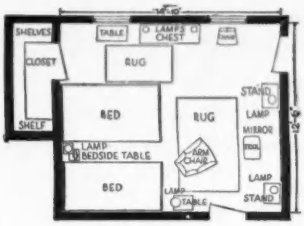
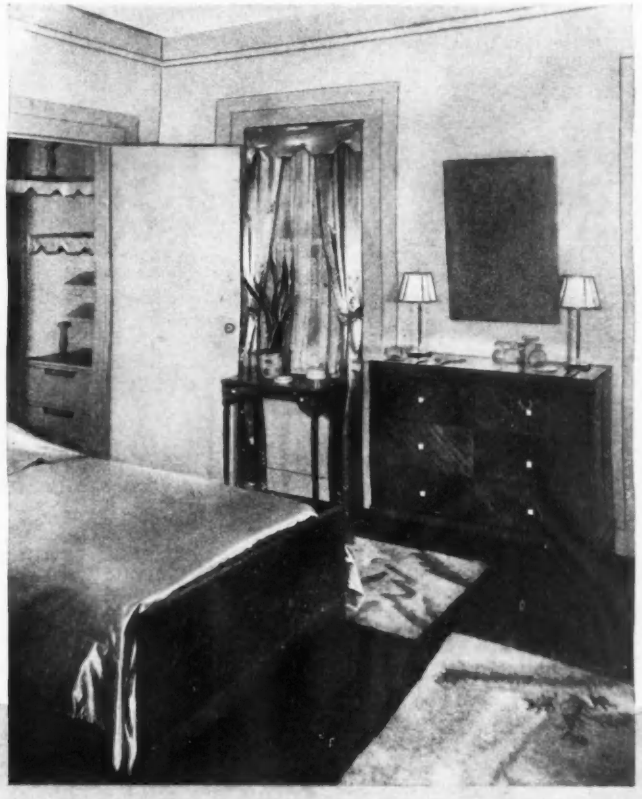


The plan above shows how furniture may be placed in a room 14′10″x12′6″. Clever use of the beautiful grain of the wood forms the only decoration of the simple but good modern furniture shown in the two views of the bedroom below



Cooperating With Us

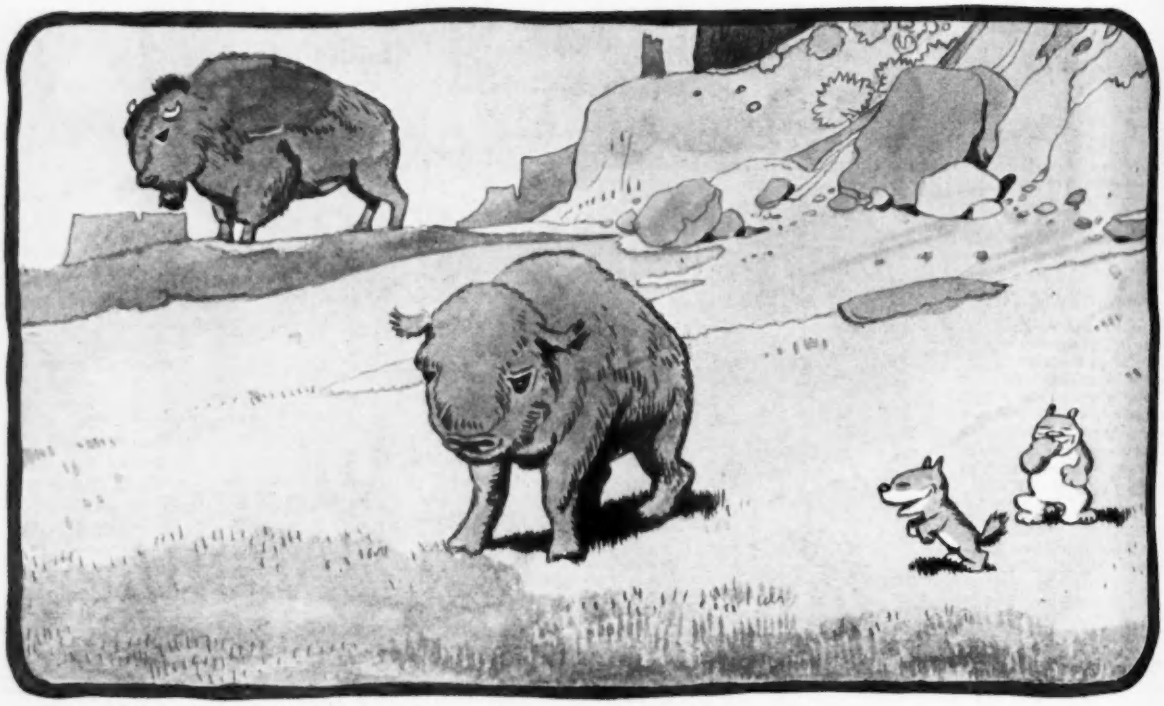
Bedroom: Paint, E. I. du Pont de Nemours; Furniture, Baker Furniture Factories; Armchair, Regent Shops; Mirrors and Glass Tops, Gotham Glass; Rugs, Hill, Gerhard; Curtains & Upholstery, H. B. Lehman-Connor, R. Carrillo; Sidelights, G. E. Walter; Lamps & Shades, R. H. Macy, Stern Bros., Rena Rosenthal; Springs & Mattresses, N. Y. Mattress Co.; Sheets & Pillow Cases, Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.; Blankets, Kenwood Mills; Toilet Articles, Celluloid Corp., The Bathshop, Can-Dle-Luxe. Sunroom: Rug, Stern Bros.; Awning, Foster & Stewart, T. J. Kloes; Furniture, Ypsilanti Reed Furniture Co., L. D. Ford Corp.; Upholstery, Morton Sundour; Plant Stands, Mayhew Shop; Accessories, R. H. Macy, Can-Dle-Luxe

frames consist of two flat planes, with a beading at the inner edge. This beading is the deepest tint of yellow-orange. The first plane is an orange-yellow, the next lighter, and the wall itself lightest of all. The cornice, which also shows a 9-inch plane above a rounded molding, is of the same color as the walls. This paint was put on by air brush and has a glossy finish—a method which is a product of today.

A hardwood floor, stained a brown mahogany tone and waxed, or an all-over velvet carpet of walnut tone on which small rugs are placed, proves most comfortable for a bedroom. Briefly, the color scheme is yellow, (*Continued on page 312*)

NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton



THE build of the Baby Bison
Is really quite surprisin'.
From head to tail, and tail to knee
No flowing art lines can you see.
Although he's not aware of it,
He really *doesn't* seem to fit.

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HERE is the littlest brown musk deer
Who jumps every which way, far and near.
He jumps 'cause that's the way he feels
And only stops when called to meals.

"My children are my two principal reasons for having written 'Between War and Peace,'" says Florence Brewer Boeckel. If the book achieves its purpose her children will never know war

Emily Newell Blair

Suggests

Club Study Programs

That Are Worth While

SO MANY letters come to me asking for programs of readings, or lists of books, for clubs that I am forced to conclude that a great number of women the country over devote some part of their time each winter to club reading. As this is the month when plans are made for the year's work, I have been giving these requests much serious thought. For time is valuable to these women, and they are not, I take it, looking merely for recreation, but for something to broaden and enrich their lives.

While I was thinking of this, a brilliant woman came to visit a club of which I am a member. Her experience had been wide: she knew the leaders in art and esthetic achievement in this and other countries. She had made a study of the beautiful in many lines—architecture, music, gardens, furniture, clothes. And she was herself a worker, having created beauty in many forms, not the least interesting the settings for some famous New York theater productions. All her listeners sat up, therefore, when she said to the women who had been hearing some papers on early American history:

"Why do you waste your time like this? Why don't you do something worth while? Get out and work. I don't care what you do. Grow cabbages rather than sit around reading stupid books and writing a few words about what you've read. Do something interesting and make yourselves interesting."

It was a challenge to my club programs that I could not pass by.

"Do these programs I make out," I asked myself, "waste time? Do they honestly call for work? Are they stimulating and do they make the club women more interesting?"

It was but a mental step to the thought: "What kind of programs can I suggest that will answer this woman's criticism? What can I plan that will call for work, and give value received for that work, in stimulation and interest?"

For some while I had been thinking that the American women had a job to perform that they were shirking, or at least that they had not yet attacked. The time had come it seemed to me, in this land of luxury and credit to do some serious mental work. Not as discipline, but to make possible for us a life of beauty, of emotion, of sensation. We can not forever be content merely to acquire, possess. "Things have a magic," Rose O'Neill once said to me. But the magic may be lost in quantity. The magic comes from what things mean to us, and the meaning comes from our ability to feel, to think—and to think, to feel from a tender sensitiveness and a wide area that is sensitive. Knowledge alone can not bring it, although that, too, has its magic. We must enlarge our capacity for enjoyment which really means our responsiveness to stimulus.

There is no one reading this article who has not, at some time, felt a desire to reach out of this life, above the cloying body, and touch reality. She feels life slipping while she is busy with its trappings. More living, more capacity to live, is what she wants. A man named Troward once wrote a book in which he compared the elephant and the mouse to show that life had no relation to bulk. The mouse was as alive as the elephant. It is not in material things that capacity to feel—to live—exists, but in the mind. What better use, then, to put our study to than that of enlarging the area of sensitivity, accelerating the quickness of response.

"Study groups ought, then," I said to myself in my desire to meet this challenge, "to be animated by a desire to enlarge their capacity for appreciation, their responsiveness."

The question is, How may a study program do it?

It is evident that the study program for such an ambitious purpose must above all else contain books that make the student think, that make him feel. This thinking and this feeling will have the effect on the student that cultivating the soil does on the plants in the garden. The thinking will make available new thoughts that will not only stir the sluggish brain, but will be utilized by it to furnish new thoughts and these in turn newer ones. The feeling will have the effect of stimulating the blood stream, increasing its pulse, and so make the thoughts more assimilative. When I write "thoughts," I do not mean the thoughts in the books. They are the hands of the cultivator, the trowel in the hands of the writer. The thoughts that count are the student's own thoughts, the things the book suggests to him: what he thinks of it and—far more important—what he thinks from it. Too many book clubs are content to read what the author said, and what others have said about the author and what the author said. They have biographies, and reviews, and quotations. But how many of them inspire the student to formulate an opinion of her own about the book? Until this is done the book is no more than an article in an encyclopedia. It is information; it is not stimulus; it is not art. Thinking and feeling are work. They call for blood to the head, and use up energy quite as much as (*Continued on page 212*)

The Story of a Woman Whose Faith Made a Trail of Light for Her Feet, as She Walked Through

The DARK Mountains

THERE was one window where Rachel Nash could embroider without being "fussed at," and that was in her son's bedroom at the peak of the house. It wasn't comfortable up there—no seat but a rickety chair or the edge of a sagging bed—but it was safe. If the man of the house stepped in unexpectedly, she could run down to see what was wanted, and no questions asked.

Ira Nash never exerted himself to climb the dim stairs unless Joie were at home and overslept. But Joie Nash wasn't at home now. Since the first of September—he had been in the University, his "forest of a thousand hopes"!

Mother had been afraid she wouldn't get Margaret Foss's tablecloth embroidered before Joie's birthday; maybe not before commencement. It had been awful the summer before and during Christmas holidays, hiding her despised "fancy-work" from both her menfolks. And this table-spread was, you might say, a debt of honor. If she hadn't pledged herself to work the rarest piece of linen anywhere in the country, and that for a wild night trip to Stillwater, Joie wouldn't have been in college; he would have been expelled from high school.

When the light seemed to be closing in on Mother's aching eyes, she lived it all over, that almost tragedy. Sitting patiently by the high-up window from which she had pushed encircling tendrils of ivy, she closed her lids and was in Margaret Foss's lurching truck, hoping to reach town by sunrise. Mud-splashed, her roughened hands gripping each other on the old yellow slicker she held across her lap, she had faced David Porter, Superintendent of Schools, and out-talked facts themselves. No, not quite that. Joie *hadn't* stolen the English grades. He hated English, but he wasn't a thief.

And David Porter had kept her secret. If they hadn't been afraid of wounding Joie's pride—for no boy of eighteen wants a woman, even his mother, getting him out of trouble—if she had told the boy, flat, why she had to use every spare minute of daylight and all her badly-lighted evenings to embroider a spread, it would have been different. She needn't have dodged about as she had through a long, blistering summer. Oh, well—!

Reddy had come to the jack-oaks—tight little breeches, gay shirt, and her favorite slang phrase, "Sweet Papa." Joie Nash was all one thing or another. Once it was Latin; now it was Reddy

Almost a year, now, Rachel Nash had been laying fragile, yet firm, five-petaled blossoms in swirls around the scalloped edge of a long oval. One gorgeous swirl in the center and she would be done. She should have worn glasses. There was a pair of old blue goggles that rested her eyes. But Nash didn't like her to wear them. Experimenting with spectacles of any kind was bad—*he* used them only when breaking rock. The day Rachel left off finishing the tablecloth to get dinner, and he saw her flinching away from the blast of the oven door, burning herself with popping grease—of course, she couldn't see in goggles!—he had a fit.

"I'm going to break those danged things," he told her. "If you want glasses, why don't you say so?"

Mrs. Nash smiled doubtfully, dabbing her burns with iodine. "Huh, maybe I do want glasses."

Nash had never lost the privilege of kissing his wife's young mouth, and he stooped to her now. But his voice was edgy.

"Maybe you only think you do."

Rachel changed the subject. She brought out Joie's birthday cake, a huge square of angelfood. If her young student didn't come home, she was going to parcel-post his treat to him. In any case the cake had to be iced.

Nash thought he might get some powdered sugar at the Corners.

"But what makes you mess with it?" he grumbled graphically. "Joseph will be home this summer, and it'll be your steady

Illustrated By Pruett Carter

By
JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER

job to make cakes for him. If he marries the Laughlin girl, you'll have them both to stuff till I get around to build."

Rachel Nash felt a sudden trembling. "Joie's just nineteen," she ventured—"a boy."

"How about your youngest brother?"

That was true. Joseph Culpepper, for whom Joie was named, had begun the study of law at eighteen, married at nineteen, and planted himself forever on a farm in Ohio. Mother didn't want her Joie planted on a farm anywhere. Nash knew she didn't. They hadn't quarreled, only pulled against each other. Now Nash spoke out.

"You know what I think about colleges. More and more they breed atheism—stuff up a boy's head with things he'll never use—make him critical of his own people. I did my best to keep Joie at home, you know that. When I sold his horse four years ago, I didn't need the money; it was to keep him out of that University bunch."

"I know," Rachel murmured. "It almost killed Joie—and me."

"*You knew it!*" Nash stopped eating; his slate-gray eyes grew hard. "And you raised a field of dahlias to sell—worked like a dog through drought and frost—to outwit me?"

"Not to outwit you, Ira, to give Joie his chance. It isn't that I hate the farm; in a way I love it. But it is a hard master. If Joie m-married and lived here, he'd never be any company for his wife, nor for me."

"What, then?"

"All that was left of him, after the first season, would be stooping around the cotton crop—shoveling cotton-seed, chopping cotton, picking cotton. His nights would be a blank. If he didn't get up before daylight, you'd chase over where he was and drag him out of bed. There would be no holidays—no anything."

Nash's smooth-shaven face turned white. "You think it hurts a man to work?"

"I think it hurts any one—to slave."

"What about me?"

"Have I ever wanted you to slave?"

When Ira Nash was cornered, he was furious. Now he got up so violently as to upset his chair. "You can make up your mind, my girl, to let me be boss for once. It's the best thing ever happened to a boy, finding his mate when he's young. If Joie wants to marry Reddy Laughlin, I'll build him the best house on Bear Creek. I told him so, last summer."

Rachel Nash met her husband's anger with steadiness, but she didn't say anything more. No use. Better not have answered back at all. It had been bad for her nerves—for her eyes. The tablecloth *must* be finished!

It seemed she only felt her way through "ridding up" after dinner. Putting away the plates, her hand touched her little, ragged Bible with its too-fine print. Once for her girl, Cynthia Ann, Mother had told a flat lie, and the sin of it lingered between herself and her Maker. Still there were times when all she had to hold to was this old, almost-to-pieces Book.

No help there today. The page fell open at a passage in Jeremiah she had marked for its sheer beauty. Standing by the open cupboard, away from the light of door and window, she could not see the words distinctly, but she knew them:

"Give glory to the Lord your God before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light he turn it into the shadow of death and make it gross darkness."

Rachel Nash closed her Bible. Give God the glory for what? Where was the glory? Where was anything but failure and dimness and—oh, she prayed not that!—"gross darkness"?

It was stumbly on the stairs. When she went up hurriedly, she caught at the wall, at the shaky banisters. Maybe it was half past one—not late. Four hours yet in which to embroider. A month before—a week, even—she could have worked the four remaining flowers with their maze of frail leafage in an hour easily. Now it was

going to take the whole long afternoon.

Rachel Nash worked cautiously—she didn't hurry. When a dozen or so stitches had been set, she closed her eyes to rest them. Not to grow impatient, she allowed a train of thought to possess her. Of course, she thought about Joie. Joie was a Culpepper; he was herself. From the anxious but proud morning she had tucked his First Reader under his arm and started him for school among the jack-oaks, to the evening before his high-school commencement, she had filled him with a rich alchemy he did not realize; lifted him on wings he could not see.

With the coming of Reddy Laughlin it had suddenly been different. Joie wasn't making good in the university. His sister, Cynthia Ann—Mrs. Field Houston—admitted they were worried about his credits.

Mother knew where her boy's ambition had come to rest. Sitting there on the edge of his bed, she visualized a prose poem in last year's *Daily O' Collegian*, "My task accomplished and the long day done; my wages taken and in my heart some late bird singing"—oh, beautiful!

"The spires shine and are changed," the lilt continued. "In the Valley memory shadows rise. It was November, once. Wild crowds were piling across Lewis field, hoarse voices cheered, sweating grimy athletes were jostled about on shoulders . . . an Aggie student sitting by a study table at midnight . . . lights twinkling at 2 o'clock in Engineering Hall; students bending over drawing-boards . . . the barns on a wintry night . . . Aggieland in moonbeams; the beloved person at your side; a caress . . . a long walk with the professor; philosophy of life he never gave in the class-room . . . a dean lending a helping hand when you had almost dropped out.

"And they ask, 'What is College for?' "

Joie had answered the question. Up and down the margins was scrawled in his square-topped hand, "*Reddy, Reddy, Reddy!*"

Mother had known she would meet Reddy Laughlin when she went up to Stillwater to commencement. There had been a warm spot in her heart for the girl who had taken Joie in her own roadster to the track meet at Oklahoma City. It had come to be a joke, the Nash boy's poverty. Cynthia Ann confided that he had been dubbed, coarsely, "stingy-gut." And here was a girl out of the dim hills—not a Stillwater girl, at all—who had taken him up and made him the fashion.

That was dear of her, and Mother had not meant to criticize. But it did seem strange for Reddy to breeze in before them all, the only evening they had together at Cynthia's, and run Joie off to the country club. Girls did those things. They did the asking and, if they chose, the spending. If a girl were brilliant, she did anything at all.

Not that Reddy Laughlin was so wonderful. Cynthia explained afterward that beauty was all in knowing how. Reddy's hair was *red*, not, as Mother expressed it, a cap of burnished flame. Reddy's cheeks only seemed to be poppies; her mouth, a bleeding heart. Any girl's eyes could be dancing gipsies under purple-shadowed tents of fringy black; her neck a stem of snow disappearing into a jealous, gold-green sheath. All knees shimmered; all pumps were not slippers, but little pitchers on stilts.

As for Reddy's intimately greeting Dad, "Why, hello, Big Man!"—that was "fearless youth."

Of course, Joie was crazy about Reddy Laughlin. One thing Mother noticed with hope—he hadn't learned to fetch and carry. When Reddy tossed him a wad of loose-woven wool—"Here, kid, slip my bathing-suit in your pocket—" he hadn't jumped to catch it.

Before the web of crimson not much bigger than her two hands, and meant to stretch into a complete garment for a full-grown girl, Rachel Nash had grown a little sick. Still, didn't the nicest girls wear one-piece bathing-suits? Hadn't Cynthia Ann once borrowed a married man's raincoat to cover her cowering nakedness? Such a thing as being too old-fashioned. . . .

Here Mother opened her flinching eyes and set another stitch. She was working on linen, the perfect weave of blue flax, and she coaxed the blossoms into a part of the warp and woof. Just two more flowers now—plenty of time. It wasn't late; it only seemed late. She had brought up a pan of salt water with a soft washcloth, and she made herself use them. The minute she stopped embroidering again and pressed the cool cloth to her stinging lids, like a little story read in instalments, thought was right there—thought of Joie.

Joie's father had considered it a waste of time going to Stillwater just to see his boy graduate. But as there was always something to learn about cotton at that division of Oklahoma's Agricultural and Mechanical College, Whitehurst Hall, he had driven up the day before commencement—fine. Not that he had attended the exercises. Mother had gone with Field and Cynthia Ann.

Living it over, she felt her breath coming faster. She was pushing through gates to the blast of silver trumpets in the hands of little plumed knights. Roses, roses—the shimmer of bronze and blue ribbons—throb of music. The program read "Spirit of Freedom," by Wheeler; "War Eagle," Berry. How she had leaned to the marching of it, counting couple after couple and one to spare—ninety-five in all! Oh, she mustn't miss that lean Culpepper shoulder under its straight gray gown; that thin, whimsical face under its tasseled cap—Joie, the only boy who wore a red rose!

It was a story in itself how Joie Nash came to be wearing it. Long ago, when Mother had said foolishly she was going to give him a whole bushel of blood-red blossoms at his commencement, that was "talk." *They* knew she wouldn't have a cent to buy even one flower. But there are ways and means. The five dollars Joie earned coaching another boy in Latin was the only money that ever stayed hidden around the Nash household; a pocket in the narrow sash of the new dress had kept the secret. Mother had gone to the greenhouse herself and selected her bushel of roses. Then Joie had come mumbling that Reddy wanted to carry them. Hadn't Reddy run him around in her car? Had he ever given Reddy *anything?*

If only Joie hadn't talked mean to Mother!

Strange how thought unwinds itself, like thread; breaks off; knots itself together and reels on. Mother recalled how Joie had slipped off to a party after commencement, leaving them to drive home without him; how angry his father had been. But a man doesn't lie awake for anger. The minute Nash had fallen into bed he slept loudly. Mother hadn't closed her eyes. Lying straight and still by the south window, she had felt the soft June wind in her lively hair; listened how the late hours stepped among the furniture; sleepy birds half awoke; a far-off train hooted and the slopes answered. And finally she had heard the purr of an automobile in the lane.

It was three in the morning when Rachel Nash unlatched the screen door and stepped out in the starlight. Always Joie had things to tell her; never before, angry ones. His mother had made it easy for him to free his mind.

"Reddy bring you home?" she murmured.

Uh-*huh*, she had.

"And drive back alone?"

No, Bill Simms was along.

"Bill?"—and right there Joie had burst out:

"Gosh, Maw, you turned parrot? Can't you say a thing but what I say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it, too—well, she does. She saw that look you gave her bathing-suit."

Rachel Nash had stiffened. "What look, son?"

Joie hadn't wanted to hurt his mother; but—the young savage of it—wouldn't have been satisfied if he hadn't.

"I don't like to see girls' knees any better than you do," he muttered; "they're

EARTH BOUND

By Cristel Hastings

THEY *think because I sew and bake*
And sweep a white pine floor
I never think of winding roads
Somewhere beyond my door!

THEY *think me deaf to messages*
Of winds in trees that bend
And sway in sheer abandonment,
While all I do is mend!

'TIS *true, my body dwells at home*
While a white shoreline calls
The roving heart and soul of me
Beyond these humble walls!

AND *so I sing and bake my bread*
And baste my narrow seams,
But while I put my loaves in pans
My heart is light with dreams!

Rachel had the whimsical impulse that if she went back where her sight was lost, she might find it. Numbly she groped her way to the stairs

darned silly. But, Maw, you remember that picture of me in the papers winning the 100-yard dash—naked almost? Was that any decenter than Reddy's red wool suit? Ain't legs—*legs?*"

Right here Rachel Nash began to embroider.

Now, a blue flax flower is a bit of June sky, and through its exquisite azure run threadlets of royal purple. Rachel wasn't working in colors, but the effect was color. Close work, putting in the purple. Maybe she had worked half the last flower when she had to close her eyes again and take up the story. . . .

It had been dear, making up with Joie. Not that Mother wanted to force herself on him. She had taken his clean socks up late when he should have been sleeping, and found him writing to Reddy Laughlin. Now she recalled how he had been hunched forward on the edge of his bunk, right where she was finishing the tablecloth; how he had covered the page with his elbow—"Gosh, Maw, can't a fellow—?" And when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him— (*Continued on page 150*)

Wood shingles, laid with slight variation in line, roof this stucco home designed by E. D. Parmelee, architect

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

How Shall I BUILD *My* ROOF?

By Roger B. Whitman

IF THE only purpose of a roof were to please the eye, or if it had no other object than to keep out the weather, its construction would be simple and inexpensive; it is the need for satisfying these two unrelated aims that gives to the building of a roof an importance beyond that of any other part of the house. By its proportion, form, and color, the roof may make the difference between charm and mediocrity, while on the practical side it must be as immune to a slashing sleet storm as to droughts, intense heat, and to time itself. The material should be appropriate to the desired effect, and in the background is the need for meeting all these demands at the lowest possible expense.

In estimating the cost of a roof, more must be considered than the cost of the material that covers it. Design has its influence, for that roof is cheapest that has the fewest number of unbroken flat surfaces; the cost increases as angles, ells, dormers, and other breaks bring complication in construction and in the fitting of the roofing. The weight of the roofing material also makes a difference, for as it is heavier, the supporting frame must be stronger and therefore more expensive.

As is the case with all parts of the house, at least 50 percent of the cost of the roof will be for labor, with the balance going for materials; timbers, boards, roofing felt, nails, sheet metal, and the roofing itself. Labor and structural materials must be bought at market prices, and will cost about the same for cheap roofing as for expensive. This being so, the difference in dollars between a cheap and an expensive roofing will be but a trifling percentage of the cost of the roof as a whole, and should not be thought of in comparing a roof that is permanently (*Continued on page 188*)

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

The variations in color, thickness, size, and surface of slate make it an ideal roofing material for picturesque English and French designs

Because of their economy, convenience, and durability, asbestos shingles have become increasingly popular. A careful selection should be made among the many available types

Shingle tile was chosen to roof the house glimpsed below. Variations in color, texture, and size make it a charming material

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

Personality In the GARDEN

By Romaine B. Ware

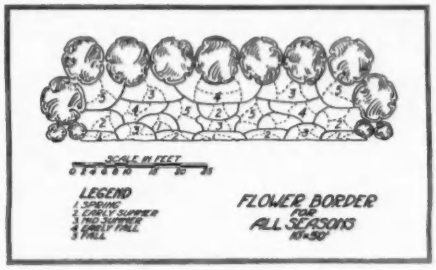
WE LIVE in a ready-made age. Our clothes, our houses, our automobiles are manufactured by the thousand. In many of our eastern cities we should be hopelessly lost if it were not for the street names and numbers, because block after block looks almost the same. The creative instinct that should be encouraged in every one is limited. Little opportunity is left to express true individuality. We still have the privilege of choice in which we may exercise our taste, but almost everything else is done for us.

However, if your round of activity includes a flower garden, that will in a large measure recompense for the limitations elsewhere. In your garden you may create to your utmost. There are no restrictions there. Regardless of the size of your place it may express your individuality, it may become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." And just as you put your creative genius into it, you will get joy out of it.

Within the last quarter of a century the "border idea" has superseded the old-fashioned bedding methods. Beds were a restricted form of gardening. Borders open vast fields for individual expression. There are countless kinds and varieties of borders to fit every imaginable garden need. You never saw two gardens alike. They may be similar in size and plan, but still the arrangement of material will give them individuality.

In many sections where good gardening is the rule, one sees few trimmed hedges. They are too formal, too man-made. In these days, when nearly all our belongings are manufactured according to set patterns, we heartily welcome the innumerably diversified forms of nature. Two plants never grow exactly the same if left to themselves.

The border idea, though of comparatively recent development, has found a ready welcome. Not only do we find flower borders in every garden, but they have been worked out in many ways. The usual name, "hardy border," is not entirely correct, as the well-planned border will include not only hardy plants, but a goodly sprinkling of the tender annuals as well. The word "border" well describes their proper location. They are generally planted at the outer edges of the garden area, or they may simply border a path. There are few more delightful garden arrangements than a grass path three to five feet wide, with flower borders six to ten feet in width upon either side, and these in turn planted with a background of taller growing trees and shrubs. The customary back-yard arrangement of open lawn space surrounded by flower borders of various widths is good. There should be, as mentioned above, a background to the borders. Flowers of all kinds are so much more effective if they display their beauty against a background of greenery. Where space is limited, a fence covered with vines will serve nicely.



Borders may be adapted to various needs. If your vacation plans take you away during July and August, then your borders should be planted in flowers blooming before and after these months. In an extensive garden, borders may be developed for certain seasons—spring, summer, or fall. Where the climate is mild, winter borders may be planned. The general all-season border is, of course, the most popular, and also the most difficult to plan successfully. Our ultimate desire in border planning is to secure bloom in all parts of the border at all times. This is not easy to do because so many of the important perennials bloom only a short time, and it requires careful thought to arrange for succession of color.

Take a section of border where there are several peonies, for example; they will make a gorgeous display in June, but for color both before and after something else must be planted adjacent to them. Tulips, narcissus, or other spring-flowering bulbs will help out for early color, and fall asters will supply late bloom. For the midsummer season, some (*Continued on page 190*)

Photograph by Harry G. Healy

A border six to ten feet wide is ideal. There should be no regularity in the layout—rather let the different varieties drift into each other

Planning YOUR PLUMBING

By

George W. Alder

Consulting Engineer of Good Housekeeping Institute

WHEN you are planning your new house, the plumbing must be given early consideration. The floor plans can not be completed until you have decided how many bathrooms and lavatories you require, and where they are to be located. And the plans for the service rooms—the kitchen and laundry—can not be worked out without thought as to the placement of the plumbing fixtures.

Today, as never before, there is a wide range of plumbing fixtures, from the most inexpensive that might be classed as wholly utilitarian, to beautiful colored fixtures in artistic period designs. Where there is such a wide range, choice becomes a problem, but it may help you to decide if you will keep in mind that the bathrooms, laundry, and kitchen, where plumbing fixtures are used, are rooms of your house, and as in any other rooms the equipment should fit the surroundings.

How many bathrooms? This may be a difficult question to answer, for many things are involved. Of course, the number of people in the family, the frequency of guests, the layout of the bathrooms and the space available, and last but not least, the money that you can afford to expend will all be determining factors. Undoubtedly the tendency today, even in the relatively small house, is toward the provision of more than one bathroom. Changing habits and a higher valuation of comfort and convenience have led many of us to feel that the single bathroom is inadequate. It becomes a problem for the individual family to decide for itself what bathroom facilities should be provided to obtain desirable convenience and privacy with an expenditure that is justified.

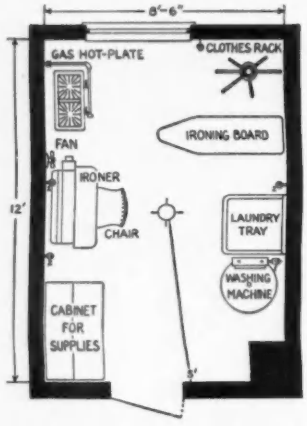
In the small house where space is at a premium, it is frequently possible to arrange the bathroom so that it will have greater utility without much added cost. This can be done, for example, by partitioning what might be called a large bathroom so as to make two connected rooms out of it with separate entrances. In one room the bathtub and a lavatory can be installed, and in the other a toilet and another lavatory. In this way the bathroom functions are decentralized, and while the combination does not have the utility and convenience of two complete rooms, it has obvious advantages. Bathrooms that are quite complete and entirely adequate can be put in a surprisingly small space. A bathroom having, for example, a shower-bath, a toilet, and a lavatory can be installed in a space not much larger than six feet by five feet. These small bathrooms may give you the added convenience you need in the small space available without too great cost.

In the home where there is to be a servant, unquestionably there should be a bathroom adjacent to the servant's room. Our modern standards of cleanliness extend to those who work for us, and it should be part of our plan to have convenient bathing facilities for the servants.

In any house a lavatory with a toilet on the main floor is extremely desirable, and in a home where there are children, it is almost indispensable. When the bathroom is on an upper floor, children must be taken upstairs, and mother spends much time and energy wastefully; with the proper facilities this need not occur. For guests and for the daily routine of the average family, the lavatory room on the first floor is a worth-while convenience.

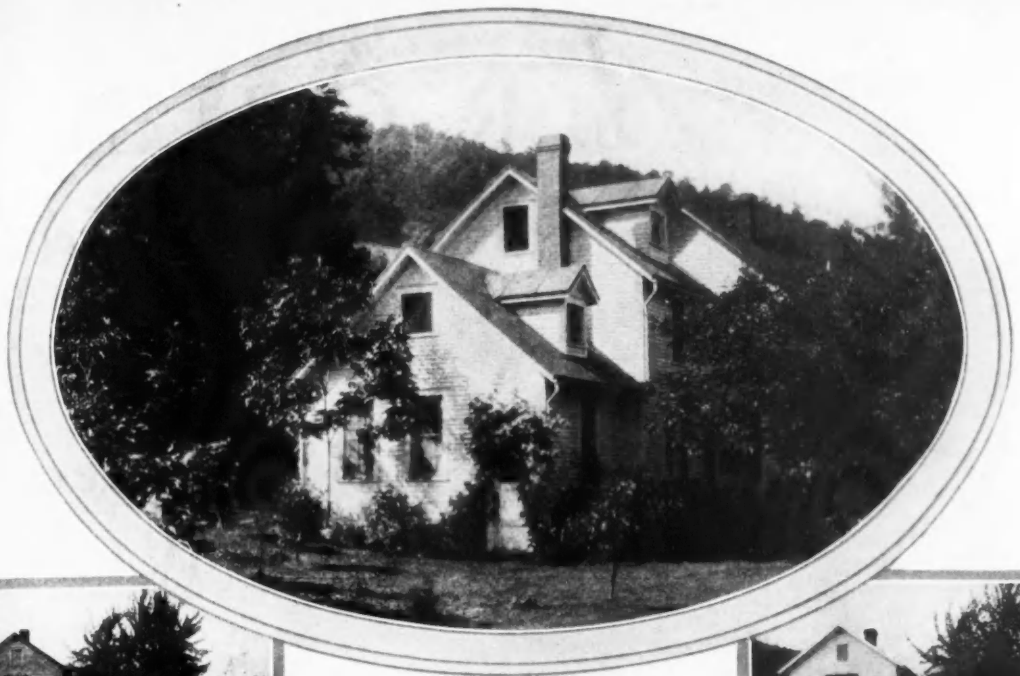
The kitchen sink is an important work center, and careful thought should be given to its selection and installation. Where space is available, a double drainboard sink is highly desirable. If there is no serving pantry, careful consideration should be given to the provision of a dishwasher-sink in the kitchen. In these sinks the dishwashing equipment is built in and operated by an electric motor. The water is carried off directly to the waste, and the washer is filled either from a swinging sink faucet or by special water connections. The dishwasher is a labor-saver, and further than this it provides a sanitary means for washing dishes.

For definite reasons we are seeing a revival of the serving pantry. Not the elaborate, haphazard kind that we used to have in old-fashioned houses, but a carefully planned and efficient room with space provided for storage of china and glassware, silver and linens, and a large, unhampered working space that is a great help in serving. To centralize the work that can be (*Continued on page 195*)



This is the floor plan of the laundry illustrated. All the necessary equipment for efficient operation is included in a space only 8′ 6″ by 12′

This laundry affords maximum convenience in minimum space. Good lighting and an attractive color scheme make it unusually pleasant



At the left is the house as we first saw it. The picture at the right shows it after our first summer's work, painted and with a porch, and above is our completed home—"the substance of things hoped for"

The HOME of Your DREAMS

By

Lewis Edwin Theiss

IF YOU have plenty of money to buy a fine piece of ground, and enough cash to build thereon a beautiful home and landscape it lavishly, don't read this article—it is not for you. But if you have been longing for a home of your own and longing in vain, with no real hope of ever being able to get together enough money to buy or build one, then by all means read what follows. It tells you how you can get a home, but at a very surprisingly slight cost in money. Most of the cost will be in your own labor. That labor can be contributed early in the morning or after the regular day's work, during your summer vacations or other holidays, or whenever you choose to toil during the twenty-four hours of the day.

This article is written by a man who got a home in just the manner mentioned. That home stands in the midst of broad acres, now thriftily grown with all manner of trees, bushes, and lowly plants that produce a vast variety of luscious fruits, nuts, berries, flowers, and other crops. A picture of that home stands at the head of this article.

It is a house of eight rooms and a bath, with an attic. There is a large front porch, and in the rear is a screened two-story porch, the lower floor of which is used as a dining porch in summer, while the upper floor serves as a sleeping porch. In addition, there are a two-car garage, a fruit house, and a woodshed, all combined under one roof.

Another photograph shows the house from which this grew. It was a tiny, weatherbeaten building that contained four small rooms and a little closet. There was absolutely nothing more—not even a cellar.

Because this property was two miles from town, and in a region where there had been no real estate development of any sort, it was possible to buy the place for a mere song. The grounds were four acres in extent, and have subsequently been increased to an estate of 125 acres.

Any one who wants to buy land cheap—even land with a house on it—can do so. There is little difficulty about that. But to get it cheap, you have got to buy something that nobody else wants. That means you must be a pioneer. *You* must see the possibilities in a place before anybody else sees them. For as soon as you have "discovered" your place, others will note its desirability and want to share your good fortune with you.

If you have the good judgment to buy your land early, and buy plenty of it, you will be "in on the ground floor" of the development that is almost certain to follow. Thus you may not only get a fine home cheap, but may even make some money in doing it. What is far more desirable, you may be able to determine the character of the neighbors who follow you. That is exactly what happened when our home was built. Along with the building of the house, we also reconstructed the neighborhood. When the dwellers in the region found it was possible to sell their properties, they put them on sale. We took options on them and found desirable purchasers for them.

If you are the person I have in mind—a person with a (*Continued on page 144*)

AROUND

Three Smooth Stir up Quite a Bit of They Put Their

By George Weston

Major Helme suddenly turned and halted—his somber glance stopping to rest for a fleeting moment on Celia

It Began This Way:

CELIA VAN HEUSEN meant to sail around the world quietly and inconspicuously. And every time the boat stopped, she would get off and ask everywhere if there was any record of Robert Van Heusen's marriage.

All she knew was that she had been found on the doorstep of the old house the night young Robert Van Heusen came home from his travels, delirious, dying, with just enough strength to gasp:

"Take care of little Celia . . . Married by Christian . . ."

That was all—that and a few postal cards sent to his mother on his trip around the world. And all Mrs. Van Heusen's lawyers had never been able to find out any more.

It might never have mattered if Mrs. Van Heusen had not, in a fit of temper at some distant cousins, the Blanchards, torn up a will dividing her estate between them and Celia, and made a new will leaving Celia everything. Unfortunately she died suddenly before signing it, and Celia had nothing—not even a name.

It was her own idea to follow her father's trail around the world, and she worked all summer, selling subscriptions to the cruise to earn her own passage.

She had already won one victory. Mrs. Blanchard's lawyers had sent a member of their firm to report any discoveries she might make. But as soon as Perry Marchand had time to think it over—and especially as soon as he had met Celia—he cabled his resignation and became her warmest ally. There were several allies by this time, and they all felt that Mrs. Blanchard's lawyers would send a new spy to replace Perry Marchand when the ship touched at San Francisco, but no one could they find who seemed a possibility.

Perry had the first clue. He heard voices in the cabin next his own, and caught Celia's name, and the words,

"She must not be permitted to land there—not if we have to sink the ship to prevent it."

Breathlessly he hurried down the corridor, and waited for the two conspirators to appear. But there were three of them—Major Helme, Senator Lestig, and Mr. Gordon.

At least, now, Celia and her friends knew whom to be afraid of, but they all agreed that there must be something more involved than the wish of Mrs. Blanchard's lawyers to spy on Celia.

Mr. Buhl had the brilliant idea of sending advertisements ahead to the newspapers of all the ports where they were to stop, offering a thousand dollars reward for proof of Robert Van Heusen's marriage.

the WORLD

Sailors Can Rough Weather—If Minds to It

Illustrated By W. G. Ratterman

CHAPTER XXXII

CELIA was up early next morning; but, early as she was, Bud La Roche was waiting for her in the foyer at the end of the corridor.

"Oh, it's you today!" she said, as he arose and folded the newspaper which he had been reading.

"That's the best of this rotation," smiled Bud in his serious manner. "I get you every fourth day. What's the program for this morning? Are we going sight-seeing? Or do you want to look for missionaries?"

It was the first time that he had referred to her search although more than once it had been discussed in his hearing—discussions started before his appearance and not abruptly terminated when he came upon the scene.

"You know you're not interested in missionaries," she said, wondering how much he knew.

"I certainly am, if you are," he promptly replied. "I was just reading the local daily paper, and if there's any way I can help—"

She held out her hand for the newspaper, and he showed her the story on the first page which he had been reading.

Mr. Chujo had done his work well. Celia didn't try to read it all; it would have taken too long; but the minor headings down the better part of two columns were sufficient summary. "Who Performed This Marriage Ceremony?"—"A Thousand-Dollar Key to Unlock Mystery."—"Important Family Dynasty Involved."—"Interview with Marcus A. Buhl, Friend of Family."—"Who Will Be Lucky One to Recall Marriage?"—"Christian Missionaries, Attention!"

"I hardly think it's necessary to look up missionaries after this, do you?" asked Celia, her ears beginning to burn.

"Doesn't seem so to me," said Bud. "Seems to me they'll come looking for Mr. Buhl—if they have anything to tell."

"Then let's go shopping," said Celia, moved by a sudden impulse. "We have nearly two hours before the sight-seeing program begins."

"Welcome home!" said Mr. Albans. "You've had us worried." "When I begin worrying over you, sir," said the Major, "then—and not until then—I should advise you to worry over me"

One of Mr. Albans' assistants directed them to the shopping district, only a few blocks from the customs barrier, and it wasn't long before Celia was having the happiest time.

She bought a red lacquer box, for instance, with carved top and sides, large enough to hold handkerchiefs. This cost one dollar after the preliminary bargaining was over. For another dollar she bought a small, carved, ivory elephant guaranteed to bring its owner good luck. A pin-tray of cloisonné cost her a dollar and a half, and a dozen embroidered silk handkerchiefs

were finally acquired for sixty cents and placed in the red lacquer box.

"There!" she said firmly. "That's all I'm going to spend!"

Then she saw a peach-colored slip embroidered in white with birds in a flower-garden. At first, she only meant to look at it, but the embroidery had been done with such magical skill that she hadn't looked at it long before the birds began to sing to her, and the flowers began to bloom for her, and she felt such a tug at her heart.

"I let you have *sso* cheap," said the observant little salesman soothingly. "Yokohama need money. Life hass been *sso* hard."

"How much is it?" asked Celia weakly.

"On-lee sixteen *yen* — eight dollar American."

"No, no! It's beautiful—I love it. But —I've bought enough."

"You are off *Empress*?"

"Yes."

"And firrsst custom' of day. Bad luck to me not buy. Make offer, plizz. You love him? You take him! How much?"

"Two dollars!" said Celia, more to quiet him than anything else.

Sighing a little, he wrapped it up.

"My brother—other sside sstreet—has beautiful haori coat. I take you ssee. He like good luck, too."

"I simply shall not buy another thing," said Celia confidentially to Bud as they crossed the street. "But he's so polite—I hate to hurt his feelings."

In the shop across the street a Japanese girl in native costume was making a fire. The stove was a blue and white porcelain jardinière, the bowl half-filled with sand. In the middle of this sand the girl had arranged a few small sticks of wood—about as much as you would get if you split up one of those wooden spoons with which housewives stir their jam.

"American like warm—so build the fire," proudly explained the proprietor, after his brother had introduced them and returned to his own shop across the street. "I like you see my haori coat—to tell to friend on ship."

These coats were of black silk on the outside, reaching to the knee and tied with a knotted cord. But what they lacked in liveliness without was more than recompensed by the linings within—bright silk prints, hand-blocked: Fujiyama and the surrounding country, Nikko with its Sacred Bridge, the Feast of Lanterns, a Procession with Banners, the Inland Sea.

"Aren't they beauties?" whispered Celia to Bud, her temperature beginning to rise again. "Look at this moonlight! Did you ever see a more heavenly shade of blue?"

They were interrupted by the girl in native costume bringing rice-cakes and tea. She quietly knelt before them, holding out the tray.

When they reached the street ten minutes later, Celia had the wrapped haori coat under her arm.

"If you don't get me away from here, Bud La Roche," she said fiercely, "I'll never go shopping again with you as long as I live!"

"That's all right!" said Bud hastily—Bud, mind you, who was carrying the rest of the bundles. "Let's go back to the dock. It's time we were starting for Kamakura anyway—"

So, following Mr. Albans' program, they went to Kamakura, past native villages, and native bicycle riders, and native children on their way to school—round-faced, round-eyed youngsters, each one dressed like a diminutive character from "The Mikado." Past little houses, and little gardens, and plum trees which were just breaking into pale blossom. Past terraced rice-fields, and tinkling waterfalls, and vistas of distant mountains on one side and the near-by ocean on the other. And finally they stopped in a flower-embowered park overlooking Sagami Bay, and there before them sat a great bronze Buddha nearly fifty feet high —majestic, calm, and apparently absorbed in peaceful meditation.

"Shall we go closer and listen to the lecturer?" asked Bud.

Celia and Mr. Buhl were among the first on the tender, steaming away through a world they had never seen before—sampans with their broad, corrugated sails—junks with sky-scraping sterns

One of the native guides was on the steps of the statue, and now and then Celia caught a few words.

". . . Four hundred fifty ton . . . year twelve hundred fifty-two . . . visitor can enter through orifice in right side . . ."

"No; let's stand here," she whispered; and unconsciously echoing a thought which more than one poet had tried to sing in deathless lines, she added, "Some things—well, they seem more real, more beautiful, when you don't know too much about them."

Later, higher up the hillside, she and Bud visited the Temple of Kwannon, the Japanese goddess of mercy.

"Here many prayer for fond wish," said the gentle old priest, standing before the lacquer-work statue of the goddess and groping slowly for his English. "Kwannon have eleven face for eleven great wish, and thousand hands because many to help. Man make statute he can not so do this. One thousand hands? It iss too hard. But Kwannon she smile. You see? She understand it iss too hard—and she forgive."

Celia looked up at the face of the goddess, and whatever she saw in its tender smile, she closed her eyes for a moment and prayed her "fond wish."

"I wonder if I shouldn't have done that?" she asked herself with a touch of

uneasiness before she went to sleep that night. "Still—here in Japan— After all, it's her own country—and she might have a *little* power!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHATEVER the power of Kwannon, the advertisement was still unanswered the following morning, and after a consultation it was arranged that during Mr. Buhl's absence on the inland sightseeing tour, any visitors inquiring for him should be referred to Captain Wadsworth.

A special train was waiting, and Celia's party marched across the dock in this order—first, Mr. Buhl and Natalie Wells—then Bud and Fanny Heublein, Perry and Betty, Celia and Mr. Graham, and finally Professor Schaffner and Miss Works—the latter wearing a huge bouquet of scarlet flowers which she had bought from a Japanese flower-girl a few minutes before—unconscious that she was adorning herself with blossoms of the quince.

The train left at ten o'clock, and less than an hour later they were climbing into rickshaws at the Tokio station.

It would take too long to tell the things they saw in the course of the day, but you will get some slight idea from an incident at the dinner table in the evening. They were dining at the Hotel Imperial, at a table for ten, and when Natalie had finished her dessert, she said,

"Do you know, I've been so busy today that I didn't make a single note for 'My Trip Abroad.' "

Celia's day, though, wasn't ended yet. They had hardly reached the lobby when an almond-eyed bell-boy came paging through:

"Meess Van Heusen . . . plizz! . . . Meess Van Heusen . . . plizz . . . !"

"It may be some one who has seen the advertisement," hastily whispered Celia to Mr. Buhl. "Will you stand by me, so that if I need any help—?"

She beckoned the boy, who told her that the manager wished to see her; and a few moments later she and Mr. Buhl were entering a private office near the entrance. At the desk sat a smiling Japanese immaculately dressed in the modern costume of his profession, even to the pearl pin in his four-in-hand and the gardenia in the buttonhole of his cutaway coat.

"Ah, Miss Van Heusen?" he said. "So interesting. And this your friend—?"

"Mr. Buhl."

"Mr. Buhl. So pleased. You read, perhaps, the Japanese language, Mr. Buhl?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"So sorry." From a rack near his desk he drew a copy of a native newspaper and indicated a story in the first two columns. "It is story of Van Heusen family," he said. "I find it so absorbing. Today I also find same name upon my register." He consulted a slip. "'Miss Celia Van Heusen—Room 316.' And so it occurs to me you can possibly give me information of marriage of Robert Van Heusen in Japan, say twenty—twenty-five years ago?"

Mr. Buhl could hardly hide his disappointment. "That's the information which we want, ourselves," he said. "I had that story put in the paper."

"So coincidental," sighed the other with a soft inhaling of his breath. "The room-clerk—he, too, has observed similarity of names and asks me to make notation of time of discovery. It is question of reward, you see. And the servant who has your room, Miss Van Heusen, she also becomes excited, but speaking no English except 'Thank you so much,' she asks me make inquiry on her behalf—she also with eye upon two thousand *yen*, no doubt."

"At least we have this comfort," said Mr. Buhl as they left the office. "Mr. Chujo evidently wrote a good story for the native papers. If your father was married here in Japan, I feel sure we're going to hear about it." (*Continued on page 116*)

FASHIONS

WORTH

WORTH'S *new tailored herringbone tweed coat in a blue-and-white mixture indicates a slightly fitted line at the waist; the pocket is high, the double-breasted effect very smart, and the velvet collar a touch that is typical of Worth. The blue-and-orange scarf and navy-blue felt hat are from Suzy*

MAX SABLES

Camille Roger uses panne velvet with black felt, cut and draped in a new way. Sable scarf is from Max

HATS FOR WINTER CONTINUE SMALL—OFF THE FACE IN FRONT—LONGER IN BACK—FELT OR VELVET

Helen Kouer, Director

THE first change we make in our clothes for the coming winter season is our hat. Though the smartest new clothes from the August openings in Paris have not yet arrived in this country, the hats have—and they are delightful. To begin with, they are assuming greater individuality, and, too, there is a difference between the sports hat, the hat for general street wear, and the formal hat. *For sports*, the faithful cloche is still the favorite. It has a somewhat different look because of the tendency to lengthen the back and to show the face, but still it is the cloche—the classic shape, it seems, for sports wear. *For general street wear* with a tailored suit, a cloth dress, or an ensemble, the small hat remains. It is snug of crown and short of brim, although one side or both, as well as the back, is lengthened, to conform to the mode. *For more formal occasions*, some of the new hats show

wider brims; the crowns, however, continue small. Reboux and Descat, as well as Camille Roger, who sends the charming hat sketched above, are sponsors of this slight change. This Roger hat clearly shows the off-the-face-in-front note, the downward movement over the ears, and the greater length in the back, which is the keynote of design in the newest hats. Sometimes the backs are split, sometimes gathered. Felt continues the leading fabric, but velvet will be extremely important this winter, competing with felt, and there is a tendency to use broadtail and panne velvet for trimming. Agnès has made small hats of fancy wools with matching scarfs, and some satin turbans will be worn.

For the street costume, the indication for the autumn and winter is that the ensemble rules, with fur or without. And the distinction between the ensemble of this season and (*Continued on page 224*)

Rodier designed the two fancy woolens, above; the first, a jersey which resembles tweed; the last, at right, thin kasha, with a design of red and blue flowers woven on tan

Coudurier-Fructus created the fine, ribbed, transparent velvet in the center of the fan, above; each fabric shown with a French costume chosen for the fabric's use

FAILLE AND MOIRE FOR DRESSES—WOOLS AND CHEVIOTS FOR STREET WEAR—TWEEDS AND JERSEYS FOR SPORTS

IF WE were to judge exclusively by the fabric collections just completed in Paris, the general prophecy for autumn and winter would be that we shall wear nothing but materials with printed, woven, or *façonné* surfaces in small or large patterns. This, of course, is not true, but certainly there is a preponderance this season of figured fabrics, either in self-toned effect or in contrasting colors.

To start with the woolens, which are extremely interesting and important, we feel that the jersey and homespun weaves deserve first place. Rodier, for instance, makes a fancy jersey to match every one of his tweeds, and browns, greige, and beige, with some yellow threads, and some white mottling, are the main colors. There are fancy weaves, and openwork stitches that resemble woolen lace, as well as the zig-zag woven jersey which is illustrated on this page, above, the first in the three-section fan. The various kashas go on as usual, becoming more and more intricate in design and more specialized in weight. The one with little flowers, shown above, is exceptionally good, and although restrained, has a very interesting feeling.

Meyer, another designer of fabrics in Paris, also keeps to the tweed and homespun class, and those mottled with heavy thread knots of white, like the coarse homespun on page 75, are typical of the house. Sometimes the mottling is uneven, sometimes even, but this coarse thread appearing in either a basket or diagonal weave seems to be significant. We have said so much about tweeds and their importance during the summer just past, that it seems superfluous to say more, but the public interest still continues and will not be relinquished in any way. There will naturally be plain cloths, kashas, and fine cheviots for formal wear, but pile fabrics seem not to exist at all.

Velvets are extremely important. Never have there been finer chiffon velvets, more intricate weaves, and *façonné* work in this

MEYER FATOU DUCHARNE REDFERN MEYER LELONG

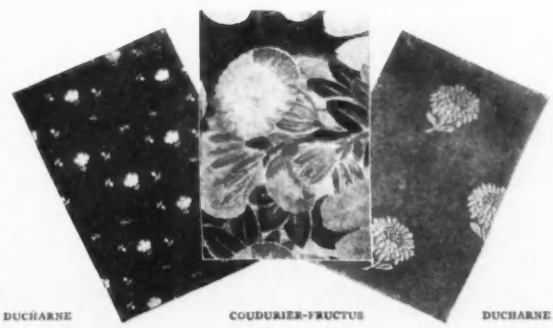
Meyer sends the two woolens, above: the first, a rough and loosely woven homespun in a chiné effect; the last, a rough woolen dotted with heavy knots in white

Ducharne makes a fine moiré, center, above, in a dark gray suitable for daytime frocks. For each of these fabrics a smart, new Paris model is suggested

class. Much is predicted for velvet from a millinery point of view, and for afternoon ensembles and evening gowns. Coudurier-Fructus makes a transparent velvet with a corduroy rib, shown on page 74, in the center of the fan, which is charming and different because of the texture interest mingled with a fine stripe. This same house also makes panne velvet so thin as to resemble fine crêpe satin, and most of it is printed in large patterns for evening gowns. This taking of a well-known material and making it in very fine weight is one of the season's points by this house.

In stressing the amount of printed fabrics for winter, a great many of these patterns are woven, not printed. There is a hint of mauve and mulberry among the new colors, but beige and browns and yellows and blues for day wear, with white and rose outstanding for evening, seem to be a safe decision. White with silver lamé is in all collections.

Ducharne makes some beautiful silks, by taking a true and tried base, such as faille, and embroidering small flowers on it, or crêpe Marocain and brocading it with self-toned velvet in close dots or conventional flowers. Chiffon velvets in all sorts of plaids are new and wearable, and a fine moiré done on a base of fine diagonal faille is another novelty, especially very dark gray, like the sample shown on this page. And, of course, no article on fabrics is complete without a strong mention of the Jacquard silks, all the wonderfully heavy cravat materials that are covered with small self-toned figures in another weave or type of thread. In navy, in black, in brown, in all the winter colors, these should be exceedingly popular. In short, all sorts of *façonné* materials will be the fabric keynote of the autumn and winter.



DUCHARNE COUDURIER-FRUCTUS DUCHARNE

Bianchini does beautiful things with (*Continued on page 224*)

JERSEY—TWEED—WOOL CRÊPE IN ESSENTIAL AUTUMN ENSEMBLES

MAX

FABRICS play a successful part in everything for autumn—for millinery, coats, ensembles, and dresses. Some of them are new in weight and design, others not new at all, but good old standbys given new importance. For instance, Chanel uses jersey for the youthfully simple jacket suit, and tweed, lined with taffeta, for the coat, both sketched below. The suit differs from the ordinary in the slightly higher neckline, its skirt simulating the tuck-in effect. Brown-with-beige, the favorite combination of Chanel, is used for both of these. Wool crêpe, another established fabric, is this year more important than ever, and Paquin chooses it for the one-piece frock below. Brown with beige, yellow, chartreuse, or pink, as well as brown with black, will lead in autumn's smartest color combinations.

CHANEL

CHANEL

PAQUIN

FUR COATS FOLLOW STRAIGHT LINES WHILE OTHERS FLARE

STRAIGHT lines seem to remain for furs, and the reason is obvious—they are less cumbersome. However, there is skilful manipulation of the new furs to follow the mode of femininity, as illustrated in the Heim breitschwantz coat, below, with a tied collar. The center coat is Lanvin's, in bleached mole, for medium cold weather, and Maggy Rouff designed the tweed semi-sports coat with huge collar and cuffs of silver muskrat. Although the fur-trimmed coat or ensemble has somewhat detracted from the popularity of the fur neckpiece, fox, sable, and fisher continue important. And a new note from the house of Max is the pastel-dyed fox evening scarf, lined with ermine, sketched at the top of the opposite page. From Agnès is the bouclette wool scarf and hat to match, at the top of this page.

HEIM
LANVIN

AGNÈS
MAGGY ROUFF

Here are five new ways of dressing up a neckline. Below, last season's street frock and evening gown change their silhouettes

BOWS, BANDS, COLLARS AND CUFFS GIVE NEW LIFE TO LAST SEASON'S FROCKS

By Caroline Gray

AUTUMN days call for appropriate frocks, and while it is still early in the season and too warm to feel ambitious about shopping, it is a good plan to take stock of the many things on hand which may be adapted to the first cool days and later will fit into your fall and winter wardrobe. The sleeves, neck, and hemline are the essential points which make or mar the success of a dress, and for the past two or three seasons the length of the skirt and the quantity of material in it as well have been highly important. Often the addition of some new feature in the body of the dress, or a simple change at the neckline, will serve to alter a left-over frock past recognition.

Whether you are remodeling the college girl's outfit or her mother's, you will find the suggestions offered on this page helpful in altering last-season frocks which are too good to be discarded, yet are not quite usable as they are.

At the right, a severely plain, fairly high-necked evening dress, with a straight short skirt, was completely transformed by the addition of a circular section and a wide girdle tying in a large bow in front. The neck was cut becomingly low both in front and in back to give the new low décolletage, and tiny pin tucks were made in the blouse to break the line.

Before you start work on the dress, be sure to let out the hem and have the dress cleaned. Then turn up the hem, or cut off the excess material and bind or face so that the skirt will come just two inches below the bottom of the knee-cap. Cut a strip about 9 inches wide and 3½ yards long for the girdle. Any circular skirt pattern can be adapted for use in cutting the circular section which is first attached to the girdle. Then the girdle is tacked around the hips and tied in a bow. (*Continued on page 311*)

Three-piece cardigans of knitted wool continue to be smart and popular. The one at right has tied lacing at the neck, 4 buttons, 2 pockets, plaits at one side, the skirt on a silk bodice; in black-and-white, navy-and-blue, or two tones of tan or green; 14 to 20; $25

Smart, new details in the autumn frock and jacket ensemble of jersey, below: a flared skirt, circular edge on the coat, bow trimming, and two tones of jersey in the one-piece, long-sleeved frock. In black with a pink top or in navy or brown with eggshell; 14 to 20; $39

New is this three-piece tweed suit with crêpe de Chine blouse, scarf ends on jacket, plaits in front, the skirt on a bodice, a belt, bow trimming, and two pockets; comes in a plum tweed with rose-beige blouse, green with green, or navy with blue; 14 to 20; $29.50

All you have to do is sew up the seams and hem the smart, semi-made, autumn street frock, below. With vest and jabot of eggshell crêpe de Chine, 16 to 44, it comes in brown, wine, or navy wool Poiret sheen; $10.95; or brown, green, or navy wool crêpe, for $9.50

The Essential Coat, Suit, and Sports Costume

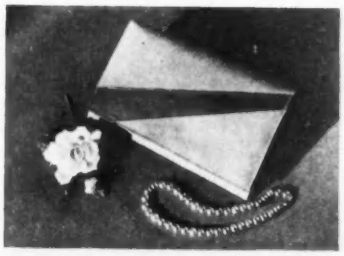
LET US BUY FOR YOU FROM THE SMART FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS

HOW TO ORDER

Let us speed to you these new autumn clothes. Just send check or money-order, with size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., and your order will be promptly filled. See pages 80 and 81 for all the newest frocks, and page 224 for autumn accessories and pretty lingerie

Every smart woman has a tweed coat in her wardrobe—for traveling, motoring, blustering days in late autumn, walking in the country, for a dozen occasions—practical, wearable, and good-looking. The one above comes in a brown-and-tan mixture, suitable for every one; it has a narrow, turn-back collar and a double scarf of the tweed, to wear open or closed, two set-in pockets, flat crêpe lining, and bands of tweed to form the tapering cuffs; may be had in sizes 14 to 20; $39.50

New accessories to freshen your costume: white gardenia with one bud, green leaves, and silver-wrapped stem; only 35c. Round pearls in blue, pink, green, and yellow, all together on one strand, silverized clasp; 15"; $2.50



For your autumn wardrobe, a bag of calf with contrasting calf band on the flap, a strap handle, silkaleen moiré lining, change purse and mirror; it snaps shut; tan with brown, blue with blue, or black with gray; 9x5¾"; $5

NEW MODELS IN THE SMART NEW COVERT CLOTH

TO ORDER
See directions in the note on page 79; also see new accessories to buy on page 224

Covert cloth, in a new and soft texture, is smart for autumn, and especially so in this two-piece daytime frock with white silk piqué vest (1st fig. above). The blouse has a deep collar finished with a bow, an all-around belt, set-in pockets, and slashed cuffs with one button; the skirt is circular with a hip band slanting into a front panel and is on a bodice; brown, wine, green, or oxford; 14 to 20; $19.50

All cut out to your own size, with the plaits in front and the collar and cuffs finished, this youthful, one-piece, semi-made frock (above, 4th fig.) comes in the smart, new covert cloth with eggshell crêpe de Chine collar and cuffs. All you have to do is sew up the seams and hem. Five buttons trim each side at the waist, with narrow belt across the back; oxford, green, brown, or navy; 14 to 42; $8.50

The three-piece, covert-cloth cardigan suit (above, 2nd fig.) is charming for autumn in town or country. The tuck-in sleeveless blouse has four tabs edged in narrow plaiting; the cardigan is collarless with two pockets, and the skirt is on a hip band buttoned at the side and plaited all around. Comes in blue, green, tan, or brown covert cloth with eggshell crêpe de Chine blouse; sizes 14 to 20; only $29

For the street in early autumn or later under a coat, this one-piece, covert-cloth dress (above, 3rd fig.) is beautifully tailored, with turn-back collar, notched lapels, a surplice line buttoned with three buttons, and white silk piqué edging the neck and the cuffs. There is an all-around belt, and the skirt is circular with smart new seaming. It comes in navy, brown, or oxford; 34 to 44; $29.50

This charming, semi-made, one-piece georgette afternoon frock (left) comes with all the difficult sewing completed. The narrow collar ends in tabs caught by a buckle, and the skirt is finely plaited in front and back in squares, the high point reaching the left side where streamers tie in a bow. In black, navy, Independence-blue, brown, beige, wine, or green; 14 to 20 and 34 to 40; only $10.75

In the loveliest evening colors: orchid, nile-green, peach, or light blue, also in white, this smart, long-in-back, georgette evening frock (left) comes to you semi-made. It is entirely cut out, with the flounces attached and all picoted; the belt completely made; and the crystal buckle included. It is over a matching crêpe de Chine slip; in sizes 14 to 42; with long sleeves, $13.95; sleeveless, $12.95

OUR SHOPPING SERVICE WILL

SPORTS DRESSES WE RECOMMEND UNDER TEN DOLLARS

TO ORDER
Just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

For only $7.45, this attractive one-piece jersey sports frock (above, 1st fig.) comes to you semi-made. It is cut to your size with the bows, belt, cuffs, front yoke-neck and band finished, the shoulders stitched, and the hip band sewed to the skirt, which is a wrap-over effect. Just sew up the seams and hem. In navy, rose, Independence-blue, green, gray, or burnt orange; 14 to 40; $7.45

Only $5.95 is this unusually becoming two-piece jersey dress (above, 2nd fig.). The blouse is collarless in back, and is stitched all around, has an inside vest of jersey, turned-back stitched cuffs, set-on pockets, jersey belt edged with leather, and a metal buckle: the skirt, on a white bodice, has two plaits at each side; navy, brown, beige, French-blue, almond-green, or red; 14 to 42; $5.95

For afternoon bridge or luncheon and other party occasions, this charming one-piece frock of silk faille (right, 1st fig.) has the new circular skirt bound at the bottom, and a rather fitted waist which is adjustable by the tie which fastens to front and back at the waist. Three smaller bows trim the blouse, which has a rounded V neck; comes in blue, black, or rust; sizes 16 to 40; $19.75

Under the ten-dollar mark, the smart three-piece knitted sports suit (above, 4th fig.) is a bargain. The slip-over long-sleeved sweater is in silk and wool, the collarless cardigan has five buttons and two pockets, and the matching skirt, plaited in front, is on a white bodice. It comes in the colors: wine, brown, purple, Dauphine-blue (a light navy), or in tan; in sizes 14 to 42 and is becomingly youthful; only $9.75

Less than ten dollars, the two-piece all-wool tweed sports dress (above, 3rd fig.) is semi-made, with the skirt in plain weave, the blouse in a novelty weave. The neck and front of the waist and the plaits are finished, with all material included. The skirt, plaited across the front, is on a silkaleen bodice, the belt has a novelty buckle; comes in blue-gray mixture only; 14 to 40; $9.95

Frilly white collars and cuffs are very smart in this year of feminine fashions, and so are silks with tweed pattern designs on them—two reasons to buy the two-piece silk frock (right, 2nd fig.) with white linen collar and cuffs and matching suede belt; the skirt is plaited all around and on a silk bodice; in brown, green, wine, or navy with beige design on the silk, or black with white; 14 to 20; $25

BUY FOR YOU IN NEW YORK

Knitted suits for little boys and girls are practical and warm for autumn, and two attractive models are shown at right. The boy's Braeburn suit of fine Zephyr knit combines plain trousers with a striped, crew-neck top, while the girl's Augusta Tots Togs jersey dress is of pure Australian wool in plain colors; beret to match

BRAEBURN

AUGUSTA TOTS TOGS

CHILDREN'S TRADE-

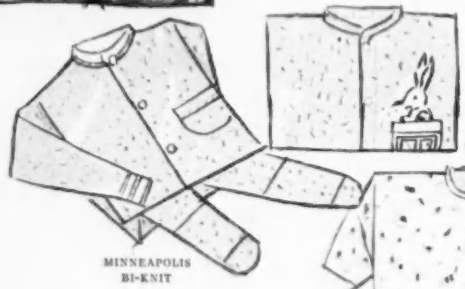
SOLD IN YOUR

TRADE-MARKED clothes are obtainable for children as well as grown-ups, and this month we turn our attention to dresses, suits, underwear, shoes, and stockings for the young. These can be bought in your own shops, each under its individual trade-name. The merchandise has been selected by the Fashion Director, who recommends it to mothers of growing boys and girls for its style and quality. If you can not find any of these articles, write GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, New York City.

A vogue for knitted clothes is predicted for autumn, hence the two models above, one a Braeburn and the other an Augusta Tots Togs, each for boy or girl. Some mothers prefer a Kaynee suit, as shown on the opposite page, with tweed trousers and button-on broadcloth blouse. Schoolgirls

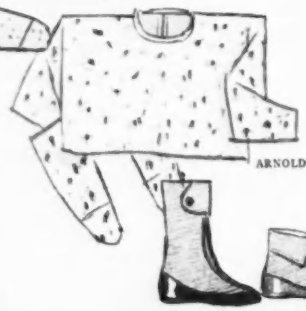
DINA LEE

GLOVER



MINNEAPOLIS BI-KNIT

CERTOSAFE



ARNOLD

Entering slumberland becomes a joy to any child in the sleepers here shown. The Dina Lee tuck-in pajama combines plain and printed cotton broadcloth in a novelty design, while a variety of models is offered for baby sister or brother, all with reliable trade-marks. Little feet also are considered, from baby's wee moccasin to every type of arctic

FIRESTONE

GOODRICH ZIPPER

BALL-BAND

U. S. GAYTEES

BASS WEE MOC

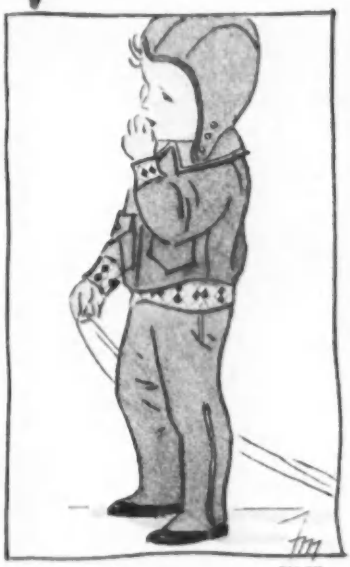
JACK TAR TOGS

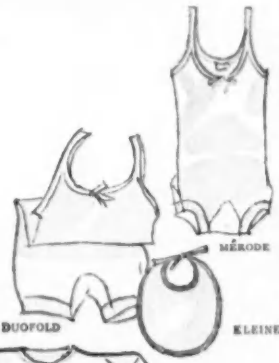
The trousers of the Oliver Twist Kaynee suit, left, are of tweed, the blouse of cotton broadcloth, buttoned together under a belt. For school are the dresses; first, a Jack Tar Togs costume consisting of a plaid wool skirt buttoned on to a white batiste blouse, and a navy serge jacket; second, a L'Aiglon dress of printed broadcloth

MARKED CLOTHES OWN SHOPS

may choose between a three-piece Jack Tar Togs costume and a washable broadcloth L'Aiglon frock. Essentially practical and warm for small children is the Zip-on suit, with Talon Hookless fasteners.

Comfortable and healthful sleeping garments are essential for children. On the opposite page, the Minneapolis Bi-Knit sleeper is made of a knitted fabric with cotton on the inside and part wool on the outside. Of a warm wool-and-cotton fabric, the Certosafe model has a snugly-fitting neck and rip-proof seams. Appealing to children is the Arnold Stencilknit cotton sleeper with all-over, printed animals. The Glover two-piece pajama is of printed flannelette, and for the older child comes the Dina Lee tuck-in pajama of plain and printed broadcloth. (*Continued on page 197*)


ZIP-ON


MÉRODE

DUOFOLD

KLEINERTS'

VANTA

PANT-EASE

Of suède-like cloth, the Zip-on suit, above, has a helmet to match. The Mérode union-suit is of cotton knit, and the Duofold of worsted and cotton. Kleinert's bib is of toweling lined in rubber. Fastening at side, the Vanta Vest is double in front. The side-pinning Pant-ease diaper is of knitted cotton. At left is a selection of stockings and shoes

NEW FALL PATTERNS FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL

THE outdoor freedom of the summer is conducive to greater growth than any other season, and girls between six and fourteen are apt to return from their various vacations at camp or the seashore literally with nothing to wear. Nearly everything is outgrown or shabby from rough usage, and there is only a limited time in which to assemble a new fall wardrobe suitable in style and size for the dignity of the added inches. With this in mind a number of charming costumes were chosen for this month's patterns. They are practical, yet smart in every detail, for the girl in her early teens and her younger sister enjoy being dressed in the new mode quite as much as their elders.

The coat, always the basis of the ensemble, is smart this autumn made of a light-weight wool fabric interlined for warmth, and has at least one frock which matches it in fabric as well as color.

Making a coat today is not so ambitious a problem as it used to be, as the lines are straight and the light-weight fabrics are easy to handle and do not require expert tailoring. However, it is a good plan to have a tailor make the buttonholes and press the coat when it is finished. If the coat is interlined and lined, sew the interlining firmly to the seams with a short-and-long stitch, taking care that the stitches do not show on the right side. Stitch the back and fronts of the lining together and adjust it to the coat, baste it around the armholes, the fronts, and hem, and last adjust the sleeve lining and sew all in place with fine invisible stitches.

The three-quarter-length coat and the pinafore dress make an ideal ensemble for school and may be worn by a girl of ten to fourteen years. The coat is not so intricate to make as it appears, as the belt and applied side panels are cut in one piece and stitched to the front sections; the back is plain with inverted tucks stitched the length of the coat to give a panel effect, and the shawl collar and deep cuffs are extremely smart.

Cut out all the sections, apply the side panels to the fronts, and stitch in the inverted tucks, then baste the back and front sections together. Try the coat on, and when you are sure the collar and sleeves are properly adjusted, stitch and press the seams open. In size twelve this coat requires 2 yards of 54" fabric, 2 yards of interlining, and 2½ yards of 38" silk lining. The dress is made of a warm, brown gabardine or wool crêpe like the coat, with a separate washable blouse. This model is excellent for remodeling the frocks of last season, as the wide armholes allow for expansion, and the outgrown sleeves of the old dress will supply the plaited side sections of the skirt. The blouse is simple and inexpensive to make and has such a fresh appearance that there should be several of different fabrics for variety. It is charmingly made of figured dimity, cotton print, or challis with white collars and cuffs. The pinafore dress requires 2 yards of 40" material, and the blouse 2 yards of 36" material, in size 12 years.

In the center of the group below, the little girl wears a smart coat of light-weight tweed which goes with the frock on its left. It has straight lines and a rolled collar and is complete without the cape over each sleeve. While this is an important feature of the coat, it can be omitted if you wish. The frock is another version of the practical pinafore. The diminutive skirt is plaited on the sides, and the separate, cross-bar dimity blouse is finished at the waist with an elastic slipped through a casing. It can be either white or colored. In size eight the coat requires 2 yards of 54-inch wide material, 1¾ yards of interlining and 2¾ yards of 40-inch silk lining material; the pinafore requires 2 yards and the blouse 2 yards.

The bolero dress (*Continued on page 312*)

A charming and practical school dress is pattern S-6, 8 to 12 years. Next it is a pattern for a pinafore dress, S-7, 6 to 10 years, and a cape coat, S-8, 8 to 10 years. These two form an ensemble; 40c each

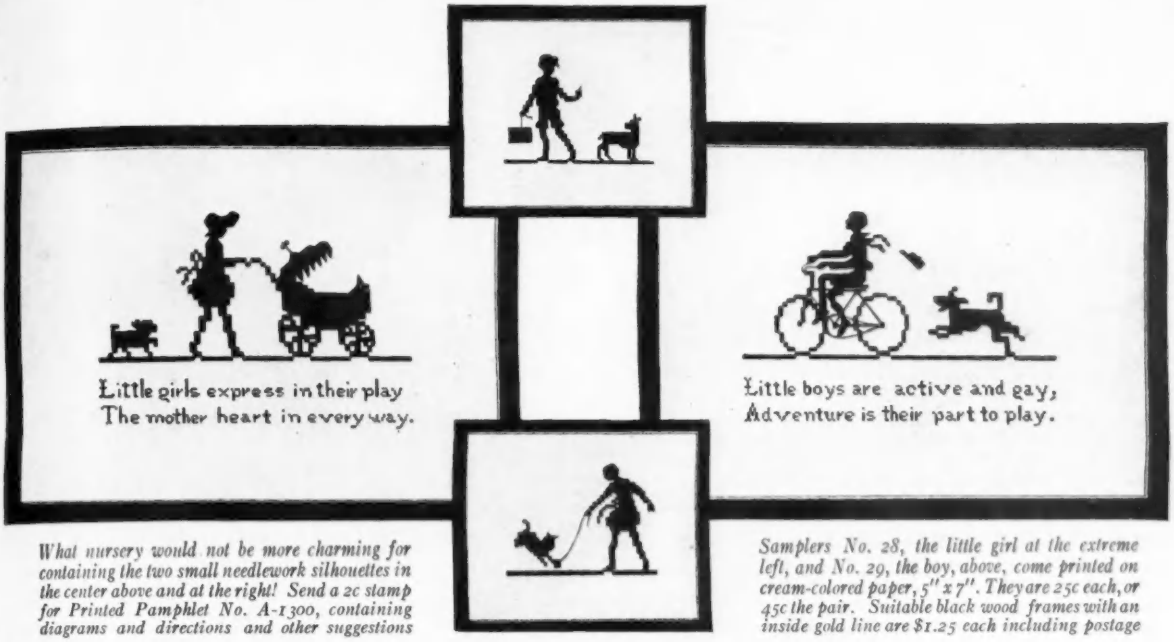
A New Booklet

Just published! "The Baby's Own Booklet," full of helpful information for mothers and of new baby clothes and nursery furniture which we will gladly buy for you. Also a page of patterns for baby things. Send 15c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

For any of the patterns on this page send the correct amount to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

A bolero jacket top and flared skirt mark pattern S-9, 8 to 12 years. Patterns S-10 and S-11, 10 to 14 years, form an ensemble of pinafore dress and three-quarter-length coat, for the older girl; 40c each

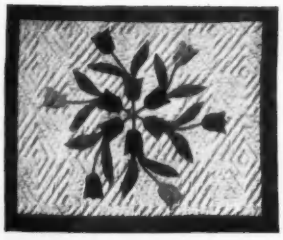

Little girls express in their play
The mother heart in every way.
Little boys are active and gay,
Adventure is their part to play.

What nursery would not be more charming for containing the two small needlework silhouettes in the center above and at the right! Send a 2c stamp for Printed Pamphlet No. A-1300, containing diagrams and directions and other suggestions

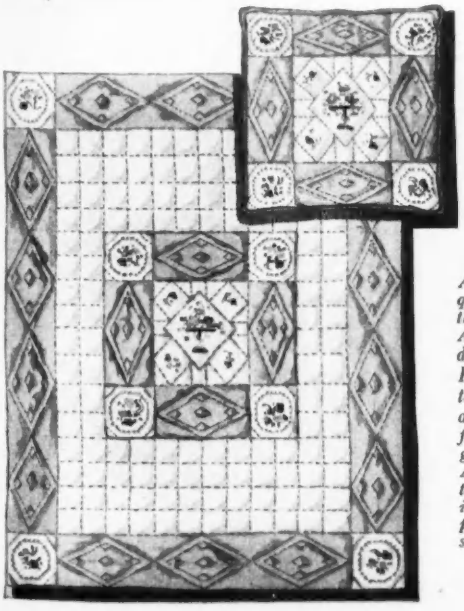
Samplers No. 28, the little girl at the extreme left, and No. 29, the boy, above, come printed on cream-colored paper, 5" x 7". They are 25c each, or 45c the pair. Suitable black wood frames with an inside gold line are $1.25 each including postage

NEEDLEWORK FOR THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

By Anne Orr



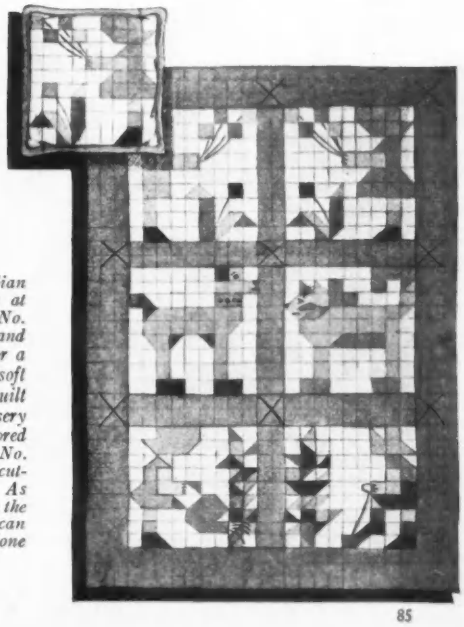
A gaily-colored, quilted, patchwork rug in a tulip design is shown at the left. It would be useful either as a play rug or a bath mat and is made in pastel shades from scraps of cotton material. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1303, 25c, carries designs for the patchwork and also a quilting pattern, together with full directions for both. Below at the left is a bassinette or crib set, consisting of a cover and a matching pillow. They are made of pussy-willow silk in either pink or blue combined with white, and cross-stitched in pastel tones. The work is a combination of patchwork, quilting, and cross-stitch. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1301, 50c, carries patterns and complete directions. Selected floss for both pieces, 50c



How to Order

To order the Hot-Iron Patterns, Printed Pamphlets, and silhouettes send correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, N. Y. C.

A friendly dog is outlined in Italian quilting on the pillow above at the right. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1304, 25c, carries patterns and directions for this and also for a Kitty pillow, which is also a soft toy. At the right are a pieced quilt and pillow with quaint nursery figures made of blocks of colored gingham. Printed Pamphlet No. A-1302, 25c, carries complete cutting patterns and directions. As it took only two hours to piece the pillow on the machine, you can see how quickly this work is done



Illustrated By W. Smithson Broadhead

Four RIDE Through

SUMMER rain is more disconcerting than the rain of winter. Perhaps because it is so much more unexpected!

It has a way of rising up, ghost-like, out of the blue and gold of a late, glowing afternoon. It has a way of turning a contented, sunny city into a place of wrath and chaos. Sometimes it is almost like a whip—lashing traffic, lashing people, lashing the city itself. A whip that flickers sharply over lifted faces—that strikes across eyes, blinding them with impish, prismatic lights.

Berta, standing in the doorway of the office building, shaded her eyes with her hand. So that she could more successfully locate an empty taxi in the tumult of the rain-swept, crowded street. Not that, at the end of the day, Berta often took taxis—she couldn't afford such luxury! But this day was different from other days. The rain made a taxi a necessity rather than a sign of affluence. Ruefully, from the shadow of her lifted hand, she surveyed her shoes. Thin, kid pumps they were—prettily shaped. Yet a pitiless rain, and four drenching blocks to the subway, would practically melt from them all semblance of smartness. As for the cheap straw of her hat—she shuddered to think of how the downpour would blur its brave brim-line. To say nothing of her gaily printed silk frock! Far better, she told herself, to be utterly extravagant—the price of a taxi would be cheap, as compared to the cost of renewing a mutilated wardrobe. Better— All at once she pursed up her mouth for a whistle! But the whistle was not forthcoming, for the taxi that had looked so guiltless of fare had a passenger. In fact, it seemed as if every taxi in the world had a passenger.

"It's curious," she thought, "how many cabs there are when you don't want them. And how few there are when you do! It," all at once she was laughing shakily in the farthest corner of her soul, "it's like life. You never want things—not much—when you can have them!"

She was laughing shakily inside. But suddenly the prism lights on her lashes weren't all from the rain. For she was thinking of Dave, whom she hadn't wanted—not really wanted! Until she had found that she couldn't have him.

Dave! It had been fun, greeting him in the morning before the office was officially open. Coming early just to pass the time of day with him. It had been fun to wonder whether he'd ever ask her to go to luncheon with him, forgetting that he was the son of the company's president and that she was the least of the company's filing clerks. It was fun to know that he was watching her, as she stood in front of the dark-green, steel cabinet, shuffling

With both hands stretched out, the old man came toward them. "Dearest, dearest!" he said. "I was beginning to worry about what had happened to my girl"

h the RAIN And Find Two Rainbows

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

through briefs. Fun to know that some day he'd perhaps take her to a theatre, in the evening—oh, it had all been fun! There had been nothing serious. It had been like walking down a street, knowing there were empty taxis on each side of it—taxis that could be called by the crook of one slim finger.

But the fun had gone out of everything when gaunt Miss Potter—who was the office manager—had spoken to her. In a voice so casual that it was barbed.

"I hope," Miss Potter had said, "that none of the girls around here becomes interested in David Blackwell. Of course, he's charming—utterly charming. Of course, too, he'll inherit the business, one day. But the fact that he's engaged . . ." She had raised her heavy eyebrows, had smiled acidly.

"He's so pleasant," Miss Potter said, "to every one! He might easily turn a girl's head!"

"Turn a girl's head?" Berta had tossed her own head until the crisply bobbed curls of it were a-dance.

"We all," she said, "knew that he was going to be married!" Which was, on the face of it, untrue. And then, almost as an afterthought: "And anyway the girls around this office are too busy to think much about David Blackwell—or any one else! *You* see to that, Miss Potter!"

So, with a touch of sarcasm and a masked, equally casual tone, Berta had answered. But somehow the chill in Miss Potter's voice had blighted something warm and lovely that had been growing in her heart. Not that she had ever thought of Dave in terms of marriage—of romance, even. Not exactly! But still, knowing that he was engaged—and probably to one of those glittering débutantes that she had seen pictured in many a Sunday supplement—well, it made a difference. Made such a difference that Berta lingered, on the way to the office, each morning. Trying, almost, to be late, so that a gay greeting need not be spoken. Made such a difference that self-consciousness wrapped itself around her, like a cloak, whenever she felt Dave's eyes upon her. Oh, it had made such a difference that she had been rude to him when at last his luncheon invitation had materialized—as she had always known that it would.

"Miss Robinson," he had said, pausing on his way past the green steel cabinet, "I wish you'd let me take you to Shafford's, this noon." (Why, she wondered, had he

chosen the most public, and smartest tea-room in the neighborhood?) "I think," there was something boyish and appealing in his voice, "that you'd be an awful peach to go with me."

But she had answered—with Miss Potter's chill, remembered accents drowning out the appeal—

"No, Mr. Blackwell, *I don't want to.*" She spoke desperately to hide the tremble in her voice. "I don't think you've any right to ask me!"

That had been at noontime. And the filing had gone badly all through the whole of the summer afternoon—perhaps because of the hurt that she had seen leaping into his eyes. Perhaps because of the flush that had stained his lean, sun-browned face.

The filing had gone badly all afternoon. And then, at closing time, the light had been drained from the world and the very sky had fallen! And it had rained so suddenly, so viciously, that the streets were rivers and the sky was a tormented blot of darkness.

And there weren't any taxis left—no empty ones! Not, apparently, in the whole of the city.

THE doorway of the office building was crowded with jostling, talking people. From somewhere, back of Berta, a girl laughed shrilly. While two other girls, their hats protected, after a fashion, by spread-out newspapers, started bravely into the downpour. Men, intent on making the five-fifteen to some suburban place, turned up their coat collars and defied the weather, darting like wet sparrows along the sides of the shops. Here and there some one walked forth brazenly, fortified by the armor of umbrella and rubbers—there are people who always, no matter how unexpected the storm, have rubbers and umbrellas! But for the most part the crowd in the doorway—pushing against each other in an impersonal eagerness—waited, as did Berta, for any sort of rescue that might come. Waited, straining their eyes through the rain and the tangle of traffic, for the ultimate taxi. Waited because to them, as to Berta, the summer rain spelled disaster to clothing.

And then, suddenly, it arrived! A bright maroon car—with the flag triumphantly high. A cab so beautiful, seen through the rain, that it challenged belief! Berta, glimpsing it first, as it cruised along, gave one little gasp and darted toward it, across the wet of the street.

"Oh, taxi, taxi!" she called, as she splashed through a puddle and tripped against the curb. "Oh, *taxi!*"

The maroon car stopped. The driver, leaning from his high place, snapped open the door. Everything was perfect until a burly figure stepped in front of Berta, and laid his hand upon the door's handle, and started in no uncertain accents to give an address. Berta noticed with sudden anger that the burly figure was wearing a raincoat. No danger of his suit being ruined!

"Oh," she exclaimed indignantly, "that's *my* taxi. I saw it first. I called you *first*—didn't I, driver?"

The driver grinned down from his high place and said nothing. But the intruder was not so silent.

"It's a dollar tip for you," he said quickly to the driver. "It's more'n you'll get from her!"

There by the curb, with her hat already dripping, with her shoes already sodden, Berta stood. In anger as inarticulate as it was acute. "Oh, you're mean," she managed. "Oh—"

It was just then that another figure shot out, across the street, from the doorway of the office building. A man figure—but slimmer, less burly, than the one that wore the raincoat.

"The lady's right!" said a familiar voice. "It's *her* cab. See! You—" the voice was suddenly gentle, "you get in, Miss Robinson. I'll take care of this fellow—"

But the fellow, despite his bulk, was turning away. Muttering something unpleasant, albeit beneath his breath. While the taxi driver laughed.

"Wotta bum!" sympathized the taxi driver, before he questioned, "Where to, Miss?"

Wetly, forlornly, Berta was climbing into the maroon cab. With the consciousness of David Blackwell's hand beneath her elbow. He—oh, she told herself fiercely, he was so *sweet*. What if he were engaged to *fifteen* débutantes. Here he was standing in the rain, ready to fight for her!

"You're awfully kind, Mr. Blackwell," she said swiftly. "You—you probably want a cab yourself, too. Can't we—" it took all her courage, after the past noon's rebuff, to say it—"can't we share this one?"

With a smile—the nicest sort of smile—Dave was swinging in beside her. No hesitation here.

"Turn over toward the avenue," he told the driver joyously, "and I'll tell you where to go from there!" And then, to Berta, "You're the one that's being kind. Say, I thought," he leaned toward her, "I thought—"

But Berta already was regretting her impulse. Already she was moving away from her rescuer to the farthest corner of the seat.

"You were very kind," she said again, "to help me. But I'm going only as far as the subway. I live very near the uptown station, you see. Only across a narrow street. It's the four blocks, at this end—I'd," she was talking against time, "I'd have been wrecked if I'd had to walk them! So you'll drop me at the nearest entrance, won't you? And I'm going—" her purse was open, in her hand, "to pay the fare, that far . . ."

But Dave was interrupting. "Like fun," he exclaimed, "I'll drop you at the subway entrance! When I've wanted to talk to you for weeks, for *months*. Ever since I first saw you. I'm going to take you to the door of your house—and I hope you live ten miles from here! And then I'm coming in to meet your people—"

Somberly Berta surveyed him. Even more somberly she spoke.

"I live 'way uptown," she said slowly. "It might just as well be ten miles! And—you can't meet my people, Mr. Blackwell. I'm—I'm quite alone in the world. I live in a girls' boarding house. And I'd rather—really, much, much rather—that you'd leave me at the subway!"

It was a long speech for Berta. But it wasn't the length of it that made her so breathless. It was the way David Blackwell's eyes were looking at her. It was the sudden thrill that sounded in his voice.

"Say," he questioned, "what do you think I am, anyway? Even if you hated me, I'd take you home on an evening like this, and—" why was he laughing so very softly?—"somehow I can't think that you really do hate me! Why, you used to act as if you sort of liked me. Until the last few days . . ."

The car had swung over to the avenue. The long, glittering avenue with its white, already lighted street lamps, that made silver paths on the darkly shining asphalt. The car had reached the avenue, and the taxi driver was knocking on the front window. Was again asking a question.

"Where to, now?" he bellowed through the thickness of the glass.

Dave's voice had a set, dogged note to it, as he bellowed back. "Just drive uptown," he called, "right on up the avenue."

He added to Berta, in a voice that was lower, but still set—

"Let's get this straight. Why on earth have you acted so different," the bravado was going out of his tone, now, "in the last few days? You've been as cold as a little iceberg. And this noon! Whew! Well, you certainly put me in my place, this noon. Now, tell me something. Why hadn't I," he was frowning, "a right to ask you to have lunch with me? I think it's only fair—"

Berta, conscious that her hat was dripping, conscious that her brave printed dress was shapeless with rain, conscious that, from damp shoes to damp curls she was looking her worst—spoke nervously.

DIM ROAD

By Grace Noll Crowell

MY FEET have found the wheel ruts in the grass,
Where once old wagons creaked their slow way home;
A startled heron lifts his wings to pass
Into the dusk across the slough's dark loam;
The spicy scent of alders sweeps the land;
A hare lopes swiftly down the furrowed ground;
The moist night wind is like a healing hand;
Through all this still, dim world there is no sound.

AND drugged with sleep—the old forgotten road
Recalls no more the tramp of tired feet,
Or wagons creaking homeward with their load
Along a summer twilight—vague and sweet.
Dear God—the paved ways glitter—and they shine,
But something of this dim road's peace is Thine.

"Perhaps," he said with a weary gesture, "after all, you were right. Seeing those people has made me wonder whether either of us knows anything about love"

"You're one to talk about being fair!" she exclaimed. "And if you don't know why some things aren't right, it's," she fought with a rising sense of hysteria, "it's just about time you learned!"

The frown was growing on David Blackwell's face. During the following moments of silence—while police whistles blared on the avenue and whips of rain beat against the taxi windows—Berta felt that his very eyes were losing their boyishness; that he was growing older, more stern. She clenched her hands together tightly in the damp lap of her printed silk dress. She waited, with a curious sense of fear in her heart, for him to speak. Waited, while her pulse-beats kept time to the tattoo of the rain. Waited until she was afraid that the rising lump in her throat would choke her. Until finally Dave's voice sounded. A voice so strangely grave—grave and yet tremulous—that it frightened her.

"If," said this new voice, which she had never heard, "if a man can't talk to a girl that he's crazy about—if he can't ask her to go to lunch with him, then," with a swift movement David Blackwell's hand had settled down over Berta's tightly clenched hands—"if a man can't get a girl away from a whole office force, so he can let her know that he's falling in love with her! Why," Dave's face was very near, suddenly, to Berta's face, "why, I'd like—"

But Berta's hands were jerking themselves away from that swift, hard clasp of his fingers. And her head had jerked back, too, into the farthest corner of the dim cab. And it was the message of Miss Potter that rang through her tone, when she spoke.

"Oh," she half-sobbed, "oh, I think you're horrid. (*Continued on page 257*)

OIL for home heating! If you are thinking of using oil for heating your home, send for our bulletin, "Selecting and Installing an Oil Burner." We have revised this bulletin giving you the latest information available. Other methods of home heating and the general care of the heating system are discussed in our bulletin, "Heating the American Home." Price 25c each

Send order to Bulletin Service Bureau, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City

Which CLEANER

WHAT prompts such a question? The number of good cleaners available? The apparently contradictory statements sometimes made about each of several cleaners? Or is it, above all, a desire to obtain one which will prove satisfactory?

Many women ask Good Housekeeping Institute questions which not only show the confusion caused by the large number of vacuum cleaners to choose from, but also the difficulty of making a decision after seeing a number of demonstrations.

Some women ask us for the specific characteristics of a number of vacuum cleaners. They ask for the air displacement, vacuum, motor speed, and other purely technical data. Would such information be any help? In general, it would not. The answers to these questions might be misleading, nor could they be taken as a true index of the effectiveness of a cleaner. Other women ask questions which would require an answer based on an entirely personal opinion. Answers to this type of question would, of course, be unsatisfactory. Good Housekeeping Institute, therefore, does not attempt to answer such inquiries, but nevertheless the Institute can help you if you are buying a cleaner.

Every cleaner approved by Good Housekeeping Institute must pass severe tests before being approved. These consist of controlled technical tests and practical tests developed through years of work on vacuum cleaners. The technical tests give a part of the necessary information. The practical tests give an equally necessary part of the information, and the final results are obtained from all the tests combined. For only after both types of tests have been completed can we tell definitely whether or not the cleaner fulfills what we consider is its primary function, and that is the removal of surface litter and embedded dirt from any type of floor covering on which it may be used.

Why does Good Housekeeping Institute spend so much time and thought upon each cleaner tested? It is because we wish to place in the hands of the home manager a list which shall be a reliable buying guide, a list on which every cleaner not only will be effective as a piece of cleaning equipment, but will have a length of useful life commensurate with the initial cost of the cleaner. *Therefore be certain that the cleaner chosen is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.*

Many women ask us about the probability of a cleaner injuring a rug. Some send us samples of the material taken from the dust bag. We have never seen any evidence, either from an examination of this dust or from our tests, that a rug has been injured. The fine particles which appear in the dust collected are partly the result of the wear and cutting caused by walking on the rug, combined with the cutting action due to dirt not removed. We can not be too emphatic in this statement: A rug cleaned thoroughly and regularly will give longer and better service than one not given such care.

We might consider vacuum cleaners as being standardized to some extent. The essential parts of all cleaners are: a motor, a fan, a floor nozzle, a means of collecting the dust and dirt, and a means of moving the cleaner. All these parts must be designed so that the cleaner as a whole will fulfill the purpose for which it is intended.

Vacuum cleaners may be divided into two general types. The suction or straight air type and the motor-driven brush type. The effectiveness of either type will depend upon the qualities built into the cleaner and the attention given to its proper care and operation.

Cleaners differ from each other in refinements of design and construction. Every manufacturer attempts to build a cleaner which will meet all conditions. Yet any one cleaner may have certain features which appeal to you. You may be influenced by the performance of a former cleaner, or by the results obtained from a cleaner owned by a neighbor. If you have a personal preference for any particular cleaner and it has been approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, do not hesitate to buy it.

Vacuum cleaners are carefully made and will be satisfactory if properly used. Yet the best mechanical device ever made may be useless if it is impossible to obtain parts

INSTITUTE

Katharine A. Fisher
Director

Photograph
By H. L. Williams

By

T. L. Henderson

Of the Institute Staff

Shall I Buy?

Be certain that the vacuum cleaner you choose has been awarded this seal; it is the most reliable buying guide any housekeeper can obtain

or repairs when needed. This, then, is a second factor which should affect your choice. Be certain that you can obtain needed parts and repairs at any time in your locality. Consider this when buying any kind of equipment.

There are uses of a vacuum cleaner other than the cleaning of floor coverings. These uses are, for example, floor polishing or other cleaning requiring attachments, and the cleaning of uncovered floors. The polishing attachments for the different types of cleaners differ from each other in their design and operation. Those attachments for use with the suction or straight air cleaner generally consist of a weight or a polishing pad secured to the floor nozzle. The cleaner is pushed backward and forward over the surface to be polished. These attachments can be considered as being comparable in effectiveness to the weighted floor polishers, operated by hand, which have been sold for some time. The polishing attachments for use with cleaners of the motor-driven brush type consist of a polishing brush which replaces the cleaning brush when the cleaner is used as a floor polisher. A cleaner with this attachment may be considered as comparable, with regard to effectiveness, to a small, motor-driven floor polisher.

Therefore a third factor which may influence your choice of a cleaner is the importance you place upon the desirability of some type of floor polisher.

It would be interesting to know how many who buy attachments ever use them to advantage. How many ever use them? How many store them and decide it is too much trouble to get them out to use? Yet you may have a home in which moldings, radiators, furniture, and draperies may be easily cleaned by using the proper attachment. On the other hand you may have a home in which a small hand cleaner might be particularly adapted. These cleaners are portable vacuum cleaners reduced in size so that they may be carried by hand. They perform most of the functions formerly accomplished by the attachment.

At the present time there is a decided tendency to have one of these smaller cleaners as well as the regular size. They are adaptable to the cleaning of clothing, draperies, carpeted stairs, and upholstery, and their effectiveness in removing dust and dirt is fully equal to the cleaner attachments. A further use of this type of cleaner is cleaning the interior of an automobile.

One use of a vacuum cleaner which is perhaps not so universally recognized is its effectiveness in cleaning bare floors. In most cleaners it is necessary to adjust the nozzle to its lowest point. At this adjustment dust and dust curls which accumulate beneath beds and bedroom furniture can be removed by the cleaner before the dustless mop is used. Such a use of the cleaner eliminates much of the difficulty which people living in apartment houses particularly have in shaking dust from mops.

Another recently advocated use of the cleaner is one which has caused much agitation. This is its use as a means of distributing insecticides. An attachment to the cleaner consists of a container for holding napthalene or paradichlorobenzene crystals and a means for breaking them up into fine particles. These fine particles can be forced down into the pile of a rug or between crevices in upholstered furniture, or spread over clothing with the same tool. The effectiveness of these crystals is dependent upon the gas or fumes given off from them. Therefore, it is obvious that the fumes or gases must be confined. In other words, the distribution of these crystals is but a part of the complete procedure if the moth is to be exterminated. The manner of confining the fumes given off by such insecticides has been more fully discussed in the May issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING under the title of "Foiling the Moth."

Women who have been considering vacuum cleaners with such attachments question us as to whether or not such treatment can be relied upon to rid them of moths or keep them free of them. To this our answer is that the mere spreading of these crystals into the air or indiscriminately on the surface of rugs and furniture may be of little value in itself.

Before making a final decision on a cleaner, therefore, consider not only one feature of the cleaner, but all of those discussed above.

Offerings for SEPTEMBER MEALS

By

Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

VEGETABLES and fruits differ as to the season in which they are most abundant — and therefore cheapest—in various localities. There is also a difference in the price and the opportunity of obtaining them fresh throughout the winter months. The larger towns now have a wide variety of fresh vegetables available at the markets in all seasons of the year. In smaller localities this wide variety is not always obtainable. However, September marks the beginning of the harvest season—the season when in most places the markets fairly teem with colorful fruits and vegetables waiting to add their delicious wealth of minerals, vitamins, water, and bulk to our daily meals. Purple-lustered eggplants, peaches, tomatoes, oranges, apples, grapefruit and bananas all glowing with color, fragrant plums, pears, grapes, and melons, cool green lettuce, cabbage, cucumbers and peppers—these are only a few of the abundant offerings of the early fall months for variety in our meals. Why, then, should the epicure mourn the passing of asparagus, raspberries, peas, and other delicate gifts of the summer?

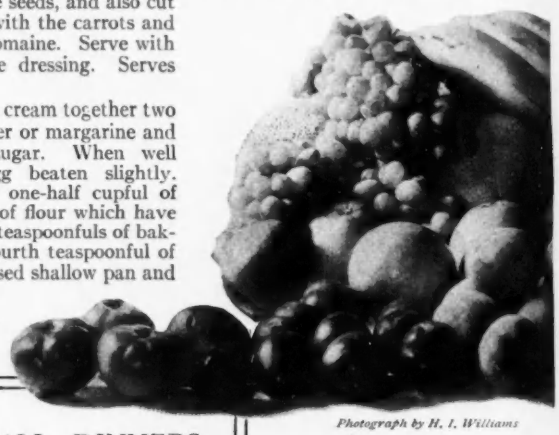
Eggplant Soufflé is one of the most tempting of fall vegetable main dishes and needs only one trial to become an all-time favorite. Peel one medium-sized eggplant, cut in small pieces, and cook until tender. Mash very fine. Meanwhile melt two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and, when smooth and blended, add one cupful of milk while stirring constantly. When thickened and smooth, add the mashed eggplant, one-half cupful of grated cheese, three-fourths cupful of soft bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls finely grated onion, one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of salt, and two egg-yolks beaten until light. Last fold in two egg-whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. until set—about 45 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves six.

For *Spiced Plums*, so delicious as an accompaniment to the meat course, combine two cupfuls of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of whole cloves, and one tablespoonful of allspice. Boil for five minutes, then pour over four quarts of plums which have been washed, pricked with a fork, and placed in a large mixing bowl. Let stand three days. Then skim out the plums and boil down the sirup until thick. Add the plums, boil three minutes, then pack into clean, hot jars that have been sterilized for fifteen minutes in boiling water to cover. Adjust the rubbers and completely seal.

For *Cucumber and Carrot Salad*—so crisp and crunchy—cook six young carrots until tender. Chill well and cut into thin strings. Pare two cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise, remove the seeds, and also cut in strings. Combine with the carrots and arrange on leaves of romaine. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing. Serves six.

For *Peach Tea Cake*, cream together two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine and one-half cupful of sugar. When well blended, add one egg beaten slightly. Then add alternately one-half cupful of milk and two cupfuls of flour which have been sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Pour into a greased shallow pan and cover the surface with three or four ripe peaches which have been pared, stoned, and sliced, one-fourth cupful of chopped nutmeats, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-eighth teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for thirty-five or forty minutes, or until the mixture is done. Serve with a lemon sauce or with cream.

For *Newton Hors d'Oeuvres*, scoop cone-shaped wedges from the stem end of six whole, fine tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a little sugar and fill with butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for twenty minutes or until tender. Serve one on each plate, pouring over each two tablespoonfuls of hot, seasoned cream and a sprinkle of finely minced parsley. Serve as the first course at luncheon or dinner. Serves six.



Photograph by H. I. Williams

Peach Canapés make a tasty and attractive dessert, simple to prepare. Cut rounds of sponge cake, about three inches in diameter. Sauté in melted butter until golden brown on both sides. Arrange one on each plate, and then heap the surface with thinly-sliced fresh peaches lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. Top with Sunshine Sauce made as follows: Boil one cupful of sugar with one-third cupful of water to 238° F. or the soft-ball stage. Pour this sirup over the stiffly beaten yolks of two eggs. Continue beating until creamy. Chill thoroughly and add one tablespoonful of vanilla. Just before serving fold in one cupful of stiffly beaten cream. Serves six.

For *Tomato Juice Cocktail* to be served as the first course at luncheon or dinner, wash and peel six large tomatoes. Press through the fine sieve of a potato-ricer. To one and one-

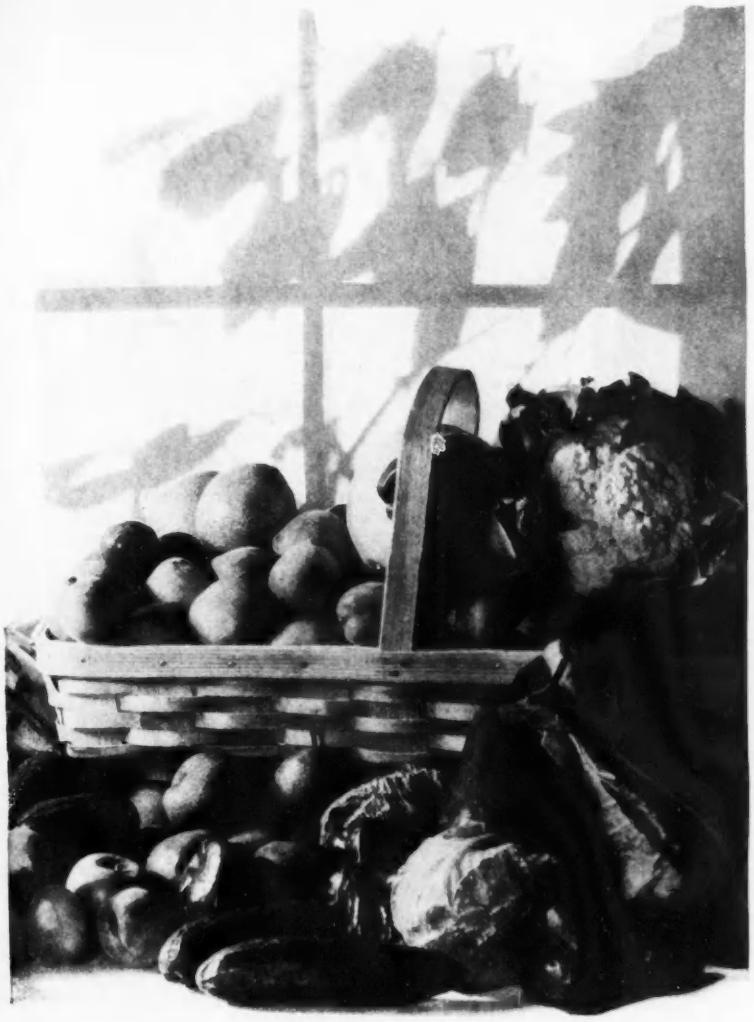
MENUS FOR FALL DINNERS

Eggplant Soufflé
Buttered Spinach Spiced Plums
Graham Muffins
Cucumber and Carrot Salad—French Dressing
Peach Tea Cake Cream

Newton Hors d'Oeuvres
New England Fish Chowder
Brown Bread
Corn on the Cob Pickle Relish
Cantaloupe with Ice Cream

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Panned Oysters on Toast
Creamed Onions Buttered Swiss Chard
Lettuce Salad
La Marquise Apples

Baked Noodles with Sausages
Vegetables in Curry
Bran Muffins Cabbage Slaw
Baked Bananas Custard Sauce



September marks the harvest season when the markets fairly teem with colorful fruits and vegetables

half cupfuls of this strained juice and pulp, add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of finely grated onion, three teaspoonfuls of finely chopped green pepper, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and twelve drops of Worcestershire or similar sauce. Chill thoroughly and serve. Serves six.

For *La Marquise Apples*, pare and core six medium-sized apples. Meanwhile simmer one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water together for five minutes. Then arrange the apples in this sirup and cook them gently for ten minutes, turning frequently. Next place the partially cooked apples in a greased casserole and fill the center of each with currant jelly. Place one-half teaspoonful of butter or margarine on top of each apple. Meanwhile prepare a custard mixture by scalding two cupfuls of milk, pouring it over three slightly beaten eggs, and adding one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and six macaroons crumbled fine. Pour this custard around the apples, set in a pan of warm water, and bake in a slow oven of 325° F. for seventy-five minutes or until the custard is set when tested with a silver knife. Serve hot with each jelly-filled apple surrounded by its share of the baked custard. Serves six.

For *Vegetables in Curry*, sauté one small onion, thinly sliced, in two tablespoonfuls of fat until golden in color. Then add one teaspoonful of curry powder. When smooth add one tablespoonful of butter, stir again and add one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one cupful of vegetable stock or water. Blend well and add one cupful of cooked sliced carrots, one-half cupful of canned string-beans, one-half cupful of cooked diced celery, and one cupful of canned or stewed tomatoes. Heat well and serve. Serves six.

For *Baked Bananas with Custard Sauce*, cut six bananas crosswise in halves. Arrange in a greased baking dish, sprinkle with one-fourth cupful of brown sugar and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, and dot with four tablespoonfuls of butter in bits. Bake in a slow oven of 375° F. for twenty-five minutes, or until the bananas are tender when tested with a fork. Serve hot or cold, with a custard sauce, dotting each banana with a small cube of red jelly. Serves six.

For *Avocado and Orange Cocktail*, cut three avacado pears in halves, removing the stones. Place two tablespoonfuls of highly seasoned French dressing in each half and let stand in the refrigerator for one hour. Meanwhile peel and dice three oranges and arrange in the six avocado halves, mixing them well with the French dressing. Garnish with a sprig of mint. Serve as the first course at luncheon or dinner. Serves six.

For *Sautéed Green Peppers with Cheese Sauce*, seed six large green peppers, cutting them in halves lengthwise. Prepare twelve slices of crisp bacon. Sauté the green pepper halves in the bacon fat until tender and arrange two halves on each of six slices of buttered toast. Meanwhile prepare a cheese sauce as follows: Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add four tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until smooth, and then add gradually while stirring two cupfuls of milk. When smooth and thickened, add three-fourths cupful of grated cheese, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a speck of pepper. Stir until the cheese is thoroughly melted, then pour over the green peppers on toast and garnish with the bacon. Serves six.

For *Bradley Salad*, place large pared, cored, and halved, cooked or very ripe pears, cut side down, one-half on each bed of lettuce leaves. Arrange to simulate rabbits by making ears turning backward of split salted almonds, eyes and mouths of bits of preserved cherries, and tails of whole cloves. Place two radish roses at one side of each pear half and serve accompanied with Roquefort Dressing, made by adding two tablespoonfuls of mashed Roquefort cheese to one-half cupful of French dressing and beating until thick. Serves six.

For *Pistachio Peach Ice Cream* scald two cupfuls of milk; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour which have been thoroughly mixed with one cupful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Cook twenty minutes. Beat two eggs well, add one-half cupful of milk, and pour the scalded milk mixture over the same. Return to the double-boiler and cook three minutes longer. Remove from heat, strain, and cool. Then add one quart of heavy cream, one tablespoonful of vanilla extract, two teaspoonfuls of almond extract, two cupfuls of mashed fresh peaches, and sufficient green coloring to tint the mixture delicately. Freeze, using eight parts of ice to one of salt. This recipe makes three quarts.

For *Lemon Tokay Sherbet*, combine three-fourths cupful of lemon juice and one and one-half cupfuls (*Continued on page 142*)

The Bulletin of the Month

This bulletin in mimeographed form will give you further interesting and unusual menus and recipes for the use of seasonable foods in September meals. Send for it to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York City, enclosing ten cents in stamps or money

Aside from food preservation the refrigerator is a convenience to housekeepers in chilling foods to be served cold

A Refrigerator Your

By Katharine A.

Photographs

SEPTEMBER marks the beginning of a National Food Preservation Program which will give wide attention to the importance of keeping the household food supply in good condition. Good Housekeeping Institute is deeply interested in this program, since for many years we have been investigating the various questions relating to food preservation in the home and passing on to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING readers the results of our work.

In the home preservation of food throughout the year, the household refrigerator plays a leading part, for spoilage of food is due to bacteria, the growth of which is retarded by low temperatures. Laboratory tests point to the need for storing the more perishable foods at a temperature below 50° F. Such a temperature can be maintained in the coldest part of the food compartment of any good iced refrigerator, at ordinary room temperature, provided the refrigerator is kept well iced. And a temperature below 50° F. will be maintained automatically in any part of the food compartment of a refrigerator equipped with a good refrigerating unit.

Good Housekeeping Institute has for years been testing household refrigerators for the purpose of providing home managers with a reliable buying guide in selecting a refrigerator. This guide is the Institute list of Tested and Approved refrigerators, a list which represents only a fraction of the many refrigerators tested at the Institute, since a large proportion of those tested have not been able to give a refrigerating service that met our standards for approval. Home managers who select a refrigerator approved by Good Housekeeping Institute have the assurance that their refrigerator will keep the household food supply in good condition.

Not only have we been testing refrigerators at the Institute and supplying home managers with a guide in their selection of this important piece of kitchen equipment, but we have also been giving instructions for using the refrigerator to the best advantage.

A good refrigerator, of any type, will give the best service if the food stored in it is not kept there more than a few days at a time. Milk and the salad greens, such as lettuce and romaine, will be freshest and richest in food value if used within a day, or two days at the most. So purchase the more perishable foods as frequently as convenient, or as your marketing conditions permit, and do not stock up ahead any more than is necessary.

In stocking up ahead the food compartment shelves are often overcrowded, and this hinders the necessary circulation of air in the refrigerator. Then, too, your refrigerator is frequently taxed to capacity in caring for the supply of perishable foods from day to day; so in stocking up ahead you may crowd out some of the foods that should be kept in the refrigerator. For the same reason, do not put in the refrigerator any foods that will keep just as well in the kitchen cabinet.

A good refrigerator of any type will render an important health service in your home if it is used as it should be. If we have good refrigeration, it is much easier to plan meals that will keep the family fit, meals in which milk, fruits, green vegetables, and other perishable foods are adequately represented, for all these foods should be kept in the freshest possible condition until they go to the table.

In planning their meals housekeepers find that sufficient storage space in the refrigerator is also an important factor. It not only prevents over-crowding, but greatly extends the service which a refrigerator may give in any home. For not only do we need the refrigerator for preserving perishable foods; we are continually using it for chilling the foods that are served cold. What is more convenient in preparing our meals than to have space in the refrigerator for desserts, salads, and other dishes to be served cold, so that they may be ready to take out, deliciously chilled, the last minute before serving? If there is generous space in the food compartment, we may also arrange our kitchen work more flexibly, for we may prepare the greater part of our luncheon or dinner in the morning, if it suits our convenience, and put it in the refrigerator ready to cook or to serve.

Then there is the extra refrigerator space so often needed when entertaining. In selecting a refrigerator, therefore, the capacity of the food compartment should receive careful consideration in order that the refrigerator may give the widest possible service.

At this season there may be some who still feel that they will need refrigerator service only as long as the warm days last. As a matter of fact, we are increasingly dependent upon good refrigeration all the year round. It is by no means a seasonal service, and therefore a refrigerator is not a seasonal investment. It is an investment for health, for convenience in meal planning and entertaining, and for economy in saving foods from spoilage every day in the year. The price we pay for a *good* refrigerator with food compartment space that will adequately meet our needs is money well spent, for the heated houses of today do not offer any safe or satisfactory place for the storage of the perishable food supply outside a good refrigerator at any season. The old practise of using window boxes is fortunately becoming a memory, since these boxes are rarely dust-proof, and when the weather turns cold they may allow the foods to freeze.

The practise of keeping the refrigerator on the back porch is also becoming a memory. It is being considered an essential piece of kitchen equipment and is most conveniently located right in the kitchen. A refrigerator equipped with a refrigerating unit is designed to operate in a room having ordinary room temperature. If it is installed in an unheated back entry where the temperature is below freezing, food is

That Meets Needs

Fisher, Director

By H. I. Williams

The most important function of a refrigerator is keeping the household food supply in good condition without waste

apt to freeze. If the temperature is not so low as freezing, but much colder than ordinary room temperature, the unit will not be obliged to work frequently to maintain good refrigerating temperatures, and because of the infrequent operation the temperature in the cooling unit may not be low enough to make ice cubes.

One question that comes to the mind of a person about to buy a refrigerating unit is the cost of operating it. An exact figure can not be given, for this will vary with the rate paid for electricity or gas, the size of the refrigerator, the amount of food stored, the number of ice cubes used, the number of times the door is opened each day, the food compartment temperature that the control has been set to maintain, and the temperature of the room in which the refrigerator is operated. As a guide, however, we can say that under our conditions of kitchen use we have used a refrigerator having a 7 cu. ft. food compartment with the use of about 1.6 kilowatt hours per day. At a seven-cent rate, such operation would cost about eleven cents per day.

Another question which is still asked by many women is how much noise the motor and unit will make. Most units have been improved to a point where they operate quietly. Sometimes, even the motor can not be heard when it starts. Other improvements, too, have been made; for example, the control mechanism on some refrigerators can be set so as to get a different food compartment temperature. Thus, if faster freezing of ice cubes or frozen mixtures in the trays is desired, the operator may change the setting.

As we have already stated, an iced refrigerator, to give good service, must be kept well stocked with ice, so that a safe refrigerating temperature may be constantly maintained. The ice compartment should be kept at least half full all the time by means of frequent deliveries, especially in the warmer months, and foods that spoil readily—such as milk, uncooked meat, and soup stock—should be stored in the coldest part of the food compartment. In the side-icer type of refrigerator, this is that part of the food compartment beneath the ice chamber, the warmest part being on the top shelf. With the top-icer type the coldest part is beneath the cold-air flue, the warmest part at the up-take flue. In selecting a refrigerator equipped with a refrigerating unit, it is well to inquire into the kind of servicing maintained by the dealers handling the different units in your locality. Servicing may be needed at some time, and, if so, a quick and satisfactory response to your call for service is important.

It is well to cover nearly all the food in any refrigerator. We have found that uncooked salad greens keep best in a tightly-covered dish if held in the refrigerator longer than a day. If they are used the day they are bought, or taken from the garden, a damp lettuce bag will keep them crisp and fresh. We have also found that home-made mayonnaise dressing should be stored at the warmest part of a refrigerator equipped with a refrigerating unit, or where the temperature is above 40° F., for the dressing will usually separate when taken from the refrigerator, if it is kept where the temperature is at 40° F. or less.

Foods which give off an odor should be kept in tightly-covered containers or placed on the top shelf of the food compartment, where the circulation of air will carry the odor directly into the ice chamber or cooling compartment. There is a variety of dishes obtainable which are especially designed for storing foods in a refrigerator. These come in heat-proof glass and enamel and are so shaped that one can rest upon another. In this way, they take up less space, and besides this, they can be taken directly from refrigerator to range for the warming over of foods.

The care of the refrigerator is simple. It is not necessary to give it a weekly scrubbing. Merely wash off the walls and shelves, when necessary, with luke-warm water and borax or a little soda. If food is accidently spilled, wipe it up at once. If you have an iced refrigerator, keep the drain pipe clean with the special brush for the purpose, and keep the trap clean by removing it and washing it thoroughly.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute
Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Refrigeration
the year round

OUR bulletin on refrigeration tells a great deal more than space permits in the article here. It will help you greatly in solving the problem of safe and economical food storage. "Refrigeration the Year Round" is only 15c postpaid. Send for a copy.

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Photograph Courtesy of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The lunch room director needs training for her work. Here are some future directors receiving their training in food preparation

The LUNCH HOUR *at* SCHOOL

By

Demetria M. Taylor

Of the Institute Staff

THIS is the month when children of all ages, brown and sturdy from two months in the out-of-doors, are strapping up their books, besieging stationers for gaily-colored pencil boxes or sober black note-books according to their age and inclination, and trudging back to school.

Perhaps they are also packing lunch-boxes—for surely no child over ten would allow Mother to do it! Perhaps they come home to lunch, or perhaps the school which they attend has wisely provided a cafeteria, under trained supervision, where they may purchase a healthful lunch for a small sum. No matter which of these three conditions is true, the luncheon which your child eats at noon deserves your thoughtful consideration.

In nursery schools, kindergartens, and the lower grades a simple mid-morning lunch of graham crackers and milk is usually provided, because it has been found that the introduction of these lunches leads to improvement in general health, gains in weight, and less restlessness in the schoolroom. No wonder that at the present time a mid-morning lunch has become a part of the regular program for young kindergarteners!

When, for one reason or another, children can not go home to lunch, a lunch-box must accompany them to school. The contents of such a box presents still another problem for Mother to solve. She must remember that it is not necessary to pack it with a bewildering variety of foods. Three or four kinds are enough, but one of them should be *warm*, so that easy and rapid digestion will take place.

Needless to say, the lunch-box should be packed carefully and attractively, so that when it is opened the contents will be both safe and appetizing. Let your daughter or your son learn to *prepare* a lunch and to *pack* it, using heavy wax-paper, paraffin cups with covers, a thermos bottle, and gay paper napkins. Your own attitude will determine whether this daily task becomes a tedious bore or an interesting game!

Sandwiches are easily made and easily carried. Furthermore, they contribute a great deal of nourishment and are usually well liked. Spread both sides of the bread lightly with butter before adding the filling. In the menu box which accompanies this article you will find several suggestions for fillings. Others, among an infinite variety, are chopped dried fruits such as raisins, dates, or figs, cooked prune pulp combined with ground nut meats, finely chopped raw vegetables in many combinations, and for older children, chopped cooked meat is permissible.

Milk should accompany the luncheon and may well become the basis

A NEW INSTITUTE BULLETIN

"Meals That Keep the Family Fit" is an Institute Bulletin just off the press. The title describes the contents, for this bulletin deals with the planning of healthful meals for both children and grown-ups. Not only does it answer the question, "What are healthful meals?" but it shows you some approved menus for such meals. Send twenty-five cents to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at Eighth Avenue, New York City

of the one warm dish in the form of cream soup, vegetable chowder, or weak cocoa, which will keep hot and be easily carried in a thermos bottle. Compact lunch-boxes like the one illustrated provide a place for a small thermos bottle.

Salads of fruits or vegetables may be packed in paraffined cups with tight-fitting covers and are especially welcome in the warm days of early fall and late spring. Gelatine salads which contain fruit or raw vegetables are easily packed in individual molds.

A raw fruit, such as an orange, apple, or ripe banana, is easy to pack and makes a healthful and refreshing accompaniment to the rest of the lunch, or a simple and appetizing dessert. Other desserts might be plain cake, one or two plain cookies, a baked custard, a piece of milk chocolate, or a few dates, as these are all acceptable sweets.

When a child comes home to lunch, the problem is much simpler, for a nourishing warm dish is easily supplied. This, with bread and butter, milk to drink, and a simple dessert, provides an adequate luncheon for the school child. Hurrying through lunch, however, must be ruled out for the sake of good digestion.

Fortunate is the child whose school provides a cafeteria directed by a woman especially trained in nutrition and lunch room management, where a healthful lunch, carefully planned, prepared, and served awaits him daily. In some cities a director of school lunch rooms is employed by the Board of Education, for the supervision of the lunch room service in all the city schools.

In a few exceptionally fine schools where "child-health-school" experiments are carried on under the direction of such splendidly trained women as Lydia J. Roberts of Chicago University, the noon lunch becomes a part of the health lesson. Here it certainly belongs, since it becomes a means of developing the right food habits. During the health lesson the children learn why a certain food, like milk, is needed. Their interest in this food is aroused through skilful teaching; they want to learn to like it, and while attitude and interest are right, the lunch hour gives them immediate opportunity to eat that particular food. Faulty or "finicky" food habits are forgotten, training in food selection is established, and a lifetime of good eating habits is inaugurated. Many other schools teach these things in the domestic science or hygiene classes and are building programs which are constantly improving and of which they may well be proud.

Miss Roberts says in her book, "Nutrition Work with Children": "The educational supervisor, or the lunch-room teacher as she might properly be called, requires the same type of training as outlined for the nutrition supervisor. In some situations, indeed, the two positions may be merged into one . . . full success demands the services of at least one person who is specially trained in nutrition, and who has time to devote to the supervision and unification of the nutrition work throughout the school."

Would that School Boards and Superintendents throughout the country could hear and be impressed with the importance of this need!

Truly unfortunate is the child in a school where the lunch room is managed by an unscrupulous concessionaire who provides only "hot-dogs," hamburg sandwiches, "pop," dill pickles, chocolate bars, and "loose" milk instead of bottled milk for the daily luncheon menu.

Recently, in one of our largest cities, the newspapers gave editorial attention to the outrageous conditions existing in the lunch rooms of its schools. Lack of sanitation, the kind and quality of the food, and the fact that "loose" milk is served in the face of all health regulations have caused the citizens of this city to demand official investigation with consequent improvement in conditions.

The women citizens of any city should realize that the school lunch room is a civic problem, and that the solution of this problem lies to a great extent in their hands. It is a challenge to them and to their community consciousness to see that conditions in their town or city are the finest possible. Women all over the country have risen gallantly to meet this problem. Women's clubs and other organizations of community-minded women have taken it upon themselves to demonstrate the value of a proper school lunch to the school authorities. They have realized that such work has a definite educational value, and that it is an important factor in reducing malnutrition.

As mothers of school children all over the United States, you will surely accept this challenge! Whether your children eat the noon lunch at home, carry it in a lunch-box, or eat in a school lunch room or cafeteria, the *responsibility is yours*. Whether it is a home or community problem, we know that you will solve it to the satisfaction of yourself and your neighborhood.

ADEQUATE LUNCHEONS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

BOX LUNCHES

Cottage Cheese and Lettuce Sandwich on Whole Wheat Bread
White Bread and Jelly Sandwich
Apple Sponge Cake
Cocoa (Thermos)

Vegetable Salad in Glass Jar
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Orange Raisin Cake
Cocoa (Thermos)

Cream Cheese and Pineapple Jam on Whole Wheat Bread
Raw Carrot and Green Pepper Sandwich on White Bread
Baked Custard Cookie
Cocoa (Thermos)

Cream of Spinach Soup (Thermos)
Chopped Bacon and Egg Sandwich on White Bread
Sliced Fruit (in glass jar) Cookie

Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich on White Bread
Whole Wheat Raisin Bread and Butter Sandwich
Fresh Fruit Plain Cake
Cocoa (Thermos)

LUNCHES SERVED AT SCHOOL OR AT HOME

Vegetable Chowder
Whole Wheat and Lettuce Sandwich
Apple Sauce Cocoa

Spanish Rice with Bacon
Raw Vegetable Salad Milk
Fruit Ice Cream

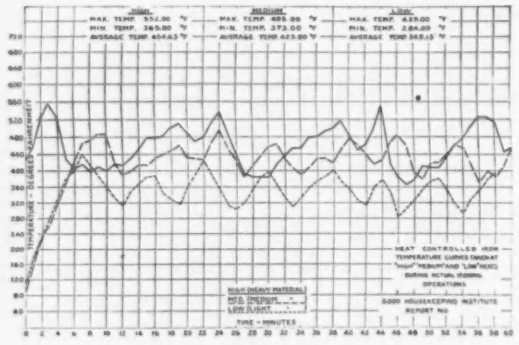
Creamed Codfish with Hard-Cooked Egg
Buttered Spinach Rye Bread
Cookies Cocoa

Split Pea Soup with Diced Bacon
Lettuce Sandwiches on Whole Wheat Bread
Stewed Pears Milk

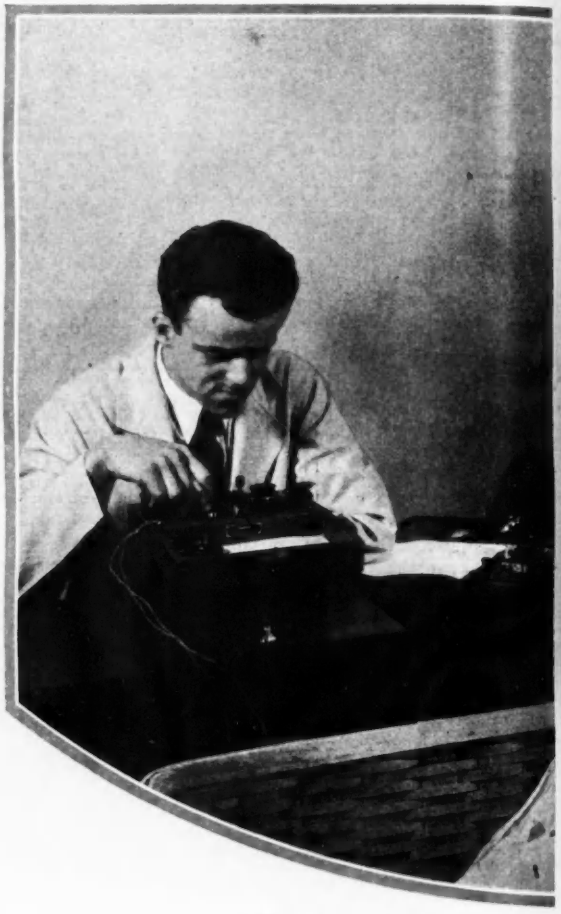
Scalloped Vegetables
Raisin Bread Milk
Orange

Cream of Carrot Soup
Fruit Salad Brown Bread
Plain Cake Cocoa

Children find preparing and packing a lunch an interesting project



This chart shows the temperature maintained by the heat control of an automatic iron when it is set at "low," "medium," and "high"



Every heat-controlled iron approved tested by taking the temperature

How Hot Should

By Helen Whitson Kendall

And Curtis C. Wyrtzen

Of the Institute Staff

FROM earliest days, women have depended upon the age-old method of the "sizzling finger" as an indicator of the proper time to start ironing. Nor did this method cease when the modern electric iron came into vogue. It was not until washable silks, sheer cottons and newer fabrics made from the synthetic fibers crept into the wash basket that the desirability and convenience of maintaining a controlled temperature became apparent. Up to this time the experienced ironer had been able to regulate her iron by the "plug in or out" method with a fair degree of satisfaction. The less experienced, however, sometimes reached the scorch point before pulling the plug, thereby ruining a delicate fabric, or neglected to plug in until the iron was too cool, consequently wasting time by reheating. A desire to rectify these uncertain methods caused the various manufacturers to produce the heat-regulated iron, the latest development in electric irons. This type of iron has a thermostatically operated switch that automatically turns the current on and off as the iron heats and cools.

Good Housekeeping Institute has always been foremost in the investigation of new appliances as they have been offered to the home manager by manufacturers. With the coming of automatic, heat-controlled irons the old question arose, What is their value in the home? No less than ten of these irons have been received in the laundry laboratories of the Institute for test. In some of them a small lever may be set to the words, "wool, silk, cottons, linens," etc. —in others, only the words, "low, medium and high," with intermediate points, appear, but in all the principle is essentially the same—to hold the iron at a temperature suitable for the work being done.

A number of contributing factors complicate the heat-controlling action of a smoothing iron. First, the iron is in constant motion; second, the material being ironed is dampened; and third, there is a vast difference in the speed with which people iron—for example, the fastidious ironer is apt to move her iron more slowly, thus allowing the iron to maintain constant heat. In consideration of these problems tests were conducted using light-weight, medium-weight, and heavy-weight materials. For the light-weight materials, light silks were used. The iron was set for low temperature, and ironing was continued at this setting for one hour; then heavy, wet linens were ironed for the same length of time. This test was carried on with each and every iron tested, totaling thirty hours of actual ironing.

Before making the tests mentioned above, it was decided that the only practical way of determining the value of the heat control was to take the actual temperature of the sole plate during ironing operations. For this purpose a hole was drilled in the sole plate of each in such a manner that the bottom of the hole was just beneath the surface. A temperature-measuring device was inserted in this hole, and the readings were obtained of the exact temperature of the sole plate. During the tests a check was also kept of the power readings to determine when the thermostats operated.

Both heat-controlled and non-heat-controlled irons were used in these tests in order that a comparison could be made. The same operator used each iron to eliminate any variations that might exist in the speed of ironing of different operators.

The question of proper dampening of clothes is one which was given careful consideration before the ironing tests were started. Silks were hung for a short period of time and then rolled in heavy bath towels. By this method the silks were of proper dampness and when ironed did not have the stiff appearance which too hot an iron and too much dampness give them. Cottons and linens were thoroughly dried, dampened, and allowed to stand for several hours so as to dampen each fiber thoroughly and yet not make it too wet. It is fair to say that the proper dampening of clothes is a large part of the ironing story, and that too much dampening is responsible for the remark we hear so often, "My iron will not get hot enough."

Our tests proved that the low setting of the heat control was of great value when ironing light materials, as the thermostat cut in and out at regular intervals, thus maintaining the iron at an ideal temperature. The worth of such a control is obvious to any woman accustomed to using an iron, and this feature in itself makes this new type of iron of outstanding convenience.

by Good Housekeeping Institute is
of the sole plate while ironing

This iron has been prepared for test. Note the wires leading from the heat measuring device inserted in the sole plate

An Investigation of Heat-Controlled Irons by Good Housekeeping Institute

YOUR IRON BE?

The ironing of heavy table linens, which, to be ironed satisfactorily, must be ironed when quite damp, revealed the fact that the heat control set at the highest point scarcely, if ever, operated. In other words, the maximum current consumed by the ordinary electric iron is not more than is needed when doing this type of work. As a matter of fact, when ironing very heavy tablecloths, we found that it was wise to slow up the ironing process, particularly at the start, so as to allow time for the iron to regain proper temperature after the first loss of heat from the wet cloth.

This means that the highest setting of the thermostatic switch has little value as a heat control. Its value as a safety feature, however, is fully as important a story. If your iron was accidentally left upon the stand or heel rest there would be little or no danger from fire. Many serious fires have been caused by leaving an electric iron on the ironing board with the current on while the ironer was called away. The safety feature of the heat-controlled iron, therefore, can not be over-estimated.

In addition to the ironing of silks, cottons, and linens, some interesting experiments were made in the ironing of the fabrics made from the synthetic fibers. Those made by the acetate process, as we have stated in previous articles, require a low-temperature iron to prevent damaging the material. These tests brought out the fact that such materials *can not be ironed* with the heat control set at the lowest point. The safest method to follow is to heat the iron for three or four minutes and then try it carefully on a corner of the material. If the iron does not stick or rough-up, it is of the proper temperature, and the iron should be disconnected until such time as a little more heat is desired. Among the silk lingerie used in our tests, we found a number of articles which were a combination of silk and one of these new synthetic fibers. Users of electric irons throughout the country will undoubtedly encounter just such problems as we have in our tests, and we feel that it would be desirable for manufacturers to provide a still lower setting on the regulator than they are using.

It is extremely difficult to give definite temperatures for ironing various fabrics. As we have said before, the fact that the iron is in motion and the material wet causes quite a variance in the temperature of the sole plate as the iron moves over the material. In ironing fabrics containing cellulose acetate fibers, a temperature as low as 275° F. is desirable; in fact, the temperature should not go above this point. For silks and fabrics made from the other synthetic fibers, the average temperature of the sole plate should be about 350° F. The difference between medium heat and high heat is more likely to be due to the difference in the type of garment being ironed than to difference in the kind of fabric. For example, dresses, shirts, etc., which require considerable adjustment on the ironing board, may be more safely ironed on medium heat than high heat. We found that a temperature of about 425° F. represented medium heat and about 475° F. high heat. Remember, these temperatures have been made by actual measurement while ironing.

Summing up the results of our tests, the following conclusions can be drawn:

1. The greatest value of the heat control is its ability to maintain proper temperatures for ironing light materials such as silks and sheer cottons. This control is entirely automatic, and the operator can iron over a period of time without giving thought to connecting or disconnecting the iron.

2. We find that the lowest setting of the heat control on irons manufactured at the present time is not low enough for the ironing of some of the new fabrics made from synthetic fibers. However, we venture to predict that in the near future irons will be made with a control setting low enough to take care of this type of work.

3. The intermediate settings between low and medium and medium and high are of value when ironing materials of medium-weight articles such as men's shirts, which are in the medium class because of the time involved in adjusting the sleeves, collars, cuffs, etc., on the board. These settings have value also in taking up the difference between a slow and a rapid ironer.

4. We feel that there is no question but that the high setting has little or no value as a heat control. The value of the high setting in our opinion is the safety feature.

The TRUTH About ALUMINUM

Since the Truth Does Not Change, We Are Reprinting an Article By

Dr. A. S. Cushman

With a Foreword By

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley

IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for March, 1915, was an article by Dr. A. S. Cushman with regard to the use of aluminum cooking vessels. At that early date quite a degree of criticism was in circulation, to the effect that aluminum was not a suitable metal for cooking utensils, by reason of the erosion that took place, with the necessary introduction of aluminum salts into the stomach. Even then claims were made, and sometimes by apparently scientific authorities, that aluminum was easily dissolved by the foods, in quantities which were a real threat to health.

In order to settle this matter in an impartial way, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING decided to make a rigid examination of all the facts in the case, and authorized me to plan this investigation and secure a proper and reliable chemical authority to carry the investigation into effect. At that time the Institute of Industrial Research, located at Washington, D. C., was conducting the work of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health. There were two reasons which led me to select this laboratory for the research work necessary. First, it was in Washington where I could easily consult with the chemists in charge of the work and have it more or less under my personal supervision. In the second place, the Director of the laboratory was an eminent chemist of high standing. Any results which he obtained would carry convincing weight.

After planning the character of the work, the only instruction I gave Dr. Cushman was to find the actual facts, uncolored by any pre-formed ideas which he or I might have concerning the use of aluminum ware for cooking utensils. Dr. Cushman carried out the investigation in a thoroughly scientific manner. He put his findings into form after he had gone over them with me in great detail, and I entirely agreed with his conclusions and the manner in which he presented them.

Inasmuch as the issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for March, 1915, is out of print, and to be found only in libraries, it is desirable that Dr. Cushman's article be republished.

In the nearly fifteen years that have elapsed since GOOD HOUSEKEEPING sponsored the investigation, no scientific evidence has been produced to controvert a single one of our findings. It is true that attacks upon aluminum ware have been, and are being, made, but I have seen no real evidence that aluminum ware is harmful. Unfortunately, some irresponsible and many careless and prejudiced persons have had a hearing in this matter, so we think it is desirable that the truth be restated. Here, then, is Dr. Cushman's original article:

AS almost every one knows, aluminum is an extremely light, silvery-white metal. These two qualities particularly make it peculiarly desirable for cooking—and miscellaneous household utensils. In addition, it is claimed that for cooking utensils aluminum has an added advantage over tinned or enameled ironware, in that it possesses a higher heat conductivity and heat capacity (specific heat) than either. On this account there is claimed for it a decided economical advantage. By a series of careful tests, in which the three types of vessels were used, it was demonstrated that no overwhelming advantage can reasonably be claimed for any particular type of cooking utensil on these grounds. One point which was clearly brought out with reference to all the materials was that it is of the greatest importance that cooking utensils should be kept clean and bright.

But the main test was undertaken for the purpose of determining the truth about aluminum, once for all. Is it a safe metal in which to prepare foods for daily consumption? In other words, is aluminum acted on by the ordinary food juices and other media used in the kitchen to such an extent as to threaten dangerous contamination by metallic salts?

Aluminum utensils for kitchen use are of two kinds: the heavier utensils made of cast aluminum, such as are frequently used for preserving kettles and frying-pans; and the thinner stamped and spun utensils. The latter are formed out of sheet aluminum and subsequently shaped and polished by the method known as spinning. The heavier, cast utensils usually contain from about five to seven percent of copper alloy. The lighter, stamped and spun utensils are usually approximately pure. Chemical analyses of a large number of utensils from different manufacturers, showed that the only impurities contained in vessels of this type vary from one- to two-tenths per cent of iron, with a very small fraction of a percent of silicon. The extreme purity of aluminum utensils is very much in favor of this element, as impurities in a metal increase its tendency to suffer from corrosion, and it follows from the underlying principles governing corrosion that when it takes place soluble substances are likely to be formed which might contaminate foods that come in contact with them.

A large number of fruits and vegetables are decidedly acid in their character. For this reason this subject of attack of dilute organic acids was thoroughly investigated. In addition to this, salt is usually present in cooking operations, and as the combination of salt and dilute acid was said to have a more corrosive effect than a dilute acid alone, this point had to be taken into consideration.

The attack of half-percent acetic-acid (vinegar) solutions in distilled water on stamped and spun aluminum utensils during an hour's boiling was found to be very small. It was slightly greater, however, if half a percent of salt was also present, and was about the same if the solution of acetic acid and salt was allowed to stand in a vessel cold for two days. No attack apparent to the eye was observed on the metal surface. The action of these dilute solutions when made with distilled water was greater than when most city waters or well waters are used. Also these test solutions were of much greater acid strength than is occasioned by any ordinary cooking operations. A one-half percent acetic-acid solution such as was used in these tests corresponds to a strength of acid which would be represented by mixing one-fifth of a pint of vinegar in a quart of water.

The actual loss in weight suffered by the aluminum ware in these experiments, as the average of a number of separate tests, was equal to about 0.3 of a grain of aluminum per pound of the acid water used, and about 0.35 of a grain per pound of the salted acid water used. The ruling of the Food Inspection Board of the U. S. Department of Agriculture with respect to the allowable quantity of tin (*Continued on page 130*)

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 113*)

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Negligée from Jay-Thorpe *Dressing Table from R. H. Macy*

BY Ruth Murrin

Telling fortuner in the Twenties

WHEN you are twenty, you take beauty for granted. Bright eyes, shining hair, clear color, a fine skin—you expect to have these all your life. When you have your fortune told, you listen with both ears to find out whether you are going to marry money and travel by air, but it never occurs to you to wonder whether you will still have a fresh skin at thirty. This is natural, because in the twenties the world is so wide and full of promises that it is hard to imagine anything but a happy ending.

But, as a serious student of feminine fortunes, I assure you that a good complexion can do more to bring that happy ending than the most curious lines in your palm or heralding your birth, or a skyful of the happiest of stars.

A fine, clear skin is an outward and visible sign of a good constitution, sound nerves, and abounding vitality. It tells much about the habits of its possessor, too, for good hygiene, fastidious cleanliness, and daily care usually go with a good complexion. It is true that the laws of old Mother Nature can be flouted outrageously without showing ill effects for some time. The skin is marvelously resilient and adaptable. But a little carelessness, repeated day after day, will in time take toll. The sweet girl graduate, escaping from the watchful eye of her family and the sensible diet and regular hours of home and college, may feel like sowing a wild oat or two in the way of late hours, ill-chosen food, slack cleansing, or poor cosmetics, and a little fling of this kind will not do any harm if it doesn't last too long. But many a girl doesn't realize that she has fallen into naughty little ways that are ruining her skin until one day she happens to pick up a magnifying mirror and sees herself as others see her. It is a wholesome thing for every one of us to gaze into one of these startlingly truthful looking-glasses once in a while, and in the middle twenties the revelation may impel you to save your complexion.

In this country in most sections the atmosphere is clear and dry, summers burning hot and winters frigid cold. The result is that the average woman has a dry skin—one that peels when the icy winds blow or when the sun shines. The tiny capillaries in the skin of the cheeks and nose become permanently congested under exposure to intense cold. The delightful, fresh color of youth gradually turns to a sallow, yellow brown. Careless cleansing and inadequate protection add their bit to the injury done by weathering, and in the late twenties girls come rushing to the beauty specialist to ask for a cream that will undo overnight the work of years and years of neglect.

Fortunately something can be done, but not of course, overnight. Perfect cleansing alone will do wonders. There are all sorts of ways to achieve this nowadays. Some use soap and warm water rinsed away with quarts of cold water, and need nothing else. Others like to cleanse with cream first and follow this with a soap and water bath. Some like the soluble cream and water cleansing, others the cream plus the liquid cleanser, and still others swear by the liquid cleanser alone. Whichever method you use, it should be done with religious regularity. The prejudice some people have against soap can be traced back easily to the fact that half the time they do not trouble to rinse off the soap properly. Creams are generally used too sparingly; they must be generously used for real cleansing, and for perfect results every vestige of the soiled cold cream removed, first with facial tissues and then with a liquid to wash away the tiny remnants of oil remaining, either a freshening tonic or soap and water.

Whichever method you use, take your time and be lavish with your materials. Learn the little smoothing, spanking motions that wake up the lazy circulation, and send the blood up close to the surface.

If the skin is perfectly cleansed in the twenties, it needs little else to keep its youthful fineness. An overnight tissue cream for those who peel, and a protecting lotion or good powder base during the day will protect a sensitive skin that is apt to be coarsened by the harsh effects of wind and weather. Simple, these measures, but working wonders for the years to come—the thirties and the forties and for ever after.

YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS

Ruth Murrin's monthly bulletins about good looks and good grooming now have a cover and a name. The cover is blue and the name is "The Powder Puff." What every girl in the twenties should know about looking her best is told in "The Powder Puff" this month; it will be sent you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please!

Don't forget that if you want a complete booklet on how to be beautiful, you should send for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness," price 25c. Please address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City

SUMMER!

yet your
POWDER CLINGS
Rouge Stays On and
you look
ALWAYS LOVELY

SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters . . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. Adorable summer tan, if you like; for that is the mode. But you MUST remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids YOU MAY.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a marvelous SUMMER-PROOF make-up. Why, you can actually go in swimming and come out with color PERFECT—or dance through the evening divinely assured of absolutely lasting beauty.

For this wonderful make-up that will LAST, you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. ONLY, you see, Ice Astringent cools the skin for hours, keeps pores at normal fineness, and imparts supremely beautiful smoothness to skin texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color that moisture SIMPLY CANNOT AFFECT. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—one of the softest, most clinging ever made.

And Joy of Joys is Summertan Rouge!

Just think! Make-up that is SUMMERPROOF. ROUGE that INSTANTLY gives more glorious tan than the sun ever did. Not one woman in a thousand actually sunburns beautifully.

EVERY WOMAN—whether blonde or brunette—acquires marvelous sun tan loveliness from Princess Pat Summertan ROUGE. It exactly reproduces the enchanting flush—the tawny blend of gold and red—on the beauteous blonde, or the deep, throbbing, dusky red of the gypsy brunette.

Too, Princess Pat has for you Princess Pat Summertan POWDER . . . an original and most beautiful powder for the fashionable sun tan effects.

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set

Princess Pat Summertan Rouge and Summertan Powder—in generous amounts come to you in the famous Princess Pat Week End Set. Also Ice Astringent Cold Cream, Tissue Cream, and Lip Rouge . . . lip rouge to HARMONIZE with the new vogue. This is your opportunity. The new creations in the Week End Set will give you the most stunningly beautiful make-up of the fashionable world . . . and summer proof make-up at that.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd. ★

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-899, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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Street .....
City and State .....

Convertible Bonds

By Ruth Boyle

"BONDS in general were dull, but convertibles were active" is a comment which has become very familiar to readers of the financial pages in the newspapers during the past year. In a period like the present, when bonds are depressed, money rates high, and stocks unusually popular as investments, it is sometimes difficult even for corporations of high standing to sell a new issue of bonds at a moderate rate of interest. At the same time the bondholder begins to envy the profits of stockholders, but while he would like very much to share in these profits, he is not quite ready to give up the high degree of safety and the regular income he enjoys from his bonds. In this state of mind he turns to convertible bonds as a happy medium. These are bonds which, at the option of the owner, may be exchanged for other securities of the corporation.

The convertible bond, as a rule, is issued by corporations because they can then obtain a better market price than they could for a bond without this privilege. It is bought by investors because they wish to combine in one investment the certainty and safety of a well-secured bond with the promise of a speculative profit. Usually the conversion privilege permits the exchange of a bond for common stock. The purchaser buys a bond, plus an option on the stock at a definite figure, which he may exercise or not as he chooses. This explains why the bond is active when the stock is active, and why the price of the bond is subject to abrupt fluctuations, moving up or down with the market price of the common stock of a corporation.

The investor who wants bond security and stock profits naturally must pay for the speculative possibilities when he buys the bond. In other words, he pays more for his bond than it is worth on a pure investment basis, because he hopes to profit when the common stock rises in value. Thus, an American Telephone and Telegraph 4½ percent bond would probably sell around par on a pure investment basis, but the convertible bond bearing this interest sold in June for 143. Consequently, a prospective purchaser should consider carefully whether the security is worth the price he is paying. The bond, as a straight income-bearing security, should be a sound one, and the growth of the company for several years back should be healthy enough to justify the hope that the market price of the common stock will rise considerably in the future. If these two conditions are met, the straddle between safety and speculation can be made.

The conditions of the convertible privilege should be studied before a bond is bought. These name the security for which the bond may be exchanged, tell at what price or ratio the exchange may be made, and specify the time limits of the privilege. A convertible bond is not always exchangeable for the common stock of the corporation. Sometimes it is convertible into preferred stock, sometimes into both common and preferred, sometimes only into another bond. The price or ratio for the exchange may be the same as long as the bond is convertible. Thus Allegheny Corporation convertible 5's, 1949, may be exchanged, until June 1, 1944, for seven shares of preferred stock at $100 and 10 shares of its common stock at $30. In other cases the ratio changes progressively. Richfield Oil Convertible 6's, 1944, may be exchanged for 18 shares of common stock until April 30, 1932, for 17 shares during the next three years, for 16 shares during the next three, and so on. The expectation of the directors is, of course, that the common stock will be worth more each year, and that the conversion privilege will be valuable, whether the investor chooses to make the exchange for 18 shares in 1930 or for 14 shares in 1943.

The time limits for convertibility should be noted by the investor. A bond may be called convertible, though in reality the privilege is not yet available, or it may have already expired. Naturally, when a valuable privilege expires, the market price of the bond drops abruptly.

For this reason, and because in some ways it involves a stock risk, the owner should keep his eye on a convertible bond. It is good for investors in any kind of securities to follow them and check up on their standing now and then, but this is especially necessary in the case of convertibles.

It is always a cause for astonishment to bankers and seasoned investors that so many people will buy a convertible security, paying for this speculative factor in addition to the true investment value of the bond, and then neglect to take advantage of their profits. A classic example, mentioned in "Investments" by David F. Jordan, is that of the St. Paul 7's of 1905, wherein the holders of $500,000 in bonds elected to accept redemption at par rather than convert into stock which might immediately have been sold at 70 percent above par.

A more recent case concerns the Anaconda Copper Mining Company Convertible Debenture 7's. As a result of the rise in the value of the stock, these bonds were selling at about double their par value this spring when the Company decided to issue additional common stock. Rights to subscribe for the new stock at a figure considerably below market price were given to the stockholders. In order to obtain their rights, which were worth about $30 each, the holders of convertible bonds had to exchange their bonds for stock. If the owner of a $1000 bond did not convert within the time set, he would lose the value of 15.4 rights, or about $460. However, in spite of the wide publicity given to this opportunity, a good many persons passed by this chance to make an unusual profit.

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities

Marvin T. Jones, *look* at that towel!"

WE SYMPATHIZE, Mrs. Jones. It does seem as though your husband might have put off using that pet towel until sometime when he hadn't been fixing the car.

Yet, maybe it isn't such bad luck after all! You've probably read about Fels-Naptha Soap and its *extra* help. This rather stubborn washing job is an opportunity to try it out—and what you learn, will make *all* your washing easier.

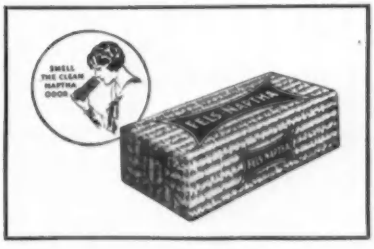
Get some Fels-Naptha, Mrs. Jones, and meet this *extra* help face to face. Unwrap the bar and smell the naptha. There's plenty of it . . . and naptha is the safe gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use. So Fels-Naptha brings you two cleaners instead of one—not "just soap," but good, golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together.

Now wash your "almost ruined" towel with Fels-Naptha—and watch as you wash. See how easily the brisk, busy soap and naptha suds loosen the dirt. See how even grease smudges come off without hard rubbing. Then, as you rinse it, look! It's fresh and spotless; and with so much less work on your part than you expected! That is what we mean by *extra* help — that is what Fels-Naptha brings you, whether you are doing a single piece or the weekly wash.

Fels-Naptha works well in washing machine or tub; in hot, cool or lukewarm water or when the clothes are soaked or boiled. It is gentle both to hands and clothes. It is excellent for general household cleaning, too. Just try it for any soap-and-water task, Mrs. Jones, and we're certain you too will agree that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

P. S. to brides: Don't wait until your husband misuses one of your "show" towels! Put Fels-Naptha on your grocery list today and have its *extra* help for your next wash.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

Looking at it from any angle, you will find no smarter reflection of good taste than this hosiery of Bemberg. And the more you wear them and wash them and wear them and wash them the greater will be your amazement that such lovely hose should last so long.

This is the experience of over 2,600,000 women in the past twelve months.

Bemberg
BRAND YARN

AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION
180 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

Bowed Legs

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

A child of seventeen months, whom I had not seen since she was a wee baby, walked into the office the other day, and I was shocked to see that she had very bowed legs. Shocked because when the mother had proudly written me of her growth and development, not a word had been said about *bones!* When I asked the mother about it, she said the change had come so gradually that she "had hardly recognized it until some one exclaimed when passing the little girl on the street."

"Now," said the mother, "can we fix it at once?"

Alas! it is not so easy as that!

What causes it? you ask. Primarily, rickets or some nutritional disturbance resulting in soft bones. We do not believe it is inherited, nor do we think that the weight of a large child in itself will cause bones to bend, unless they are softer than normal. So often you hear it said that the child "walked too soon." If there is no sign of rickets and the diet is *right*, when a child physiologically, regardless of actual age, is ready to sit alone, to pull up to a standing position, or to walk, the long bones should be ready to do their part without bending.

Legs which have never been subjected to any weight bearing are often found to be bowed. On the other hand, when the bones are already soft, standing for too long periods will tend to increase the curve, even if the child is light in weight for her age and height. So you see that standing and walking do play a part, though not causing the condition.

To refresh your memory about rickets, look up the GOOD HOUSEKEEPING article for March, 1928.

Mothers are given cod-liver oil or the allied dried preparations during their pregnancy period; they use sunlight on the skin in summer and the sun lamp in winter; they make a special point of eating the correct foods in an effort to start the child with a good calcium and mineral balance.

Tiny babies, whether breast or bottle fed, are now given cod-liver oil from the early weeks on. The value of sun baths is so well known that there is a regular time of day (in the summer before 10:30 a.m. and after 3:30 p.m.) set aside for it. All these things are advised for their ricket-preventing quality. If in spite of everything you do, ricket signs develop (hollow chest, flaring ribs, prominent abdomen, bowed legs or knock-knees) or if the child seems late in doing such usual things as sitting alone, standing, or creeping, ask your doctor about it.

Signs which point toward a calcium disturbance other than rickets, or to faulty assimilation, are an unusually low muscle tone (soft, flabby muscles) and easily produced fatigue. The child looks older than his age and has a rather "wizened" appearance. He whines easily and becomes tired on slight exertion. The exact connection between such so-called "low-calcium symptoms" and rickets is hard to determine, but it is well for mothers to be on the look-out for them, also.

Be sure that your child is having the diet suitable for his age; that because of a fractious appetite or some idiosyncrasy an essential factor which would build good bones, muscle, and blood is not being overlooked. Then watch the legs as carefully as you would the chest or head for any deformity. The legs of new-born babies often show a slight curving from knee to ankle, due probably to the bent thigh and position of the knee during the long prenatal months. This tends to correct itself. If it is pronounced, use your fingers to spring the bones toward the straight line with a gentle motion, being careful not to make pressure on either knee or ankle. To be effective at all, this must be done several times a day for two to three minutes at a time. (Its chief virtue may be in the comfort it gives the mother to feel that she is doing something which may help, rather than in straightening the little legs!)

When the bowing appears from the eighth to the ninth month on, then see your doctor about cod-liver oil and sun baths. Ask about giving extra calcium (other than that found in milk and vegetables) with the possible addition of the gland factor (parathyroid) which makes the utilization of such calcium possible. Chart the curve! Draw an outline on paper, a rough measure but better than nothing. Photograph the legs from front, side, and back with the child standing. Do this at three-month intervals and compare for changes. Then work out a routine so that for every hour the child plays on his feet, he has ten or fifteen minutes rest, either sitting or lying down. This can be done without calling undue attention to it or the reason for it, so that no self-consciousness or inferiority feeling will develop. You may find that putting him in his carriage or go-cart for short intervals each hour will work, or encouraging him to play in the sand pile then, or with blocks on the floor.

Nature helps us out. It is comforting to know this in the matter of curved legs. They *tend* to grow straighter in time, except the most exaggerated cases. But usually the curve leaves its mark. It may never entirely disappear, so mothers can not just sit back and do nothing.

Josephine H Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Piquante — Vivacious — Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says beautiful Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II. "Be always meticulously groomed, *toujours soignée!* For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet to America we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely.

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Freshener tones and firms the skin, and the delicious Vanishing Cream keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations!"

WOMEN OF ELEGANCE in every land follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are softer, more absorbent—a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, preserve youthful contours.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II, *née Janine Voisin of Paris, is the bride of the young scientist-sportsman of this famous American family. A radiant "October blonde," her golden hair and brown eyes contrast with her fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold!*

(left) *On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing.*

(right) *Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness.*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. W
109 Hudson Street · · · · New York City
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CRINKLE CUPS ★

Appearance *does* count.

But appearance is only one advantage of Crinkle Cups.

They retain moisture—Keep cakes as fresh as the moment they come from the oven.

Your cakes will not burn on the bottom.

You don't have to wash greasy tins.

You can buy Crinkle Cups at 5c and 10c stores and the larger chain stores.

But we are offering a special family package of 1000 cups graduated in 9 sizes from a large cup cake size—to a very small size. Fill in the coupon below.

CRINKLE CUPS

GH 9-29

Oldmill Paper Products Corporation,
Linden Street, Cor. Prospect Ave., B'klyn, New York
Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me special family package consisting of 9 sizes of Crinkle Cups, 1000 in all.

Name.....

Address.....

My Department Store is.....

.....

The INSTITUTE FORUM

Prepares for September Days

Institute Notes

To many of our readers the month of September means the end of vacation days and the beginning of a new school term for the children. To some, it brings the problem of closing the summer camp or cottage and getting the winter home ready for occupancy. To others, it suggests gathering the last fruits of the garden and preserving them for future use. Whatever your special problem may be, perhaps this month's suggestions may offer timely help.

Closing the Summer Home

When you opened your summer home this year, did you find everything in readiness, or were there innumerable things to attend to before you could begin to enjoy the summer? If the latter was true, perhaps it was because certain things that should have been done in the fall when the house was closed were neglected. Why not plan this time to take care of such things so that the task of opening the house next year will be appreciably lightened?

Although some of the actual work of closing a house must be left until the last minute, much of it can be done many days ahead of time, thus minimizing the details of the last busy moments. To make sure that nothing is overlooked, it is a good plan to make a list of the things which must be given attention, and to check these on final inspection. Just what this list will include depends somewhat upon the type of house you have and the section of the country in which it is located. The following suggestions are offered as a guide:

1. Remove all table-runners, doilies, bureau scarfs, curtains, etc., and launder them before putting them away.

2. Cover furniture with slip-covers—inexpensive ones can be made of unbleached muslin. Remove spots from upholstered furniture and clean well with vacuum cleaner as a protection against moths.

3. If any summer woolens are to be stored in the house during the winter, it is well to be sure that they are clean and free from any stage of moth development or that of any other insect which might be destructive—See our article, "Foiling the Moth," in the May, 1929, issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

4. Strip beds of all covering and cover mattresses and pillows with clean sheets or unbleached muslin. In damp climates put several layers of paper between the mattress and the spring if it is not of the box type.

5. Treat surfaces which may rust, such as stoves, bed springs, screens, etc., with a little oil to prevent rusting.

6. Before putting away window screens and awnings, see that each is numbered to correspond to the window it fits.

7. Close all fireplace dampers. Make sure that gas, electricity, and water are shut off at the main outlets. Be certain that all water is drained off, and into the sink and traps of other waste pipes pour about a cupful of crude sweet oil. This will prevent sewer gas from entering the house.

8. Be careful not to leave a scrap of food which might attract mice or insects. Dispose of all food which can not be properly stored. Staples such as salt, sugar, and flour will keep, provided you have the right kind of moisture-proof and vermin-proof containers. Do not attempt to store corn-meal or any whole-grain cereal, or packages that have been opened. Remove everything from the refrigerator and wash it thoroughly. If it has a drain pipe leading out-of-doors, plug it up. Leave the refrigerator in the kitchen with all the doors open.

9. Dispose of all accumulated rubbish, particularly oil-treated cloths and other cloths that have been used for cleaning purposes. Put matches away in a tightly sealed tin box.

10. Finally, have all repairs made, if possible, before you leave. However, if this is not convenient, make a list of those needed, so that it can be consulted when they are to be attended to.

Be Ready for the First Chilly Days

If you gave your chimney and furnace proper attention in the spring, they are ready for immediate use. However, if this has not been done, they should be taken care of before the first fire is built. The chimney should be cleaned of all soot and incrustation. If there are any cracks or openings in it, these should be sealed. This should be done to the chimney of the summer house, too, before you leave it. Sooty deposits that have collected in the flue passages and smoke pipe of the furnace should also be cleaned out. Wire brushes, especially designed for cleaning such surfaces, should be used. Incidentally, these surfaces should be cleaned at regular intervals during the heating season. The water should be drained from the boiler to remove the accumulated sludge.

If you use a hot water heater, this should be cleaned before starting it for the first time in the fall. A stiff brush may be used for cleaning the heating coils, but first cover the burner well with paper to keep particles from lodging on it.

Reader Discoveries

Book Covers the Children Will Like

My kiddies were delighted last fall with the covers for their new school books that were made of beautiful, vivid wallpaper. From the Junior High School student down to the fourth grader, they were equally proud of these original covers. The lovely, bright papers were taken from sample books of wallpapers. Dealers will sometimes sell the last season's books for a small sum, or even give them away. By choosing the heavy, leather-finished papers, one is assured of durable covers.

Mrs. P. G. W., Chester, W. Va.

Assorted Fruits for Winter Use

I like to serve a fruit cocktail with Sunday dinner, and when I entertain my family is fond of fruit jelly desserts made with an assortment of fruit. In the winter time the cost of certain fresh fruits is almost prohibitive. We could have these combinations only on rare occasions until, inspired by commercially prepared fruit salad, I struck a happy idea. At the end of the canning season just as I was finishing the canning of peaches—the last fruit in our section of the country—I opened and reheated several jars of the following fruits: peaches, apricots, cherries, and pineapple. These I recanned in pint jars, making my own assortment something like this—two halves of peaches, pears, apricots, one slice of pineapple, and a dozen or more cherries. I sealed them by the open kettle method, and they remained as freshly preserved as if they had been canned separately. These made an attractive addition to the shelves of canned fruit, and now we have these fruits in our winter salads, cocktails, and desserts as often as we like.

Mrs. E. R. S., Craig, Colo.

Note

The Institute can not return discoveries and recipes unless return postage is enclosed.

DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," "Diet in Diabetes," and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire of The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

Not a Serious Injury

Would you mind telling me if I am right in supposing not only that pasteurized milk is safe and sanitary for school children, but that its nutritive value is not diminished by pasteurization.
W. B. O., Conn.

I think you may safely say that while it is possible that one of the vitamins in milk, namely, the antiscorbutic vitamin C, may be slightly injured at the temperature of 145° F maintained for half an hour, which is the usual prescribed degree for pasteurization, there is no other important injury to milk by this process. The pasteurization of milk either for domestic consumption or for schools is desirable unless the origin of the milk is known and the sanitary conditions of the dairy are beyond reproach. The ordinary milk of commerce derived from many different dairies, some of which are perhaps uninspected, in my opinion should always be subjected to pasteurization before use.

A Timely Interest

I want to thank you for the information which you gave me some time ago. I am sixteen years of age. More than half of my teeth are decayed and have already been filled. My parents say it is because I did not have any lime water when I was young. Both my sister and brother have good teeth because they had lime water in their milk when they were young. Could I in any possible way eat foods which contain lime? Would they now help me any? Is it possible to have a second crop of molar teeth?
Miss C. S. S., N. J.

You can not have a second growth of molar teeth. The front teeth are shed in early childhood and are replaced by permanent teeth. I suppose, when you arrived on this earth, your parents had changed their location so that you did not drink any water that had lime in it. There are other ways by which lime may be provided. Milk is rich in lime, and you should have had an abundant supply of milk in infancy and young childhood. Nearly all vegetables also contain lime. Lime alone, however, is not sufficient. Your food should contain an abundance of phosphoric acid. All cereal grains are rich in this substance. Usually cereals are so refined by the milling process that the greater part of the phosphoric acid therein is removed. Growing children who have an abundance of fruits and vegetables, and eat whole-ground, unbolted cereals, and drink a quart or more of milk a day rarely have bad teeth.

Without Authority

Will the use of aluminum cooking vessels cause cancer? Are fresh eggs and butter unfit for human consumption? In a series of health talks these statements were made.
Mrs. T. R. W., Ga.

I fear the lecturer on health has his facts somewhat befuddled. There is not a vestige of evidence to show that the use of aluminum cooking utensils causes cancer. There are perhaps no food products more valuable than butter and eggs. Of course, both butter and eggs may be decayed and for that reason inedible, but for no other.

There should be some way of licensing those who are teaching public health so as to prevent erroneous statements of this kind. The same is true of the use of radio in furthering public health education. This should not be considered in any way an attempt to prevent free speech, but when free speech conveys misinformation to the public, the effects can be corrected if it is in a printed sheet, but not if it is given over the radio or in a public address.

Supported By The Best Scientific Evidence

A friend of mine, who is very much against the vaccination of children, has shown me articles that condemned the practise. He also showed me statistics where children who were vaccinated have been more susceptible to disease than those who have not been vaccinated. His own child is three and one-half years old and has not had any disease so far. Up to the time of this discussion I had been contemplating vaccinating my eight-months-old baby. Will you be good enough to give me your opinion on the subject.
Mrs. S. W., N. Y.

You probably have been shown garbled statistics. This is a practise in which those who are opposed to vaccination sometimes indulge. All reliable and complete statistics show that vaccination against smallpox gives almost complete immunity. In the city of Washington children are not permitted to go to public schools if they have not been vaccinated. Before students are registered in the freshman class of Harvard they must file a certificate from a reputable physician showing that they have been vaccinated. I do not deny any one the privilege of holding opinions contrary to established facts. The courts have uniformly upheld the legality of excluding unvaccinated children from schools whenever the law has been tested.

Criticism in Form

Ordinarily your column in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING is very satisfactory reading, much more so than that of any other medical columnist, because your replies are thoroughly scientific and they tally with recent developments. However, your reply to C. C. M. of Texas in the April issue was, to use current slang, "not so good." It is true that most druggists and drug clerks sell commercial preparations of Sodium Hypochlorite containing as much as 4.5 per cent of available chlorine under various names, without being aware of their chemical identity, or that the different brands are the same product. But why pick on the druggists? Your medical brethren are likewise ignorant except, perhaps, in relation to the most widely advertised product.
Mr. F. A. D., S. D.

I am perfectly agreed to bring certain of my medical brethren into the ranks of the druggists that I have criticized. You are doing for the medical profession a service similar to that which I was trying to do for the pharmacists. When an article has proven so valuable in surgery as the Carrel-Dakin Solution so-called, neither a physician nor a pharmacist is without blame who does not know that this article is Hypochlorite of Soda. I think the trouble could be avoided by pharmacists and physicians if everybody who offers any preparation of hypochlorite of soda would call it by its proper name no matter what trade name they may give it. There are many trade names of hypochlorite of soda solutions which give no intimation of the character of the preparation. Both professions, therefore, are in the same category, so I think it is best to say no more about the matter.

NEW WINDOW BEAUTY
CREATED BY
WORLD-FAMED STYLISTS
These new Zion Lace Curtain and Net designs achieve utterly new and fascinating effects. Distinctive, smart and modern as tomorrow, they will give your windows new attractiveness. Sold by leading stores; or send $6.00 and name of your store for one pair of design No. 05781 illustrated.
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Mills owned and operated by Marshall Field & Company, Wholesale Chicago New York
For booklet illustrating and describing 42 "Modern Windows," write name and address in margin below and send with 10c to Marshall Field & Co., Wholesale, P. O. Box 800, Chicago.
G9

In using advertisements see page 6

"I guess this'll make me grow"

AND it certainly will make any youngster grow—this Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on a fresh slice of bread. For it has real nutriment and real tissue-building properties. Children like its flavor, and it's good for them. Wholesome and easily digested.

Let them have it *at* meals, *between* meals, and for the school lunch—when they're old enough for school. And remember, too, that the grown-ups of the family are often just as fond of it as the children. For them it's every bit as tasty—every bit as healthful—every bit as nourishing.

We like to believe that Beech-Nut is the best known, best liked brand of peanut butter. Its quality never varies. All grocers carry it. And we've recently added a new convenience feature—a top that lifts off easily with an ordinary hook bottle-opener. No bother at all to open, and the top fits right back on again as a cover. *An extra convenience exclusively Beech-Nut and worth remembering.*

Beech-Nut
Peanut Butter

The Seven Ages of MANNERS

No. 3. The Débutante

By Mathilde Van Rensselaer

THE successful début of a daughter is a proud moment in the life of a mother, and rightly so, for to her strength, patience, unselfishness, and cleverness, such success is largely due.

There are several ways of introducing a girl to society, and the one selected should be in keeping with the amount to be spent for the purpose.

When a girl's name appears on a visiting card or an invitation directly beneath that of her mother, it announces to the world that the daughter of the house is out in society, so when no entertainment is contemplated, a visiting card is mailed to every one on the family's social list.

Mrs. James Lane Carter
Miss Maud Todd Carter
565 Parker Avenue

As a small tea without dancing can be well and easily managed at home, it comes within the limits of a modest purse. It is also popular today, because the trend of all entertaining is toward simplicity.

The invitation list is general and comprises all the members of the family, friends, and acquaintances. Shortly before four o'clock on the afternoon of the tea, the lights in the house are lit and the curtains drawn, as for an evening party. A waitress or caterer's man is at the front door to open it and to direct the guests to the rooms where they may leave their wraps, etc. A man is always in the "coatroom," and a maid in the "dressing-room." A butler (not a waitress) announces each arriving guest to the hostess and the débutante, who stand receiving just inside the living-room door.

The débutante wears a simple evening dress and no hat, her mother a handsome afternoon gown and no hat, both wear gloves, and the girl carries a bouquet of her favorite flowers, usually sent by her father. Several girl friends, who also wear simple evening dresses and no hats, are asked to receive, but do not stand in line.

As the pretty compliment of sending a bouquet or flowers for a début is still in vogue, it is not necessary to order flowers or plan any scheme of decoration.

The dining-room table is laid as for a high tea, and two friends of the débutante sit, one at either end of the table, to pour the tea and chocolate. Two attendants, caterers' men, or a waitress and a maid, are on duty and are assisted by the girls who are receiving.

It is not obligatory to say good-by to the hostess at a tea, but the cards of all those invited should be left on the tray or bowl provided for the purpose and placed near the front door. When no member of a family invited can be present, cards are sent by mail.

A reception or *thé dansant* is a formal affair, and the conventions must be carefully observed. Ceremony is the order of the afternoon, starting with the chauffeur at the curb to open the automobile doors, an awning if it rains, and a footman at the front door, after which the etiquette is the same as for the smaller tea.

The dining-room table is laid and laden as for an elaborate buffet collation, and the guests are helped by the men servants in attendance. An orchestra plays for dancing, in any suitable place except the dining-room, but as there are few houses nowadays where a large party can be successfully handled, it is customary to give a reception in the ballroom of a club or a hotel.

Following the desire for simplicity, the small dance, to which all the young people both single and married, on the family social list, and a few close friends of the older set are invited, is more in favor at present than the stately ball. This function, as a rule, is held in the ballroom of a club, a hotel, or one of the fashionable restaurants, and the etiquette observed is practically the same as for the tea, except that the father often receives with his wife and daughter, and her girl friends do not.

Ten-thirty is the hour appointed to open all balls and dances.

A hostess should spare no effort to secure good music, for without it, all else being perfect, the dance will be a failure.

A ball is the most formal kind of general entertainment one can give; and because of its formality the affair must be well done.

As few modern houses can boast of a ballroom the usual procedure is to engage the ballroom suite of a hotel, club, or restaurant. A chauffeur is at the curb, a carpet is spread to the special entrance, and an awning is provided.

The flowers sent to the débutante are banked in the foyer where the receiving party stands, and the rooms are lavishly decorated with palms, plants, and flowers. The etiquette is the same as for the dance.

Two orchestras play alternately; at one A.M. a four-course supper is served at small tables, and at four-thirty a buffet breakfast is provided.

The young people generally arrange to meet before the ball and come in groups; thus no one is ever "stuck" and no girl is ever left alone.

Give Original Parties

With Our

Entertainment Folios

The person who gives unusual parties is the successful hostess, and here are some amusing games and ideas!

A Pirate and Captive Party—a new party full of novel games, suggestions for food, and even a pirate treasure hunt 10c

New Games—a leaflet of engaging games for every one to play..... 10c

Rules In Rhyme Bridge Party—if you will learn these simple rhymes the rules of play will not forsake you when you need them most..... 10c

Wedding Anniversary Verses—one for each anniversary to be used for parties or greeting cards..... 10c

Bright Bowknot Booklet—whenever you want games for children just turn to this helpful little booklet..... 25c

Send correct amount to Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.

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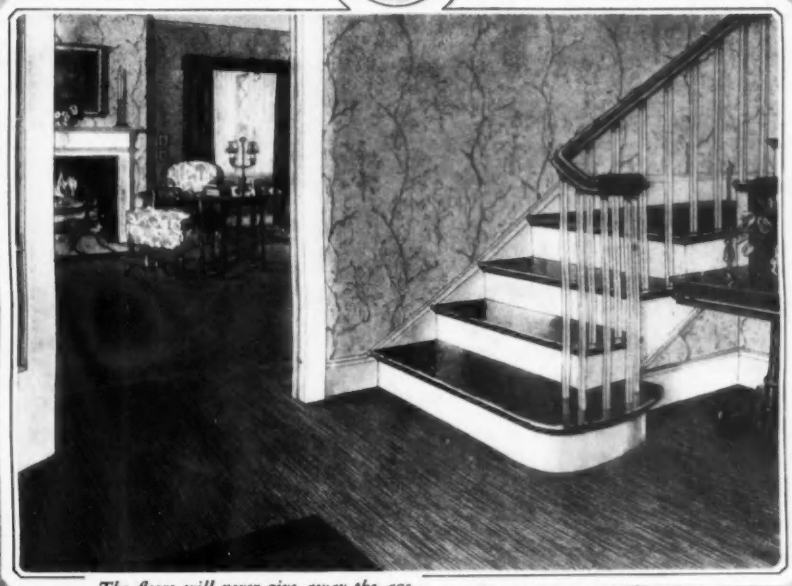
When rooms look "down at the heels" try the beauty treatment of floor color and design



The floors will never give away the age of this home—even in the entrance hall, where age-lines first appear. Instead, a youthful beauty greets the guests as they step on colorful Armstrong Floors of green Jaspé linoleum (Color No. 19).

by

LUCY D. TAYLOR

author of "Your Home Beautiful"

SOMETIMES even new homes show signs of age. And usually it's the floor (as most women know too well) that first loses its brightness and beauty.

Like cures for a cold, there are many floor remedies that promise to cure that shabby, worn-out look. Try them—if you like hard work. I prefer the permanent beauty treatment that not only ends most floor ills, but that also brings into the home a new and modern beauty.

It's a simple, and not expensive, treatment. Its theory has been sound ever since linoleum was perfected for floors. To try it today is really a delightful adventure—for the fashionable floor effects now offered in Armstrong's Linoleum are truly inspirations to the clever home decorator.

Just as you select draperies, you can now pick and choose till you've found the very floor to suit your fancy. Just as you hide a cracked and patched wall under a smartly designed wall paper, you can now hide your aging floors with one of these floors of lasting beauty. And once your new Armstrong Floor is trimly cemented in place over a cushioning lining of builders' deadening felt, you'll quickly discover many other distinctive touches for your own home beautiful.

YOU'LL discover new housekeeping virtues as well when you see the new Armstrong Floors now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. Their rich beauty is protected, made stain-proof and spot-proof, by the new Accolac Process. Spilled things wipe right up from their satin-smooth surface. This surface can be maintained by a light waxing and polishing—now a quick, easy task. Or in such places as kitchens that may need frequent washing, you can keep your Armstrong Floors new-looking for years merely by an occasional coating with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

The whole story of these fashionable, labor-saving floors is completely illustrated in Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Your request with 10c to cover mailing brings you this new book for home-planners. (In Canada, 20c.) Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Division, 921 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

INDELICATE? *They knew so!*

Yet just a light dusting of Amolin would have guarded her from their reproach

THE slightest trace of personal odor is an offense which society refuses to condone. For this breach of delicacy is avoidable, and therefore inexcusable.

The use of Amolin, after your bath, is the final, fastidious gesture. For Amolin is not only a delightful bath powder, but it is a delicate deodorizer—guarding your wholesomeness all day long.

Far from merely covering up odor or substituting one odor for another, Amolin neutralizes odor. It is complete protection against this personal intrusion.

Banish any fears that Amolin smothers the natural function of the pores to exhale impurities. It doesn't. What it does is actually to absorb odors as they arise. And another virtue—Amolin, by hastening the evaporation of perspiration protects rather than harms your silken lingerie.

You will find a dozen ways of using this clean, scientific deodorizing powder. Sprinkle it in your lingerie, put it in your slippers, freshen with it those hard to clean garments, such as rubber girdles and elastic combinations. You can be free with its use for it is harmless and not at all costly. Its fragrance which you enjoy as you use it, vanishes at once.

So, go dancing, go shopping, play golf or tennis, do a day's work in a hot office—for Amolin used after your bath or sprinkled in your underclothes will protect you all day long.

If you would like a trial-size can of Amolin, send ten cents to The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y., *or 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.*

Amolin ★

In two sizes—30¢ and 60¢

Around the World

(Continued from page 71)

CHAPTER XXXIV

A FEW evenings later, the cruisers were leaving the train at Yokohama and making their way across the dock to the waiting *Empress*—when all at once, as Celia started to put her foot down, the ground seemed to move away from her, and she nearly fell.

"I just had such a dizzy feeling—" she turned to say to Perry, but then she saw that he was not only staggering, too, but that some of the others had fallen to the ground.

"Why—it's an earthquake!" she gasped to herself; and drawn by the noise, she looked across the dock to where the *Empress* was moored. A few moments before, the ship had been waiting for them there as steady as a rock. But now her steel mooring lines had snapped like so many elastic bands, and she was rolling and rocking and splashing water until it was a wonder that she didn't roll completely over and with one great splash end all.

"Let's get out in the open!" exclaimed Perry, as the ground continued to writhe beneath their feet. "These buildings may fall any minute!"

HE DIDN'T think of it too soon. Warned by a snapping crack overhead, he seized Celia's arm and rushed her toward the entrance of the dock. The lights all over the city went out. A barge near the *Empress* had capsized, and its crew were being pulled out of the water like so many chattering fish.

"You know," said Celia—and truth to tell, her voice wouldn't have won any prize for steadiness—"you may have saved my life in there—getting me away before the ceiling fell."

"I was afraid it was going to catch us once," confessed Perry, "and—well, if it had, I wouldn't have been sorry—that we were together—"

Celia wasn't altogether regretful—and yet she wasn't altogether glad—that Bud La Roche loomed up in the darkness at that moment with Fanny Heublein by his side.

"Did you ever have such a thrill in your life?" demanded Fanny earnestly. "All I could think of was what Professor Schaffner told us the day we landed in Japan—about the hundred thousand people who were killed and the ships that were sunk with all on board."

"Is anybody hurt?" Celia breathlessly asked.

"I saw Natalie and Mr. Graham; they're all right," said Bud. "You stay here, Fan, and I'll see if I can round up the gang."

He returned a few minutes later with the two other girls and Miss Works. Mr. Buhl was missing, and Professor Schaffner and Mr. Graham had gone to look for him.

"Of course, he may be on the ship," added Bud. "I don't know whether you noticed it, but he was one of the first off the train. What do you say if we go aboard now and see if he's there?"

At least, he wasn't in his stateroom, and a hurried search of the decks and public rooms was also barren of results. A number of the passengers had been injured by falling plaster, but he wasn't in the ship's hospital, nor had the doctors seen him. The *Empress* was due to sail at half past six; and fearful that they might leave without him, Celia went looking for Mr. Albans and found him at the top of the gangplank with Mr. MacMurray, the chief officer, and Mr. Todd, the chief steward—three anxious figures looking down into the shadows of the dock.

"Have you seen Mr. Buhl?" asked Celia.

"No," said Mr. Albans. "We're looking for him. Because of the earthquake I had the bedroom stewards report any of their passengers who were missing. Some of these, of course, were later found in other parts of the ship. But two passengers are still unaccounted for—Mr. Buhl and one other—"

"And here's the other unless I'm much mistaken," said the chief steward, still staring down into the dark shadows of the dock.

With a catch at her heart Celia saw the martial figure of Major Helme advancing, his heavy cane held like a sword against his shoulder.

"Welcome home," said Mr. Albans as the Major reached the top of the gangplank. "You've had us worried."

"When I begin worrying over you, sir," said the Major in his rasping voice, "then—and not till then—I would advise you to worry over me."

Mr. Albans—all things to all men—shrewdly chose to regard this as either wit or humor. "Very good," he laughed. "Have you seen Mr. Buhl?"

Major Helme, marching with inexorable steps through the companionway, suddenly halted and turned—his somber glance stopping to rest for a fleeting moment upon Celia.

"What's the idea?" he demanded of Mr. Albans. And paraphrasing history's most famous question, he irascibly added, "Do you think I have nothing better to do than to act as chaperon for a shipful of idle cruisers?"

However Mr. Albans might have regarded this, Mr. MacMurray, the first officer, didn't like it; and being more interested in discipline than in diplomacy, Mr. MacMurray made no effort to hide his frown.

"Not so testy, Major!" he protested. "Mr. Albans asked you a civil question, because until a few moments ago both you and Mr. Buhl were missing from the ship. Whether or not it came to your notice, we have just had an earthquake, and we deem it our duty to account for missing passengers."

"Hmm," said the Major; and again for a fleeting moment Celia felt his somber gaze upon her. "I don't even know the man, either by name or sight. So how can I say whether I saw him or not?"

He swung on his heel and had hardly disappeared up the stairway, when another figure emerged from the shadows of the dock below and uncertainly advanced toward the gangplank.

"There he comes!" cried Celia with a queer little break in her voice. "Oh, Mr. Buhl!"

She could see then that he had been hurt, and it didn't take her long to run down the gangplank to help him.

"I'm all right," he said, though in a somewhat shaken voice. "I was walking past a building when the earthquake happened, and something must have fallen on my head and dazed me."

With a deep breath of relief Mr. MacMurray looked at the watch upon his wrist. "Are all your passengers accounted for now, Mr. Albans?" he asked.

"All accounted for, thank you."

"Then we'll get away while still we're right side up. If a second earthquake follows the first, I'd rather be somewhere else than here."

He blew his whistle, and almost simultaneously the gangplank rattled away from the ship. A few moments later the *Empress* was roaring her deep-throated farewell, and the excited tremor of her engines gave evidence that they too were making what haste they could to get away from the dangers of a land-locked harbor and seek the safety which lay in the open sea.

CHAPTER XXXV

MEANWHILE Celia and Mr. Albans were helping Mr. Buhl to his stateroom, where they found that with the exception of a bumped head and a broken hat he was none the worse for wear.

"I had been to the cable office," he said, "to see if there was an answer to my request for information on Senator Lestig and the rest of that crowd."

From Mr. Albans' nod of interest, Celia could

VOTED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ARTS . . .

by John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

MISS JULIA EVANS, *of St. Louis, Missouri, chosen from among Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful woman in the arts. She is photographed here with the famous Benda masks.*

"BEWILDERING"—the judges found their task when it came to choosing the most beautiful woman in the arts among users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Every type, every locality, seemed to be represented. There was a slim little golden-haired dancer from California. There was a curly-haired art student from Kansas City—a tall young sculptress from Connecticut—and out of San Antonio, Texas, came the lovely laughing face of a singer of Spanish folk songs.

From hundreds of entrants the judges chose Miss Julia Evans, a young dramatic student of St. Louis.

★

Her beauty is very distinguished, very individual:—long lovely lines that give her most unconscious attitudes a wonderful plastic grace; a slightly husky contralto voice full of haunting undertones and overtones; a face as beautifully modeled as a statue's, but warm with color and life.

She is a member of "The Players" of St. Louis and has played in various amateur productions. She is "serious" about the stage and hopes to act professionally some day.

When asked about her lovely skin—fair, warm in color, as if the sun had given it just a hint of the gold that is in her hair and in her voice—Miss Evans said that she had used Woodbury's for years, and that she found it matchless for keeping her skin in good condition.

"I know Woodbury's must be absolutely pure, for while other soaps have a tendency to irritate my skin, Woodbury's has just the opposite effect. It gives it an almost velvety softness."

FROM all over the country their letters come to us—letters from the beautiful girls and women of every community—telling how Woodbury's Facial Soap has benefited their skin. Only a few of their photographs can be printed in this series—only an indication of the thousands of women whom Woodbury's has helped to gain and keep a fresh, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today and see how much it will do for *your* skin!

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a trial cake ★ of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2917 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

In using advertisements see page 6

Strained Vegetables *Wherever* Baby May Be

AT home with Auntie, Grandmother or Nurse—or abroad with Mother on trains and in hotels on a real holiday—baby's important strained vegetable feedings are now provided for in a wholesome, scientific manner. Day after day—regardless of seasonal markets—regardless of travel—regardless of other demands on Mother's time and energy—baby can now be systematically fed. One only needs to warm the Gerber Products—add a small pinch of salt or sugar—and serve.

. . . *of* Approved Goodness

Steam pressure cooked and sealed—steam sterilized—Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup, Strained Spinach, Strained Carrots, Strained Peas, Strained Prunes and Strained Tomato offer a new degree of efficiency for mothers—and a higher standard of wholesomeness in baby's strained vegetable feedings. Vitamin A—Vitamin B—Vitamin C—and rich mineral salt values partially lost in open vessel cooking are conserved to the maximum degree with Gerber steam pressure methods. Your doctor will gladly explain why they are best for baby—and can best prescribe the feeding schedule for your own baby's individual requirements.

Send for Assortment

If your grocer has not yet stocked the Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products, send us today the coupon below with $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment, or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

Free samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals

★ **Gerber's**
STRAINED VEGETABLES

A WEEK'S SUPPLY — SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
Dept. GH-7—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.
NOTE: Soup now packed in 10¼ oz. and 4½ oz. sizes. 1 large or 2 small in Complete Assortment.

$1.00 Complete Assortment

25c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato

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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

My grocer is _____

Around the World

see that Mr. Buhl had kept him in touch with current events.

"And sure enough, there was a long cable," continued Mr. Buhl. "I had just opened it when I felt some one standing near me; and looking up, I saw Major Helme waiting his turn at the counter. So I put the cable in my overcoat pocket and started back for the ship."

Mr. Buhl reached for his overcoat and felt first in one outside pocket and then in the other. "That's queer," he said. "I'm sure I put it in one of these pockets."

He did then what every man does at such times—he felt in his other pockets, not only of the overcoat, but also of the blue serge suit which he was wearing—overcoat pockets, coat pockets, waistcoat pockets, trouser pockets, and then the whole process repeated.

"That's queer," he muttered again. "It's certainly not there now."

Celia, though, didn't think it so queer. Long before the search was completed, she recalled a certain grim figure of martial efficiency marching up the gangplank a few minutes before Mr. Buhl had made his appearance.

"I probably had my hands in my overcoat pockets just before I fell down," continued Mr. Buhl, feeling once more, "and when I fell, my hands just naturally flew out—and the telegram with them."

"Oh, Mr. Buhl," said Celia all in a tremulous breath, "do you think that Major Helme had a chance to see what the cable was about, before you noticed that he was standing so near to you in the telegraph office?"

"Exactly what I've been thinking," said Mr. Albans approvingly.

"He couldn't see much," reflected Mr. Buhl. "But on the other hand, the message started something like this: 'Lestig has unsavory record Indian oil lands—' That's as far as I got when I noticed that Helme was waiting his turn at the counter. So if he *did* see anything," he added more reflectively than before, "well, it probably interested him."

"I'll say it interested him!" exclaimed Mr. Albans, his shrewd eyes twinkling. "Did you notice whether he followed you out of the cable office?"

"No; I didn't," said Mr. Buhl, considering. "As I reached the street, the earthquake started, and most of the lights went out. I made for the dock as quickly as I could. I was passing a shed, I remember, when an extra heavy quake sent me staggering. Then a tile or something must have hit me on the head, and down I went!"

MR. Albans and Celia exchanged significant glances.

"I'll say something hit you on the head!" exclaimed Mr. Albans as shrewdly as before. "But I don't think it was a tile . . . No, no . . . I think it was the handle of that blackthorn walking-stick which Major Helme always carries with him!"

"I wouldn't say that," said Mr. Buhl with an uneasy air. "It's a serious charge, you know, to bring against any man. Now, if there had been no earthquake— But as it is, it's much more reasonable to suppose that a tile did it."

"All the same," said Mr. Albans, cautiously lowering his voice, "as soon as Major Helme goes to dinner, I'll have the sergeant-at-arms look through his room and see what he can find."

"And I'll send a wireless to Yokohama, asking them to send me a copy of that cable," said Mr. Buhl.

The sergeant-at-arms, however, discovered no trace of the missing cable; and although Celia sat up till nearly midnight, no answering message had yet arrived from the Yokohama cable office.

"They may be delayed because of the earthquake," said Mr. Buhl. "We'll wait till morning before deciding what to do next."

As late as it was, Celia lay awake a long time before she went to sleep. Memories of her narrow escape on the dock weren't exactly conducive to repose. And then Major Helme— If Celia had read his character right, he didn't carry that stick for nothing.

"Of course, though," she admitted in all fairness, "Mr. Buhl may be right. When he felt himself falling, he could easily have snatched his hand out of his pocket, and the telegram might have come out, too, and have blown away in the darkness. But I'll never forget the way Major Helme turned and looked when Mr. Albans asked him if he had seen Mr. Buhl—"

In the corridor outside her stateroom a muffled footstep seemed to approach and then suddenly went quiet. Her heart beating like a muffled drum, Celia slowly arose, trying to make no sound; and for the second time since the cruise had started, she made sure that the chain was fastened on her door.

CHAPTER XXXVI

NEXT morning the *Empress* was plowing her watery furrow through the Inland Sea—an irregularly shaped strait which separates the mainland of Japan from her two large islands on the south—the shortest and the safest route from Yokohama to Shanghai. When Celia reached the upper deck—rather late after her restless night—she found the usual tennis game forgotten, all eyes instead upon the scene through which they were passing.

Indeed it was worth watching. On either side was an archipelago of small islands, each dot of land such a perfect example of native art that, seeing them, you might easily have wondered if you were really and truly looking at islands or at a picture-book of Japanese prints by some inspired old master.

"Do you know what it reminds me of?" said Natalie in her dreamy voice. "The mouth of the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, and the willow design all mixed together."

"I shouldn't be surprised if the willow design had been derived from here," said Mr. Graham—Mr. Graham, who had partaken of so many teas among his parishioners that he knew his china. "Do you see that bridge between the two small islands? And the pagoda? And the weeping willow tree? Why, this might be the very spot!"

Celia sighed a little. Yes, it was beautiful—she was sure it was beautiful—but over it hung the shadow of Major Helme, his walking stick at his shoulder like a sword. "When I begin worrying over you, sir," he had said to Mr. Albans, "then, and not till then, I would advise you to worry over me."

"Has any one seen Mr. Buhl this morning?" she asked, looking around.

"Not yet," said Miss Works, who had glanced at the companion-stairs more than once herself, "but he and the professor, you know, are generally the last to arrive."

One by one the islands disappeared, the sea grew wider; and, no longer held by the spell of beauty, they turned, according to their morning custom, to the salty, more familiar gossip of the ship.

"Are you going to the masquerade dance tonight, Miss Works?" asked Perry, as she threaded a needle, preparatory to opening her sewing bag.

"Oh, I must watch the girls, you know," said Miss Winifred archly.

"Yes; and I'll bet some one will be watching you," said Perry of the curly head and keen eyes.

Miss Works blushed, not altogether without pleasure, and in spite of herself she couldn't help another quick glance toward the companion-stairs, up which Professor Schaffner generally made his appearance. Miss Works was wearing a gay sweater bought in Honolulu, but not yet being altogether freed from the classical influence, the gaiety of the sweater was somewhat modified by an enormous cameo almost as large as a butter plate.

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Is my baby perfect?"

When the first flickering rays of returning consciousness break softly through her mind...

When she faces, in one tense moment, the culmination of all those months of alternate distress and delightful anticipation—of constant sacrifice and strange nervous fear...

Out of the loving depths of self-forgetfulness springs that thought, eloquent of her warm love for the bright little life beside her:

"Is my baby perfect?"

Fortunately for the mothers of today, the physician and the medical research worker can come nearer than ever before to giving her a happy answer.

Prenatal care, scientific equipment, surgical asepsis, pain-conquering anesthesia, obstetrical skill—all these, developed in less than a century, combine to dispel much of the danger that childbirth so often meant not only to the child, but to the mother as well.

And those diseases that were once regarded as the inevitable visitations of Providence upon children are, one by one, being conquered by preventive medicine.

No child, for example, need have smallpox today. Diphtheria, too, has been brought well under control. And encouraging strides have been made in the prevention and cure of scarlet fever.

An inspiring goal

In a score of laboratories throughout the world, devoted men and women are seeking effective means of controlling meningitis and infantile paralysis, and of curing those dread diseases, tuberculosis and pneumonia.

Parke, Davis & Company know of no greater responsibility, no greater opportunity to serve humanity, than is offered by the privilege of sharing in such momentous research.

The development of new medicines is as much a part of the daily task of Parke, Davis & Company, as the preparation of the serums and vaccines which already have done so much to guard the children of the world against disease.

★

Milk of Magnesia made the Parke-Davis way

Purity, uniformity, dependability—here are three distinguishing characteristics of Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Because of the high quality of its ingredients, and because of the exacting care that marks its manufacture, you can always depend upon the medicinal activity of our product. Yet it is so mild and agreeable to the taste that children take it readily. Ask your druggist about Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

In using advertisements see page 6

DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS

NOW in a familiar food . . .

Hiding from the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a famous health food.

THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this!—a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up longstanding skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

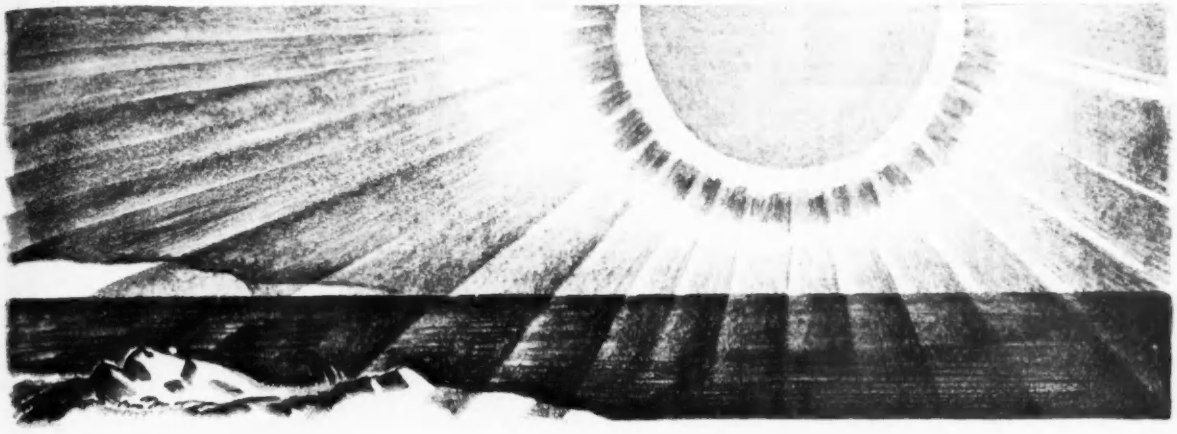
How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus — elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight and strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child against

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun

if we could get plenty of sunshine

rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth).

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat three cakes regularly every day, before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. H-68, 701 Washington Street, New York.

In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, of the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in America.

Many consider Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, as Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist.

Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY:

Dr. Cherubini: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones and sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

Dr. Delort: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

Dr. Neuberg: "The vitally important pro-vitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

© 1929, F. Co.

★ YEAST

contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin

In using advertisements see page 6

ANOTHER "STEERO" SECRET

They Call it Collegiate

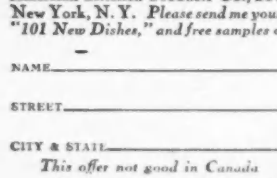
HERE'S a taste-tempter for the school lunch—a delightful surprise to pack in the picnic basket. It's a new kind of sandwich spread, called Collegiate, that owes its discovery to "STEERO" bouillon cubes.

1 "STEERO" bouillon cube
1 tbsp. boiling water
1 tbsp. chopped pimiento
1 cream cheese (3 oz.)

Dissolve cube in boiling water. When cold, mix with cream cheese and chopped pimiento. Spread on bread. This mixture rolled in balls is delicious with a plain salad.

Perhaps you haven't yet been introduced to the 101 new dishes that "STEERO" bouillon cubes make possible. Scarcely a dish that you cook that can't be given new zest, new flavor by "STEERO" bouillon cubes. Easy to use, too. Won't you please let us send you samples free, together with Bertha M. Becker's book full of "STEERO" secrets, "101 New Dishes"? The coupon brings both to you.

"101 new dishes" and samples of cubes FREE



Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes.

American Kitchen Products Co., 281 Water Street, New York, N. Y. *Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

This offer not good in Canada G. H. 9

Around the World

"Somebody told me that Little Buttercup—you know, the girl at the purser's table—is going as The Age of Innocence," piped up Betty.

"Tt-tt-tt!" (Miss Works, looking up reprovingly over the Coliseum.)

"I'll bet A. B. Albans isn't in a good humor this morning," said Perry.

"What's the matter with our genial director?" asked Mr. Graham.

"He's down in the office, making refunds on the overland extension trip to Korea and Pekin."

"Then the Pekin extension has been definitely abandoned?" asked Miss Works.

"Yes. Too much fighting around there. Somebody told me that one of the Chinese armies had even cut the railroad."

Miss Dorcaster came breezing along then and stopped at the side of Celia's camp-chair.

"So sorry that we didn't learn anything in Japan," she said in her confidential voice. "But please don't think that we feel discouraged. I've just been down to the printer—more cards, you know, as China draws near."

"That's the spirit!" nodded Mr. Graham approvingly. "Above everything else, we mustn't lose heart. Please point out to the Ladies' Committee that with every port we leave behind, the field grows narrower, our success more certain."

"He's saying that for my sake," thought Celia, still in the blues—and wistfully wished that she could believe that the oftener they failed, the more certain was their final success.

Miss Dorcaster, having concluded her confidences, now straightened herself and assumed her public voice. "I see you're getting ready for the masquerade tonight," she said to Miss Works.

And to the company in general, "Did you hear that Little Buttercup is going as The Age of Innocence?"

"Yes, we heard that," said Perry.

"Oh, you heard that! But did you hear this? That when I told little Mrs. Lederer about it—you know, the minister's wife—the little bit of a thing with all that hair—she said, 'Then I'm going as Jumbo!' "

"Tt-tt-tt!" (Miss Works.)

MISS DORCASTER had hardly disappeared when Mr. Buhl and Professor Schaffner came into view. Miss Works moved her sewing bag from the chair by her side, while Celia went to meet Mr. Buhl.

"You're all right this morning?" she anxiously asked him.

"Oh, quite all right, thank you—but still no news from Yokohama. I just stopped in the wireless office, and—" frowning at the memory—"who do you suppose was there?"

"Senator Lestig," guessed Celia in a troubled voice.

"Yes. I spoke about it to Mr. Albans last night—how frequently the Senator was in there—and Mr. Albans told me that the chief radio operator is Captain Wadsworth's nephew—so what are we going to do?"

All that Celia could do was to feel her heart grow heavier yet. "Which *is* the chief operator?" she asked, more for the sake of saying something than anything else.

"He's tall and freckled," said Mr. Buhl. "Something like Captain Wadsworth—quite a handsome young fellow in his way."

The *Empress* had reached a narrow strait with mountains on both sides—mountains which had been terraced for untold centuries—the lower steps used as rice fields, the upper ones planted with tea bushes. On the mainland shore was a village which might have been copied from another old fairy book, with its hillside temple and crooked little plum trees, its queer-looking sail-boats, and patient fishermen mending their nets on the beach.

"They may have earthquakes," said Mr. Buhl, watching it as though loath to let it go, "but they certainly have scenery, too."

Bud came up then—the last to make his appearance—carrying a copy of the Morning Radio Record which he had just obtained from a pile on the purser's counter.

"They had it pretty bad in Yokohama last night," he said, taking the empty chair by Fanny Heublein's side. "We're lucky to get off as well as we did. A lot of the old ruins were knocked over, and some of the new ones, too. All telegraph wires are down, it says, and quite a few lives lost."

"Is that a wireless from Yokohama?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"No; from Tokio. I guess they're pretty well knocked out in Yokohama."

"Perhaps the cable office was destroyed then," said Mr. Buhl to Celia in a low voice.

"Perhaps," said Celia with a touch of listlessness.

Since Bud's arrival, she had been watching Fanny's admiration of the towering young giant by her side. "Yes, and she was with him yesterday," she half-sighed to herself—feeling, oh, so blue that morning—"I don't believe they're rotating as regularly as they did at first."

Perry had reached over for the Radio Record—and he and Natalie were now reading it.

"Hello!" said Perry. "Here's something. 'Shanghai, March 6. Heavy fighting is reported at Sa-Chau, less than fifty miles away. Refugees are filling the hotels here, and native malcontents are being closely watched. Three troopships of British soldiers are expected here tomorrow, and it is hoped that they will have a salutary effect upon the situation. An unusual number of, atrocities have been reported from Sa-Chau.' "

"Tt-tt-tt!" said Miss Works.

"If conditions grow worse," said Professor Schaffner soberly, "I doubt if it will be safe to land there. I have always been in favor of the Open Door in China, but I must admit that I have no wish to become the subject of an Oriental atrocity—to make an item of news for the Daily Radio Record."

"I should say not!" exclaimed Miss Works, one hand upon her cameo.

CELIA, Perry, and Mr. Buhl suddenly found themselves exchanging glances, the same thought in all their minds. Was Shanghai the forbidden port at which Celia was not to land? Was this the barred city which contained the key of so much mystery? As though by common consent Celia and Mr. Buhl looked over at the wireless pent-house. Senator Lestig was probably still in there.

"Half a dozen words received by the wireless operator," said Perry, bending over, "and we'll never see Shanghai."

"Half a dozen words *reported* by the wireless operator," corrected Mr. Buhl, "and we'll never see Shanghai."

"Have you sent your advertisement there yet?"

"Yes; I mailed it from Yokohama the night we landed. An American mail liner was sailing the next morning. So I mailed the ad to Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Manila—thus killing three birds with one stone."

"I hope you kill six!" said Perry in a fervent whisper.

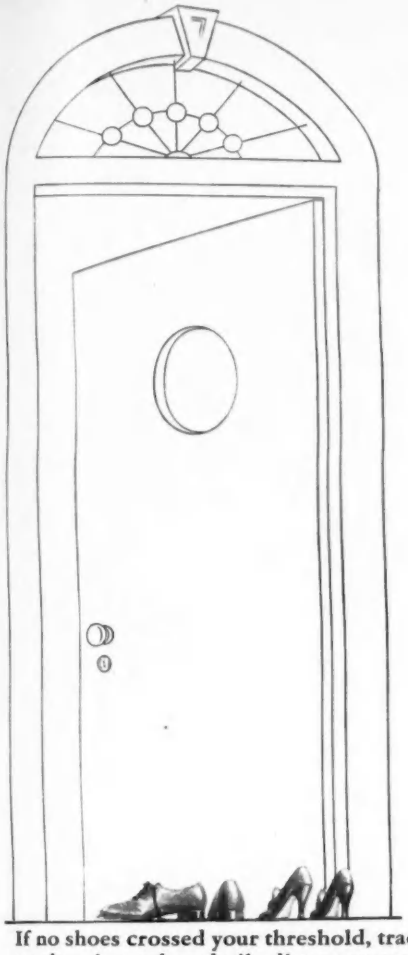
It was Natalie who interrupted their conference. She was sewing spangles on a bandeau for the masquerade that night.

"Oh, Perry," she said, "do you want to help me open this box, please? The cover's stuck."

Celia watched him open the box—his curly head and curving chin bent over the task—Natalie watching him, too, with her dreamy glance, a smile of thanks already on her lips.

"No shadow on *her*," thought Celia, swallowing none too easily. "*She* wouldn't have to search the whole world through, looking for her father's wedding certificate!"

Her nose smarting, she arose—found herself saying something about getting her sewing—and was making her way along the deck below, when whom should she find herself following but



If you parked your shoes at the door

In Oriental countries where the finest rugs are found, it is the custom to remove footwear before entering the home. Rugs so protected from outside dirt have lasted for centuries

If no shoes crossed your threshold, tracking in sandy grit, mud, and oily dirt, your problem of rug care would be simple. Ordinary suction would then keep your rugs satisfactorily clean, for there would be only light surface dust to remove. But you can't make people park their shoes outside the door. And you can't keep grit, mud, and greasy dirt from getting into your rugs.

You must therefore have a cleaning method that will reach the heavy grit embedded deep in the rug pile. There is but one way to dislodge this destructive, wedged-in dirt. That is beating.

There is but one electric cleaner that supplies this beating through "Positive Agitation." That is The Hoover. Because of the effectiveness of "Positive Agitation" The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than other cleaners. Telephone your local Hoover dealer for a demonstration. Two Hoover models, $63.50 and $79.50. With dusting tools, $76 and $92. Floor polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25, down. Allowance for old cleaner.

The HOOVER Reg. Trade Mark

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

The Milk Rebel Surrenders!

Her tearful "I Won't!" becomes a smiling "I Want!" with the coming of "DOUBLE MALTED"

IF your child won't drink milk—or leaves her glass only half empty, neither coaxing nor force will change her. Start mixing her milk with Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. It makes a smooth, creamy, delicious Chocolate Malted Milk. Children love it as much as a soda fountain drink. They mix it for themselves and drink it eagerly at meals and in between.

Makes Milk Twice as Nourishing

It isn't a question of humoring a stubborn child who won't drink milk. Far more serious than that—it's a health problem. A problem affecting the growth of little bodies, the development of teeth and bones and the building of normal, healthful weight.

Thompson's is whole cream milk, "DOUBLE MALTED." It *doubles* the nourishment of plain milk, *and makes it far easier to digest.*

Children Gain 2½ to 5 Pounds a Month

Putting weight on children is a simple matter when you add Thompson's Malted Milk to their regular meals. Appetites for substantial foods improve. Cravings for between meal sweets disappear. And the coming of normal weight marks the going of nervousness, sleep disturbances and other underweight handicaps.

Make it at Home—30 Servings to Every Pound

Your druggist or grocer has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Takes but a second to make. There are 30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer ★

THOMPSON'S MALTED MILK CO., Inc.
Dept. 48A-2, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Around the World

Major Helme taking his morning constitutional with Mrs. Basserville?

"I lived with them too long," the Major was saying. "They are not to be trusted. Give them half a chance and they will rush the ship, kill the men, and take the women prisoners."

"Oh, Major!" exclaimed Mrs. Basserville. "They might take some of the girls, perhaps—but surely a woman of my age—"

Perhaps she expected a compliment; but if so, she reckoned without the Major.

"I know those Shanghai Chinamen," he continued. "I didn't live there all those years for nothing!"

They turned then, as ship promenaders sometimes will when they have marked out a beat for themselves, and this time, all at once making their right-about turn, they were face to face with Celia.

The Major's expression was disquieting enough, but it was Mrs. Basserville's glance which suddenly aroused the old Van Heusen strain in Celia and sent the blue fogs flying.

"The idea!" she told herself, as she hurried to her stateroom. "Moping like a silly girl, just when you should fight the hardest!"

She hung her sewing bag over her arm; and finding her nose still smarting, she relieved it by using it as a trumpet and blowing a musical young blast of defiance into one of her Japanese handkerchiefs.

"Now!" she said after a hasty dab of powder. "Yes . . . I'll see Mr. Albans first."

HE WAS sitting in his private office, rather sad after making all those Pekin Extension refunds.

"One hundred and ten refunds at $260 each," he mournfully confided to Celia. "Not all profit, of course. Not even A. B. Albans, the old cruising wizard, is smart enough for that. But money's money, and there you are. It was a lot to pay over the counter."

"Too much," said Celia sympathetically; and the wisdom of the serpent unexpectedly coming to her aid, she added, "I suppose everybody will want another refund if we don't stop at Shanghai."

"Who says we aren't going to stop at Shanghai?" demanded Mr. Albans.

"Major Helme seems to be saying a lot about it."

"Major Helme isn't running this cruise!" exclaimed old A. B., his temper still a bit touchy because of the Pekin refunds.

"I'm glad he isn't," said Celia with heartfelt sincerity. "Do you know what I've been thinking, Mr. Albans? Especially since I heard him telling about the awful things that might happen in Shanghai? I've been wondering if Shanghai's the place where they don't propose to let me land—do you remember?—even if they have to sink the ship!"

"Ah-ha!" said Mr. Albans thoughtfully; and, his mind removed from his own troubles for a moment, he added: "How's Mr. Buhl this morning? Has he heard from Yokohama?"

"Not a word. That's one reason why I'm suspicious about Shanghai."

"Ah-ha!" said Mr. Albans again. "I'm glad you dropped in and told me this, Miss Celia. But about stopping at Shanghai—Captain Wadsworth has a few words to say about that, too. Scotch, you know!" he whispered. "Cautious! Trust him to take no chances with his ship."

On her way back to the boat-deck, Celia happened to meet Miss Dorcaster industriously breezing around, dropping a word here—a word there—

"Have you heard the latest?" she asked, immediately fastening on Celia. "Not content with our missing *Korea*—and *Pekin*—and the *Great Wall of China*—a thing I've wanted to see all my *life*—some of the *men* on this ship seem to be afraid of our landing at Shanghai! Can you believe it?"

"You mean Major Helme?" asked Celia.

"My dear! And have you seen him this morning, with everything on but his *wives' medals*, marching around the deck with the *Belle of the Fleet*?"

Celia was about to say, in her most innocent voice, "You mean Mrs. Basserville?" when again the wisdom of the serpent paid an unexpected visit to the gentleness of the dove. "Oh, Miss Dorcaster—" she whispered, leading the other to a quiet place at the rail.

"Yes?"

"Of course, I don't want my name mentioned in this—"

"No, no," eagerly whispered the other. "I understand."

"But I've been wondering—"

"Yes, yes!"

"I've been wondering if it might not have a good effect on Captain Wadsworth if you were to get up a petition—addressed to Mr. Albans, of course—asking him please not to leave out Shanghai."

Miss Dorcaster almost clapped her hands. "The very thing they need!" she exclaimed beneath her breath; and fixing her eye on the gently rolling horizon, she added: "Something like this: 'Whereas, when signing for your Cruise Around the World, we were definitely assured that we were to visit Shanghai, according to your catalogue and other printed matter, and, comma, paragraph, Whereas rumors are now being placed in circulation by irresponsible parties, and so forth and so forth, comma, paragraph, Now, therefore, we, the undersigned—' Oh, leave it to me, Miss Celia. I'm going straight to the writing room! I'll show Mrs. Basserville whether she can tell *me* where I'm going to land!"

CELIA, an unexpected color on her cheeks, ran up the stairway to the boat-deck. Senator Lestig had evidently left the wireless house, and the radio operator was standing in the doorway of his office—a tall, freckled young man with a casual resemblance to Captain Wadsworth when viewed with a friendly eye.

"Hello," said Celia, stopping and viewing him with such an eye.

"Hello," he responded—blushing a little, too, she thought.

"You're the wireless operator, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said. "Unknown to fame, at present. But if we're wrecked, and I stick to the key, I shall probably get my picture in the paper—what?"

Celia liked that; although from the prompt way he said it, she guessed that he had delivered those lines more than once in his young career.

"I hope they'll publish a good one," she said. And then, more seriously: "Do you know, I've often wished that I could see the inside of your office—so I would have some slightly intelligent idea of how an S.O.S. is sent? Do you think that—some day—you wouldn't be too busy to show me?"

"I'll show you now, if you like," he promptly replied. "You're Miss Van Heusen, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said. "How nice that you know my name!"

"I've heard my uncle speak of you," he said, leading the way inside. "He's the captain, you know. And naturally I was interested when Mrs Buhl brought in those advertisements—what?— Now, this is where the antenna comes in from between the masts . . ."

Ten minutes later, Celia was seated in a camp-chair just outside the wireless-house—apparently busy with her sewing—and again the young operator was standing in the doorway of his office.

"This is one of the nicest places on the ship," she said.

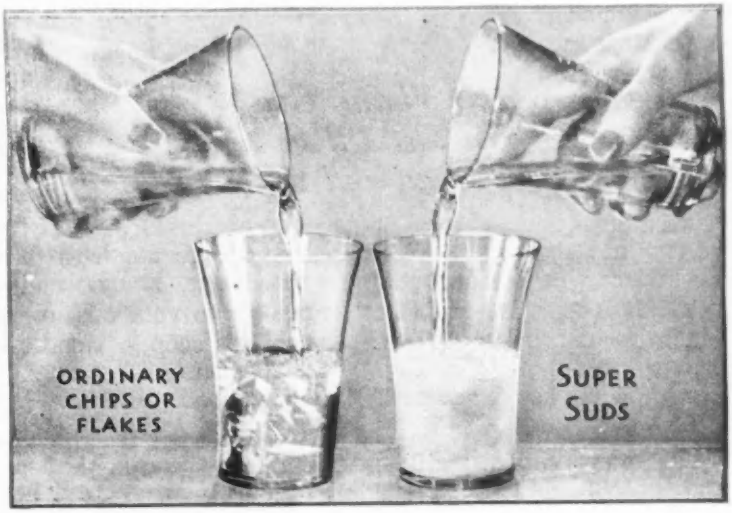
"They put us up high, you know," he told her, "so we'll be the last to sink—what? You're sure that chair is comfortable?"

"Perfectly." She sewed a few stitches; and then, glancing up, "Are you going to the masquerade tonight?"

Dishes wash Faster

with these *instant* underwater suds

Read why, in less than a year, Super Suds became America's greatest dishwashing soap



Watch Super Suds win speed test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float on top or sink to the bottom—dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds gets to work faster . . . cleans with such amazing swiftness.

YOU busy women—who find dishwashing takes far too much of your short day . . . many women find here's a way to do dishes in one-third to one-half less time.

It's Super Suds. The most brilliant soap discovery of generations. Not a chip. Not a powder. But soap in the form of tiny, hollow *beads;* so small they can only be seen under a microscope. So tissue thin that they burst into suds the moment they touch water.

Millions of women are using this new bead form of soap to speed dishwashing—to eliminate dishwiping. On the market scarcely more than a year, Super Suds has already become America's greatest dishwashing soap!

Faster dishwashing with suds all through the water. For Super Suds acts in your dishpan exactly as it does in the test pictured above. You get suds instantly. Clear down to the bottom. Dishwater won't immediately get greasy as with slow dissolving soaps. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

No more dishwiping: Because Super Suds dissolves completely, it rinses off instantly. One hot rinse and every trace of soap film is gone. You don't need to wipe dishes. Just let them drain dry to spotless brilliancy. Let Super Suds do this just once for you. And you'll never wipe dishes again.

Order Super Suds from your grocer today. Use it for laundry as well as dishwashing. It gets clothes shining white and soap free in one less rinse than other soaps. 10 generous cups of speedy soap for 10 cents.

4748

Super Suds ***The Big Box of Soap for 10¢***

In using advertisements see page 6

© 1929 M. L. I. Co.

"Thank God! At last I'll be able to read and write."

HOW would you feel if you could not read the news of the world? No newspapers, magazines, books, letters, not even a danger sign or a warning notice?

Somewhere near you is a grown person groping in the dark, in many ways helpless as a child, because he cannot read or write. You can bring sunlight into his darkened life. More than that, you may be the means of bringing him better health.

Today he cannot read messages on disease prevention. He does not know, unless someone tells him, important rules of health or how to keep his family from having diphtheria, smallpox, or typhoid fever. These and other preventable diseases often make illiterate localities their breeding places and thus endanger the health of the educated, despite their precautions.

Perhaps you share the mistaken belief that it is impossible to teach grown-up illiterates and that they are content to be illiterate.

Get the confidence of an illiterate and ask him if he would like to read and write. Tell him he can learn to write his name in 30 minutes and read in a few months. In all probability his eager response will amaze you.

It may surprise you to learn that the majority of illiterate persons in the United States are native born. Many of them have never had a chance to learn and do not know where to look for instruction.

Illiterates are not hard to find—a servant, a farmhand, an employee in your own or your neighbor's shop, a laundress, a deliveryman, a laborer in your neighborhood.

There are more than 5,000,000 men and women in the United States who cannot read health messages—more than 400,000 of them are in the State of New York, more than 300,000 in Pennsylvania, about 150,000 in Massachusetts. You can find them in every State of the Union—in cities, in towns and in country districts.

Will you give someone a present that he would not exchange for hundreds of dollars—the ability to read and write—a present which costs you nothing!

Find *your* illiterate. If you will help him to learn to read and write, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you, free of cost, grooved writing pads and illustrated lessons for beginners.

Ask for Booklet 99-G.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Around the World

"I shan't be on duty," he replied; and blushing this time quite unmistakably among his freckles, he added, "You—are you going?"

"Yes—" she nodded, busy with her sewing again. And, holding it up for a moment: "That's what this is. Do you like it?"

"I think it's beautiful. I say . . . Er—would you mind if I came and asked you for a dance tonight—what?"

Five minutes later Mr. Buhl approached the wireless house, evidently bound for the stairway to look for the missing Celia. Suddenly he saw her and stopped. From his position he couldn't see the operator, but he could guess that Celia wasn't talking and smiling to an empty doorway. For as long as it might take you to count five, Mr. Buhl stood there—then, turning quietly on his heel, he almost tiptoed away.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE next morning, which was Tuesday morning, the radio reports from Shanghai were worse than the day before. The rebels had taken Yang-Chau not far to the north. European buildings had been robbed and burned. A British merchant and an American missionary had been killed.

"Do you notice, too," said Mr. Graham, "how the news items are being posted in conspicuous places on the ship? To my mind, untutored in the wiles of cruising, such action seems significant."

"Mrs. Basserville puts them around," piped Betty. "I saw her this morning, fastening one on the purser's signboard, and I said to myself, 'I hope you stick a thumb-tack in your finger!' "

"Tt-tt-tt!" (Miss Works.)

"And what do you think?" continued Betty, her voice not far from registering awe, "she *did* stick a thumb-tack in her finger! And—and it made me wonder—you know—if I had some power of wishing things on people. And I couldn't help thinking how awful it would be if some day I said to somebody, 'I wish you were dead,' and they fell right over backward!"

"You'll have to be careful," Natalie gravely warned her. "I'm glad I'm not sleeping in your room. I might not wake up some morning."

There was more of this, including an offer to find some one whose death would be agreeable to all on board—(there were several of these)—and bringing this fated person forward so that Betty could test her lethal powers—but it wasn't long before they were back again to whether they would visit Shanghai.

"I'm glad we all signed Miss Dorcaster's petition," said Fanny Heublein. "Our stewardess said this morning that there were over three hundred names on it already. That's why Mrs. Basserville is so busy with her notices, I suppose. She simply loathes Miss Dorcaster—calls her Miss Broadcaster, and everything."

"Yes; but you ought to hear what Miss Dorcaster calls Mrs. Basserville!" piped Betty. And with a glance of repression toward Miss Works, she added, "Oooh!"

"Where's Celia this morning?" asked Natalie rather hurriedly.

"Talking to the wireless operator," said Perry with an unconscious touch of displeasure in his voice.

"I wonder if she's got a crush on him?" said Fanny. "Did you notice that she danced with him twice last night?"

"What do you say if we go and get her?" asked Perry. "Let's rush over and carry her back here—chair and all."

"No, please!" exclaimed Mr. Buhl, speaking for the first time—an unaccustomed sharpness in his tone. And in a lower voice he added to Perry: "Miss Van Heusen is quite all right where she is. I know exactly what she's doing, and I thoroughly approve of it."

Mr. Buhl might have been somewhat surprised, though, if he had known that just then Celia was being introduced to Senator Lestig.

For 100% Mornings

A proper hot breakfast is essential, dieticians tell us, to equip for the 4 important morning hours of greatest productivity: in office, in home, in school

LIFE'S battle is won or lost in the morning. Seventy per cent of the world's productive work is done by lunchtime.* Yet literally millions ignore scientific fact and start each day unprepared to do their work.

Consider the importance of breakfast. The nightlong fast leaves the system depleted. The evening meal, long assimilated, has yielded its nourishment. The body is at the exhaustion point, requiring proper refueling. This is why inadequate breakfasts are so dangerous—to children and adults alike.

A *nourishing* "balanced" breakfast—not necessarily a heavy breakfast—is what the body needs. One that provides in proper ratio the elements that build, that restore, that prepare for the hardest period of work each day.

Scientific reasons for a hot breakfast

Quaker Oats scientifically fills the breakfast need to equip body and brain for your morning's needs—the most strenuous hours of work.

First it contains 16% protein, to replace muscular wastage and to furnish nitrogen to build up tissues. It provides half again as much protein as wheat or wheat flour.

Besides this, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in vitamin B to build bone and promote growth. 65% is carbohydrate to supply extra energy. It retains the roughage that replaces laxatives.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that's grown. Dieticians agree on this. Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats provides a most delicious breakfast, creamy rich and flavorsome beyond compare.

Arthur Arentsen, a polo player of note, who knows the importance of proper food for keeping fit—physically and mentally. He eats Quaker Oats regularly each day.

Miss Irene Hayes, who has made a success of her Park Avenue florist shop in New York, starts each day with Quaker Oats for the rich nourishment it provides.

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in 4 short hours, according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word

* * * *

*Based on a recent nation-wide investigation in 25,000 homes, in schools and colleges, in industry and offices.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

In using advertisements see page 6

If the Flavor be lacking— They will be poor pickles!

That is the point of pickles—racy, spicy, *flavor.*

How they brace the appetite—key the whole meal to a livelier interest! Mustard is their very soul. In its glow and sparkle all the other flavors blend in perfect piquancy.

Colman's Mustard, say the experts, for "flavor foods," like mustard, must be selected with the care of a connoisseur. They must be true, aromatic, positively lively or their pungent, palate-tickling quality is lost.

Because of its unique flavor, the peppy little mustard seed of Lincolnshire, England, has been grown for Colman's ever since Jeremiah Colman discovered it there in 1805.

A dash of Colman's in all your salad dressings—whether you make them at home or buy them ready prepared—and in cooked foods, such as cheese, meat, egg and fish dishes, accents their flavor and makes them infinitely more thrilling. In pickles and relishes, of course, it is positively essential.

For the spices in your pickles, use French's if you would be sure they measure up to the quality of your Colman's Mustard. French's spices have been selected by critical cooks for sixty years for the rare high flavor which marks each one.

Mustard Bouquet
Piccalilli
Old Virginia Cabbage Pickle
Apple Chutney

Recipes for these and some other unusually delicious pickles are in the latest Colman recipe book. Why not send for a copy—it is free.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

★

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd., Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y. G-9-29

Please send me free your latest book of recipes for salads, entrees, pickles, and relishes

Name_____

Address_____

Around the World

She had been chatting away to Mr. Templeton—Captain Wadsworth's nephew—when suddenly the Senator had appeared and had stood there, slightly frowning, as though undecided whether to come forward or go back.

"Good morning, Senator," said Sparks. "You know Miss Van Heusen, I suppose? No?— Miss Van Heusen, may I present Senator Lestig? Wait— I'll get another chair."

But the Senator didn't stay long. They talked about the weather—and the cruise—and the ship—and the chances of their landing in Shanghai—a proceeding which Senator Lestig viewed with polite disapproval.

"Personally," he said, "I came on this cruise for pleasure. If the Chinese don't want us, I'm perfectly willing to go somewhere else. We don't want them in our country, and we tell them so. They have an equal right to object to our presence on this side of the Pacific. It's been a great pleasure to have met you, Miss Van Heusen," he added, rising. "I hope to see you again soon. Good morning."

Mr. Templeton watched him disappear down the companion-stairs.

"The Senator doesn't seem to be feeling well this morning," he said. "He's wonderfully good company as a rule. Big stock-holder and director in one of your radio corporations, so he's naturally interested in wireless. Says he could easily find a good position for me if I cared to settle in New York, but—do you know—I can hardly believe it—the salaries he says they pay in your country! Talk about milk and honey! What?"

Celia bent her head over her sewing. Mr. Buhl would have something to think about when he heard of this!

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE next day they were in the Yellow Sea, and needed to glance at it only once to know how it found its name. Mrs. Basserville had posted her last alarming notice; Miss Dorcaster had personally carried her petition to Captain Wadsworth; the sun went down, a yellow ball in a primrose sky; and as the shadows of twilight fell, a distant lighthouse on the Chinese coast suddenly flashed into view.

After dinner, attracted by cries, Celia and Perry went forward on C deck to where an able-bodied seaman, standing on a platform outside the rail, was industriously heaving the lead.

"Sixteen and a half, sir!" he cried, first looking at his knotted cord and then glancing upward.

"Sixteen and a half!" repeated Mr. MacMurray, the first officer on the bridge.

The lighthouse was nearer—though still too far to judge its distance. Between the *Empress* and the shore were the riding lights of a number of other ships, all apparently at anchor.

"Sixteen on the knot!" cried the sailor at the lead.

"Sixteen!" echoed the brusk voice of Mr. MacMurray.

Another sailor, making his rounds, glanced up at the red and green jewels which the *Empress* wore in her earrings.

"Lights are bright, sir!" he reported.

"Aye," acknowledged Mr. MacMurray.

For the first time, perhaps, Celia became fully conscious of the unremitting care which made it possible for a ship to plow her watery furrow around the world.

"Fourteen and a half, sir!" cried the man at the lead.

On the bridge Mr. MacMurray moved a lever, and the *Empress*, which had been steaming at low speed, now hardly moved forward at all. A number of shadowy figures appeared from the forecastle and took their places at the capstan which was attached to the anchor chain.

"What does 'fourteen and a half' mean?" whispered Celia to Perry.

"Fourteen and a half fathoms," he told her.

"Six feet make one fathom. So the sea is eighty-seven feet deep here. I doubt if he'll go in much closer."

Indeed the anchor chain was just rattling down when Mr. Buhl appeared.

"Natalie said you were down here," he said with unconcealed excitement. And making sure that no one else could hear, he added in a whisper: "I don't know whether it's the result of Celia's campaign, but I've just had a wireless from Yokohama. 'Delayed in transmission,' it says. Come over to the light and I'll read it to you."

He led the way to the forecastle entrance, where a lamp was burning at the head of the steel stairway, and there inside the companionway he read the following message:

"Buhl, Yokohama. Lestig has unsavory record in Indian oil lands also corrupt use excessive campaign funds. Gordon was Washington lobbyist many years for powerful and unscrupulous oil corporations. They have recently organized important petroleum and shipping company and plan to start operations next year. Helme is associated with company as large share-holder and foreign manager."

The dramatic silence which followed was broken by Celia. "Did you show this to Mr. Albans yet?" she asked.

"Yes; I just came from his office. But I didn't stay long—he has troubles of his own."

"Are we going to land at Shanghai, did he say?" she breathlessly inquired.

"It looks that way," nodded Mr. Buhl. "Captain Wadsworth wouldn't trust his ship up the river. So he said he'd anchor off-shore here, and Mr. Albans could do as he liked. Albans showed me a copy of a wireless that he had sent to his Shanghai agents. Of course, I can't remember it word for word, but it was something like this: 'How are local conditions? Can passengers land? If so, send tenders alongside first thing in the morning. The ship is anchoring off-shore at Woosung.' "

"Has there been an answer yet?"

"Yes; he showed me that, too. The agent said that conditions were threatening, but not seriously alarming. That the authorities favored landing of cruise passengers for the moral effect which it would have upon the natives, but that no excursions would be permitted outside the barbed-wire entanglements. Also that tenders for passengers would arrive alongside the *Empress* at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

Celia looked out into the murky darkness which concealed the shore.

"Something tells me we're going to find out something here," she thought, her heart beating quickly, "and we might not have gone ashore at all if—if—if I hadn't worked awfully hard!"

CHAPTER XXXIX

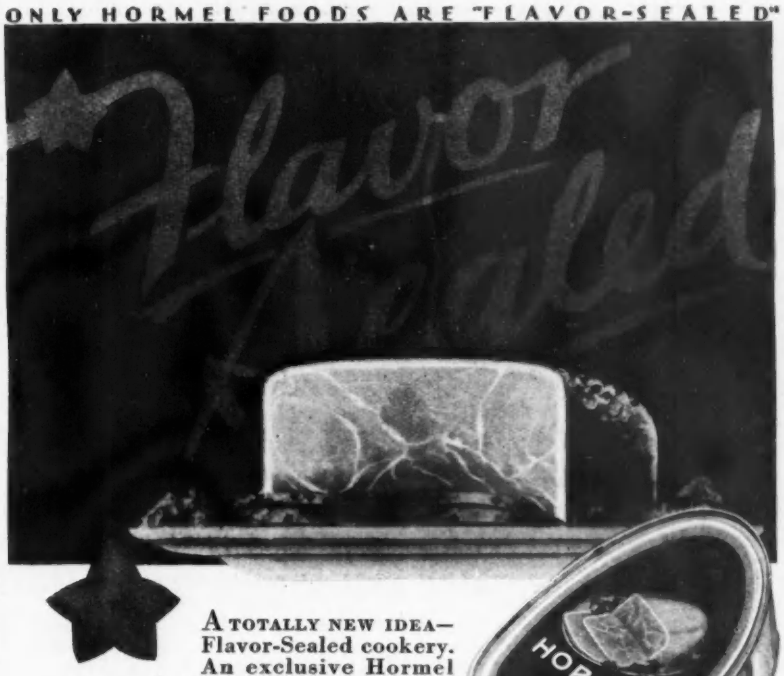
CELIA was out on deck the next morning as soon as the tenders from Shanghai had fastened to the *Empress's* side—and right away there was promising news. The captain of the first tender had brought a number of letters aboard, including one for Mr. Buhl from the editor of the *North China Daily News*.

"Dear Mr. Buhl: In relation to your advertisement, copy of which I enclose, I shall be pleased to see you at the office here if you can spare me a few minutes. Sincerely, A. Dabney."

As you can imagine, Celia and Mr. Buhl were among the first on the tender; and although a number of the passengers had previously proclaimed that they couldn't be hired to go ashore at Shanghai, not many were left looking over the rails of the *Empress* when the tender finally steamed away and made for the lighthouse which marked the mouth of the river which led to Shanghai.

And what a river! They had hardly passed the lighthouse when they knew that they were in a world which they had never seen before. Sampans with their brown, corrugated sails—

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"



A TOTALLY NEW IDEA—Flavor-Sealed cookery. An exclusive Hormel process that brings out unsuspected flavor in meats and assures uniform tenderness, taste and quality.

The new Hormel way wholly retains all those natural flavors and savory juices which escape in water and steam by the usual cooking methods.

That's why Flavor-Sealed Ham has a new and different richness of flavor.

Everything is saved, nothing is lost. This process also saves hours of kitchen time and labor for the housewife. Flavor-Sealed Ham is instantly ready to serve cold. For baked ham, simply heat through and brown, (30 minutes, half size; 60 minutes, whole ham.)

Indispensable among the emergency shelf goods of the household. Economical. No bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores —or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

★ *Hormel Flavor-Sealed Foods are first packed in vacuum sealed containers, then vacuum cooked in their own juices. Still sealed in vacuum they are delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender.*

Flavor-Sealed HORMEL HAM

In using advertisements see page 6

• The Greater Evenness of Baking in Glass

makes these new menus possible

***Whole dinners that bake* in 20 minutes**

BAKING DISHES of sparkling glass bake more evenly than any metal utensil can. Scientists say they store up a remarkable amount of heat, and then give the heat out equally to every part of the food within.

This greater evenness of baking has brought about an entirely new menu idea—whole meals that cook with amazing quickness! . . . and all at the same time! Some in 20 minutes; others 30; the longest, 45 minutes.

Thirty of these unbelievably quick luncheons and dinners have just been published in a wonderful new menu bulletin. It costs only $5.15 to buy the equipment to cook these quick, new menus . . . as well as to do all your every-day baking.

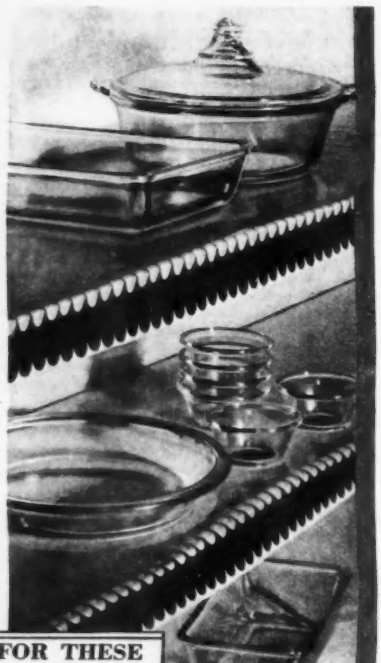
This entire meal cooked in 20 minutes . . . baked chicken cones (utility dish), potato rosettes (pie plate), tomato and corn scallop (casserole), orange shortcake (custard cups). Pierced metal frames in many designs may be had for casserole, pie plate and utility dish.

• • •

These glistening Pyrex dishes never discolor foods or affect the taste. They never wear out, crack or craze. And because they enable you to cook and serve in the same dish, they save you dishwashing, work and money.

Hardware stores and the houseware or china sections of department stores have this $5.15 Pyrex baking set and many other Pyrex dishes as well.

Guarantee: Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from oven heat.



$5.15 FOR THESE TEN PIECES

Take this $5.15 list to your dealer

Covered Casserole No. 023 round, or No. 053 square or No. 033 oval, or No. 043 shallow, medium size	$1.75
Utility dish, No. 231, medium size	1.00
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
Pie plate, No. 209, medium size	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size	.90
This economical Pyrex Baking Set	$5.15

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

• FREE •

Send today for new Menu Bulletin

Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-65, Corning, N. Y.

Send me FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

Name .....
(Please print name)

Address .....

Around the World

bumboats, on which whole families seemed to live, working at the oars or sleeping beneath the seats—broad stern-wheelers with engines of twenty-four rice-power, that is to say, twenty-four brawny coolies in three rows of eight each, standing on top of the paddle wheel and working it like a treadmill—junks with sky-scraping sterns, probably the most artistic man-made things that float—barges thick against the bank, and swarming with life—and finally, unexpectedly, a long line of men-of-war of apparently every nation beneath the sun.

"British—" said Mr. Buhl, reading the flags as they passed by. "Italian—British—British—French — British — Japanese — British—" And then, finally, what they had all been hoping to see: "Here we are! The U. S. A.! Three of them, all in a row!"

The passengers from the *Empress* nearly cheered themselves hoarse, and the sailors aboard the three destroyers lined the rails and cheered back, till Celia felt a lump in her throat as she looked at her flag so far from home, doing its part in keeping the peace of the world.

IT WAS nearly ten o'clock before they reached the landing dock, and although her trip up the river had partly prepared her for it, Celia had to blink her eyes before she could believe the actual existence of these magnificent modern office buildings, the wide asphalted streets, the towering department stores, the busy trolleys, the luxurious limousines with their liveried chauffeurs and second men. Indeed, she could easily have imagined herself back in New York, if it hadn't been for the Oriental scarlet thread constantly running through the more commonplace Occidental pattern.

Trotting in and out among the limousines, for instance, were bare-legged rickshaw coolies in native dress. Walking in and out of the shops were Chinese débutantes, laughing and chatting together, dressed in black pajama suits. The traffic policemen at the corners were turbaned Hindus, resplendent with medals and magnificent beards.

They went to see Mr. Dabney first—the editor of the *North China Daily News*, who had asked Mr. Buhl to call. He was a gray-haired little man with surprisingly dark-brown eyes; and when he was introduced to Celia, he almost forgot Mr. Buhl.

"I'm awfully pleased you dropped in," he said. "I remember your father—oh, quite well—and the search that was made after his death by your family solicitor—Judge Stuyvesant, wasn't it?—I remember that, too."

"Did Mr. Van Heusen live here for any length of time?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"Awfully pleased you dropped in," repeated Mr. Dabney. "No; he didn't live here. I met him at the Club, and we quite took to each other. He was very full of curiosity about the trade possibilities of the East, and at that time—being nearly a quarter of a century younger than I am now—I took myself rather seriously as an Asiatic encyclopedia. I should say that he stayed here about a week. Oh, a most lovable chap! So a few years later, when I received a circular letter from your family solicitor—in the same vein as Mr. Buhl's advertisement of the other day—I went into the subject most exhaustively; and—er—in a world whose very existence seems to be based upon uncertainties, you can at least be sure of this, Miss Van Heusen, that your father was never married here."

Poor Celia— She had entered Mr. Dabney's office so hopefully!

"Was he alone when he visited Shanghai?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"Yes; quite alone."

"Did he engage in any business here?"

"None whatever. In fact, I advised him away from Shanghai, having always foreseen more or less clearly what is happening now."

"You are sure he didn't become interested—er—in the oil business?"

"Not here. As a matter of fact, he did speak

Notes from the Social Register of SOLID SILVER

PINE TREE . . . *whose "family crest" appears on the back of every piece. Today, this pine tree image signifies just what it did so long ago, when, on every Pine Tree Shilling, it was a symbol of genuineness—of* solid silver.

MINUET . . . *belonging, inevitably, to America's "first families." Its spirit is the very spirit of that quaint old dance—the Minuet. Its scroll pediment topped the finest doorways and highboys of the Colonial period.*

TRIANON . . . *a blending of two immortal strains—the Grecian and the French. Here is classic symplicity, relieved by a lighter touch inimitably French. In* Trianon . . . *the queenly beauty of the Grand Trianon.*

FONTAINE . . . *whose "family tree" dates back to the old French court of the Louis'. One sees in its beauty the magnificence of the French Renaissance, to which Pierre Francois Fontaine contributed so much.*

WEDGWOOD . . . *a pattern whose proud lineage is easily guessed. For every delicately wrought detail, every feminine curve, reveals this beautiful silver a direct descendant of the glorious Wedgwood pottery.*

PRICES? Decidedly modest. 6 teaspoons are $11.00 to $12.50, varying with the pattern. A 26 piece starting set (4 dessert knives, 4 dessert forks, 8 teaspoons, 4 salad forks, 4 bouillon spoons, 2 tablespoons) is $73.35 to $90.00. A matching tea and dinner service is to be had in each of these patterns.

Learn of the easy new way of purchasing International Sterling under the Sterling Silversmith's Guild Purchase Plan. Ask your jeweler for details.

INTERNATIONAL STERLING

FINE ARTS DIVISION — INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. — MERIDEN, CONN.

What pieces will you need first? The progression from a beginner's set all the way to an elaborate service is discussed in the most helpful of silver booklets—"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." It shows various International patterns, with lists of pieces and prices on each. Send 25c. Mail the coupon now.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn. G. H.—9-29

Enclosed is 25c (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

What a Difference!

A NEW idea of washday was born when Maytag originated the seamless, cast-aluminum tub and countersunk Gyratator. The introduction of the Maytag Roller Water Remover marked another advance in washer convenience and thoroughness.

Irrespective of what washers you may have used, you will recognize a vast difference when you try a Maytag . . . a difference that has enabled the Maytag to sell itself to a million and a half good housekeepers.

PHONE your Maytag dealer for a trial Maytag washing. If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.

Deferred Payments You'll Never Miss

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, *Newton, Iowa*
Founded 1893

Maytag

Aluminum Washer

A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."

Around the World

of oil, I remember—something that he had seen, or heard, or read about in the Straits Settlements—"

"The Straits Settlements. Do we go there?" asked Celia quickly.

"I believe so. You call at Singapore, don't you?— And Penang?— I thought so. Both those cities are in the Straits."

Celia uncertainly arose, as though with some vague idea of starting there at once. Mr. Dabney arose, too.

"You have a good press-agent, Mr. Buhl," he said, as he led the way to the door.

"How do you mean?"

Mr. Dabney stopped at a table and picked up a copy of a newspaper printed in the spidery characters of the Chinese language.

"This is the *Shanghai Shun Pao*," he said, "which is another way of saying the *Daily News*. Beautiful-looking thing, isn't it? And beautiful, too, in this—that it has a circulation of over 100,000 against our modest 7000. Controlled in Japan, they say, but I mustn't begin talking politics. This is what I wanted to show you: You see this story on the last page? It tells about Miss Van Heusen's search—gives a translation of the advertisement—stresses the reward of a thousand dollars gold."

The smiling face of Mr. Chujo appeared for a moment in the background of Celia's memory.

"Do you suppose they may have heard anything over in this Chinese newspaper office?" she eagerly asked.

"I'll call them up, if you like. I know the editor, Dr. Wu, very well."

To telephone he went into a booth at the other end of the room—staying a longer time than they had expected behind the closed glass door.

"Now, that's a queer thing," he said, finally emerging. "Whether or not Wu has heard anything, I don't know; but he says he has written you, Mr. Buhl, care of the *Empress*, sending you a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Chinese Daily News* at Penang. Yes—Penang again, of all places in the world!"

"Do you think we could see him, if we went to his office?" asked Celia in her eager voice.

"I suggested it to him, myself. But he told me—politely and inscrutably—that he was just leaving for the day and could do nothing more than send the letter, which you will find on your return to the ship."

THEY went sight-seeing then—in a car with Professor Schaffner and Miss Works—Celia so excited, so elated at what she had just heard, that Shanghai looked positively beautiful to her—though for that matter Miss Works seemed to be enjoying it, too—sitting there by the side of Professor Schaffner and holding his camera.

"I had no idea that it was such a large city!" exclaimed Celia as they turned into an avenue of stately homes.

"A million and a half inhabitants," said Mr. Buhl, half turning around from the front seat.

"One million, six hundred and forty-three thousand, to be exact," said Professor Schaffner.

Miss Works gave him such a glance of tender admiration.

"Bubbling Well Road," said Mr. Buhl, looking at the sign on a corner.

"Ah, Kipling—Kipling!" sighed Miss Works, making a poetical little gesture with the camera.

"I love the names of the streets," said Celia. "Already I've seen the Nanking Road, the Foochow Road, the Tibet Road—"

"The Tibet Road is a particularly good name," said Professor Schaffner. "The Yangtze-Kiang, to which Shanghai owes its greatness, rises, you know, in far-away Tibet."

"Imagine!" murmured Miss Works with a gentle sigh of satisfaction. "I never knew that before!"

But the scene wasn't all harmonious. In fact, wherever they looked—if they only looked deeply enough—they caught the strident, the discordant note of Mars.

Around the World

"Do you notice that in most of these gardens you see a squad of soldiers?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"Yes," said the professor. "Wearing steel helmets, too, and with bayonets fixed in their rifles. We're probably getting close to the danger zone."

At the next corner they turned sharply to the right. It was a wide street, and all down the middle of the roadway was a snarl of barbed-wire entanglements. Once they passed an opening in the wire—an opening heavily guarded with khaki-clad soldiers and machine guns. The other side of the barricade was unmistakably Chinese, the sidewalks lined with shops and thronged with hostile-eyed natives. A stone struck the car and made a dent in the hood. Once, when they stopped for traffic, Celia imagined she heard a noise like distant cannon.

"Let's get away from here as soon as we can," said Mr. Buhl to the chauffeur.

They got away at the next corner and were soon speeding back to the hotel where lunch was to be served to the cruisers. When they passed the race-track, they saw it was filled with tents. A few minutes later they were obliged to make a detour—an English soldier stopping their car and turning them to the left.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Buhl.

"Oh, just a bit of a riot, sir. We'll soon have it straightened out. It's one of their native festivals. They're feeling good today."

THE hotel, they found, was full of rumors. A harbor strike had just been called. Two of Mrs. Basserville's friends, riding forth to shop in rickshaws, had been taken down a native street and robbed by their coolies. A pail of whitewash had been emptied from a roof. Native chauffeurs had refused to return to the hotel unless they were first heavily tipped.

In the lobby Mr. Albans was exhorting his cruisers to keep cool.

"Lunch is now being served upstairs," he said, "and the shopping district in the Nanking Road will be perfectly safe all afternoon. You will probably feel easier in your minds if you walk there and back, and keep together in small groups. The news about the harbor strike is unfortunately true, and we may not be able to return to the ship tonight. You will be perfectly comfortable, however, here in the hotel; and although the rooms are full, the manager has promised me that he will furnish a chair for every cruiser, if I will promise to furnish a cruiser for every chair."

The cruisers tried to laugh at this, but the result was somewhat feeble.

"Mmm . . . !" said Mrs. Basserville a few minutes later, "I hope all those who signed that petition feel proud of themselves now!"

"Isn't this the thrillingest adventure!" exclaimed Miss Dorcaster, beaming at those around her. "Do you know, I wouldn't have missed it for all the world!"

"We'll get our party together," said Mr. Buhl to Celia. "You and Miss Works stay here, and the professor and I will round up the others."

They lunched together—the ten of them; lunched together, shopped together, and dined together. Later they attended a movie show in the ballroom of the hotel. And later yet they began to settle in the lobby for the night.

"Now, don't be afraid," said Mr. Buhl when a clanging military car went rushing past the hotel. "Remember there are five men here, and we're all on the watch."

Miss Dorcaster was also on the watch—circulating here, circulating there, missing nothing that was going on.

Eleven o'clock . . .

Twelve o'clock . . .

One by one—and group by group—the cruisers began to doze in their chairs. Just before Celia fell asleep, she saw Miss Works' head drooping slowly sideways until it came to rest on Professor Schaffner's shoulder.

(To be continued)

A striking curtain arrangement of Scranton Continental net, as presented to over 100 decorators at a recent style show held in the Hotel Biltmore, New York.

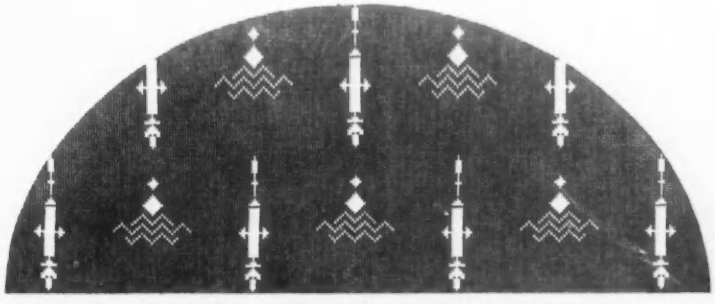
Tailored curtains are smart *and very practical*

THE decided style trend to tailored net curtains will especially please the woman who demands styles that are practical as well as pleasing. Tailored net curtains stay fresh so much longer, wear so much better and hang so much truer.

Scranton Designers have created a new group of patterns to meet both the increasing demand for tailored curtains and the growing popularity of modernism in decoration. See Scranton Continental nets and curtains at any leading Department Store. They range from the most moderate to the most expensive.

Send your name and address with 10c to the Scranton Lace Company, Dept. 200, Scranton, Pa., for booklet showing these designs and over 77 different ways to drape your windows.

SCRANTON
DRAPERY FABRICS



Continental Net No. 18722, 36 to 45 inches wide. Two tone. Filet Weave.

In using advertisements see page 6

★ ELIZABETH ARDEN ★
is in Personal Touch with You

Through **every one** *of her Preparations and Treatments*

WHENEVER you use one of Elizabeth Arden's Preparations for the care of the skin, you are secure in the knowledge that the Preparation was personally planned by Miss Arden and first used by her.

Every time you smooth on Cleansing Cream, pat with Ardena Skin Tonic, and brace your muscles with Special Astringent and Muscle Oil according to the Elizabeth Arden method, you are following the steps of the treatment skillfully developed by Miss Arden's inspired fingers to satisfy her own exacting requirements.

In Miss Arden's Salons her wise counsel and her sensitive fingers have brought charm to thousands of happy women. But her skill and service are not limited to Salon clients. You, too, wherever you live, are in constant personal touch with Elizabeth Arden whenever you use her Preparations according to her famous proven method.

Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. These preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN PORE CREAM
Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. $1, $2.50.

VENETIAN BLEACHINE CREAM
A mild bleach and a soothing emollient cream in one. Made of fresh lemons. Excellent for face, neck and hands. $1.25.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. $2, $3.50.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.00.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

ELIZABETH ARDEN ★

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix · LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street · BERLIN W: Lennéstr. 5
CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Pl. · BOSTON: 24 Newbury St. · LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th St.
DETROIT: Book Bldg. · PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St. · SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell St
WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave. · ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta · CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries · MADRID: 71 Calle Alcalá · ROME: Via Condotti 65
SOUTHAMPTON: Job's Lane · NEWPORT: Casino Block

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929.

The Truth About Aluminum

(*Continued from page 100*)

salts permitted in canned food products sets a permissible maximum of 300 milligrams of tin salts per kilogram of food contained in the can (2.1 grains per pound of material). In view of the fact, therefore, that aluminum salts are not considered as poisonous as the salts of tin, it can readily be seen that even under the conditions of this test, and with these comparatively extreme acid liquors, the attack upon the aluminum was of such small magnitude that it could not be considered as dangerous or deleterious to health. In addition to this, it is well known that on boiling very dilute solutions of aluminum salts, the insoluble hydroxid is precipitated, which is held by the leading authorities on toxicology to be non-poisonous in its nature. If, however, any considerable quantity of aluminum was taken into solution, this point might be considered as open to debate, as it has been held that aluminum hydrate is redissolved by the hydrochloric of the gastric juice, forming chloride of aluminum, some of which might be absorbed.

The next test was to determine the effect of dilute alkalies upon aluminum. An alkali is in effect the opposite of an acid principle. That is to say, when an alkaline substance is mixed in the proper proportion with an acid substance, the acidity and alkalinity are both destroyed, and the resulting substance is known as salt. In the same way metals may be acted upon by acids and alkalies; and the resulting substance is a salt. Thus, if acetic acid acts upon aluminum, aluminum acetate is formed, and this is, in the chemical sense, a salt. Some metals are vigorously acted upon by acids, but are quite resistant to the attack of alkaline solutions. It is characteristic of aluminum, however, that it resists the attack of most acids more successfully than the attack of alkalies. For this reason it would appear that if any danger or difficulty is to be met with in the use of aluminum for cooking utensils, it would be principally in those cases where non-acid or alkaline liquids or substances were being cooked. We have now, therefore, to consider the subject particularly from this point of view. According to the scientific investigations that were made in exactly the same manner as those for the acid liquids, it was found that a half-percent alkaline solution could be made by dissolving about two level teaspoonfuls of cooking-soda in a quart of water. Upon being boiled for one hour in such a solution, the alkaline liquid showed an attack upon the aluminum metal just four times greater than that produced by the acid liquids. This same solution, however, either with or without the addition of half a percent of salt, showed no action at all upon the metal after standing in contact with it for two days in the cold. These results indicate that even with these strong alkaline solutions, the solubility of aluminum is not excessive to the point where any danger in the use of aluminum vessels is indicated.

Why Aluminum Discolors

There is, however, an attendant circumstance to be taken into account. Alkaline liquids or substances which are boiled or cooked in aluminum vessels produce a brown discoloration on the surface of the stamped and spun metal, and a greenish black discoloration on the cast ware, which contains copper. This discoloration of aluminum in use with certain waters has long been observed, but the actual reason for this effect has not heretofore been explained. Many water supplies throughout the United States contain lime in solution and are technically known as hard waters. Such waters are always slightly alkaline in reaction, due to the fact that lime itself is an alkaline base. In addition, many rivers and lakes used as city water supplies are slightly alkaline, due to the presence of compounds of soda and potash, which are also strong alkaline bases. It is

A 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste

. . . than any other leading brand priced at 25c.

More important—Colgate's cleans better—its penetrating foam washes away decayed impurities in crevices not reached by brushing.

FREE Get a generous sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream — the cleansing dentifrice — simply mail the coupon below and be convinced.

COLGATE'S has become the largest-selling dentifrice in the world because it not only polishes the outer surfaces of the teeth, but more important, because its wonderful penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth, not reached by ordinary brushing.

Recent scientific tests confirm the fact that Colgate's has a greater penetrating* power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market. This means that it gets down into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

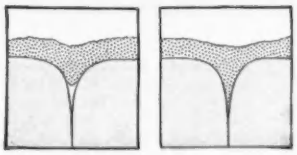
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly, but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpaste.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

***How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start**

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1705, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

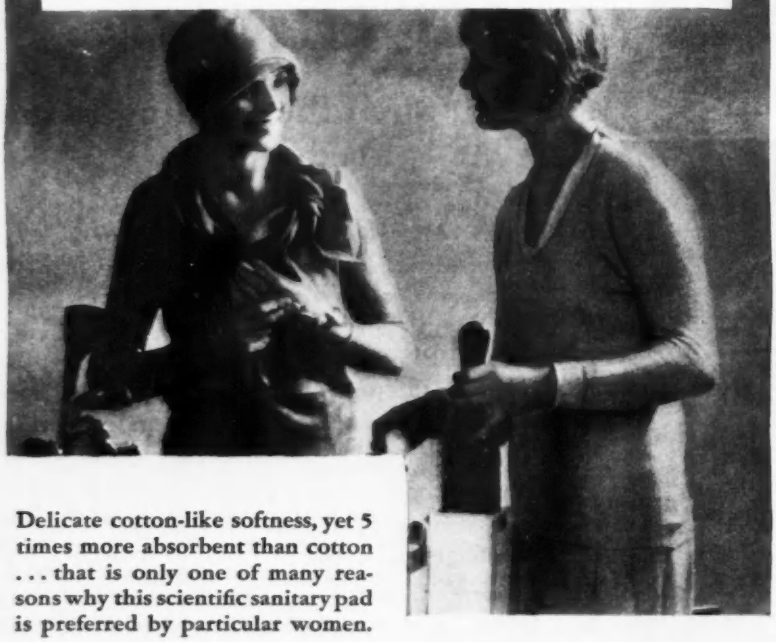
FREE ★

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

"Such marvelous softness—a sanitary comfort every woman appreciates"



Delicate cotton-like softness, yet 5 times more absorbent than cotton . . . that is only one of many reasons why this scientific sanitary pad is preferred by particular women.

"I USE KOTEX for the same reason that I wear silk lingerie. I want to be well dressed to the minutest detail." That is the recently expressed opinion of one fastidious woman. Others are enthusiastic about "its absorbency"... "that feeling of complete safety and comfort . . . you never are aware of any self-consciousness, any hesitancy." "Golf, tennis, all the delightful outdoor activities are possible now, at any time."

85% of hospitals use Kotex filler

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but for all surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

Why Kotex is different

One adjusts layers of filler easily. Kotex is disposed of instantly. Cheese cloth and cotton substitutes are actually more expensive, since the price of Kotex has been so radically reduced. If you buy a box today (45c for twelve at any drug, dry goods or department store) you'll see why millions of women approve of it—call it "nothing short of wonderful." In vending cabinets of restrooms, too, through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2 KOTEX FILLER is far lighter than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
3 IN HOSPITALS—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
4 ROUNDED, TAPERED CORNERS—make for inconspicuous protection.
5 DEODORIZES . . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.
6 ADJUSTABLE . . . Filler may be made thinner or narrower, as required.
7 DISPOSABLE completely, instantly, without laundry.
8 EASILY BOUGHT, anywhere, by name.

Kotex Regular, 45c for 12.
Kotex Super—65c for 12.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

The Truth About Aluminum

for this reason that aluminum used for cooking utensils has been found to discolor much more rapidly in certain sections of the country than in others.

Tests were further made to determine if by any possibility copper could be present in the solution used, but not a trace could be detected.

The oxid, as well as the hydroxid, of aluminum is white in color, and it became an interesting subject of scientific investigation to determine the reason for the formation of the black stains which appear when alkaline liquids or substances are being boiled or cooked in aluminum vessels. If such a strong mineral acid as muriatic or hydrochloric acid is allowed to act upon aluminum, it dissolves it very rapidly and leaves a sooty, black encrustation. When chemically analyzed, this black deposit was found to be a compound of aluminum together with iron. Further investigation has shown that only very small quantities of iron are necessary in order to show up a black stain when the surface of aluminum is etched by any attacking medium. It has already been stated that even the spun aluminum ware contains a small percentage of iron as an impurity. In addition to this, many waters contain some iron, so that there appears to be always iron enough present to produce the dark stains when any considerable etching action takes place upon the surface of aluminum. This darkening or stain on the aluminum ware is not shown by the acid liquids, but only when the reaction is slightly alkaline.

The results of this scientific inquiry placed within the hands of housewives and others responsible for the care of aluminum cooking utensils an easy method of correcting this black stain. A quarter of a teaspoonful of vinegar added to the water used for cooking operations is so small an amount that it will not affect the flavor or results obtained in the large majority of cooking operations, and therefore, when it is known that the water available is of a hard or slightly alkaline nature, this can easily be corrected in the kitchen with practically no trouble or expense.

Never Use Oxalic Acid

Knowing the tendency of aluminum to become dark under certain conditions, some manufacturers of this ware have recommended a method of cleaning against which housewives and others responsible for the care of kitchen ware can not be too emphatically warned. They recommend a cleaning solution to be made by using four tablespoonfuls of oxalic-acid crystals in a gallon of water and boiling for not more than five minutes, or allowing this solution to remain cold in the vessel over night. As a matter of fact, oxalic acid is a strong and most dangerous corrosive poison which has no business to be in any kitchen. As sold, it consists of very fine-grained white crystals which might easily be confused with other white, fine-grained substances such as common salt, sugar, or cooking-soda. A mistake might at any time result in dangerous poisoning of entire families, and no kitchen should ever be allowed to contain such a dangerous corrosive poison. As has been shown above, the dark stains on aluminum ware under certain conditions can be easily avoided, but in cases where it is necessary to use acids for removing burned grease or other dark stains which may occur upon aluminum, no acids stronger than vinegar should be used or permitted in the kitchen. In addition to this treatment, scouring with a fine scouring soap and a stiff bristle brush or steel wool is sufficient.

All the effects which have been described in the preceding paragraphs have been produced by artificial liquids of either an acid or alkaline nature, and it has been shown that several interesting scientific points have been discovered and developed in the course of this work. The general reader will, however, be more interested in the results obtained by boiling and cooking

CLEANERS OF GUARANTEED QUALITY . . . . . BUT VERY LOW-PRICED

JUNIOR MODEL*
$24.50
less attachments

STANDARD MODEL*
$35.00
less attachments

HAND MODEL*
$13.50

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

When General Electric guarantees a product you may be sure that you need never question its quality. You may expect a fine product, made of only the best materials and built to function smoothly through years of use.

These General Electric Cleaners are light in weight, easy to use. Their suction is so powerful that they clean thoroughly with a minimum of effort. They need no oiling. They have fourteen important points which add to their efficiency.

In a recent survey among housewives it was found that 93 out of every 100 women who own General Electric Cleaners said that they would buy no other! This is more important than anything we can say because only the woman who uses a cleaner *knows* which features are vital.

You should really try them. See how cleverly each little detail that makes for your convenience has been incorporated in them. Remember that you save money by buying direct—through your dealer's store. The coupon will bring you complete details.

For the Standard and Junior Models, either of two sets of attachments is available. Prices are $6.50 and $10.

**Prices quoted prevail East of the Rockies.*

Dealers interested in a General Electric Cleaner franchise are invited to write us.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

★

Section C-589
Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn.

Please send me complete information about General Electric Cleaners.

Name_____

Address_____

In using advertisements see page 6

SOPHISTICATED NEW YORK —WITH ALL ITS KNOWLEDGE OF DELICIOUS FOOD —IS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT

THE TABLE *COOKER

TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES —UNLIKE ANY OTHER—ACCOMPANY COFFEE AND TEA EVERYWHERE

You would scarcely expect blasé New York to get excited about a single cooking implement. But it is! About the Manning-Bowman Table Cooker!

To understand this, imagine you are a guest in one of the smart drawing-rooms where the Table Cooker is busy. Tea or coffee is passed. Then someone lifts sandwiches from the Table Cooker—toasted cheese sandwiches, hot and crisp.

Take one. It is a delicious cheese confection. To make it, the outsides of the bread were buttered and a layer of cheese put in the center. Now where is the butter? It is driven through all the toast. Where is the cheese? It has melted—there's its lightness in the center—and even the farthest-off crisp bit of the sandwich has the delightful cheese flavor.

This way of driving flavors clear through a serving makes the Table Cooker unique. Makes it do exciting things to the most familiar foods—to bacon wrapped around oysters . . . to steak being grilled . . . to shredded wheat buttered and made crisp as popcorn . . . to cinnamon toast . . . to a slice of ham. It opens up a whole new school of cookery.

Put slices of cheese with a little salt and pepper between two thin slices of unbuttered bread. Lightly butter the outsides of the sandwich and toast it in the Cooker with top closed.

The Table Cooker, like all Manning-Bowman table appointments, is practical, simple and safe to use. The grids can be washed easily and quickly because they are removable—an exclusive feature of these cookers. A drain-pipe and groove take care of the grease in grilling steak.

A free booklet with the Cooker tells the new recipes. Oblong Cooker illustrated, nickel finish, $18. Same model in Aranium (this will not tarnish) $22. Round Table Cooker, ideal for chops and toasted sandwiches, $12. If a shop near you does not have a Table Cooker, send us your check for the listed amount and we will mail you one direct. Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN

The Truth About Aluminum

a number of the ordinary food products under test conditions in aluminum utensils. In order to obtain information along this line, a most systematic investigation was made. Whereas it is commonly known that many vegetables and fruits contain acid juices, it is not so commonly known that a number of vegetables which are quite lacking in any acid quality or reaction have, nevertheless, a slight corrosive action upon all forms of metal cooking utensils. In addition to this, many cooks employ baking-soda in the process of cooking operations, in order to produce certain effects with respect to the color and flavor of the vegetables which they are preparing.

In the course of the careful study which was made of this subject in the scientific report of this investigation, a great number of different vegetables were cooked in aluminum vessels, using the methods of cooking prescribed in the standard cook-books. After the various dishes were finished the food was carefully subjected to chemical analysis to determine how much contamination from aluminum compounds or aluminum salts had been produced in the food. It was found that tomatoes and asparagus removed small amounts of aluminum from the vessels without the addition of salt; that green peas cooked with salt had no effect upon the metal; that no common vegetable had the slightest effect when cooked in the ordinary way, with the possible exception of green beans, which were in a wilted condition when received and had to be cooked an unusual length of time. In general it is advisable to add the necessary salt at the end of the cooking.

In view of the fact that aluminum is being extensively used for coffee-pots and jelly-molds the investigation was extended to these. Coffee simmered for fifteen hours and left standing for sixteen hours longer gave no indication of any attack upon the metal, and a lemon jelly allowed to set and remain in a mold for several days removed practically no metal whatsoever.

The above tests apply equally well to the cooking of vegetables in fireless cookers. The outer side of all kettles and aluminum vessels should be kept clean and bright, as under these conditions the efficiency of fireless cookers made with aluminum will be increased.

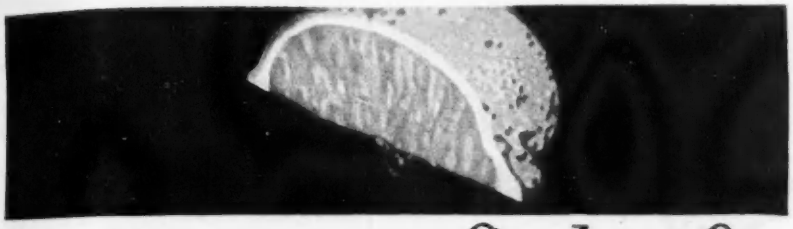
As the result of this systematic scientific investigation, in which a number of chemists were constantly employed for about two months, it has been shown that there is no danger in the use of aluminum cooking utensils, particularly if extreme cleanliness is used in their care. It may be pointed out at this place, however, that this precaution is equally necessary with all other forms of metallic containers, and should never be overlooked even in the cases where enameled ware is in use.

It has also been shown that the dark stains produced on aluminum ware are due principally to the alkaline nature of the water used or to the use of cooking-soda; and, further, that these discolorations can be prevented by the partial or entire neutralization of the alkaline effect by the addition of varying proportions of vinegar to a quart of water depending on the hardness of the water to be used. It is very emphatically pointed out, however, that the use of the dangerous poison, oxalic acid, should not be permitted in any household, or in any kitchen or pantry. This warning can not be too often repeated.

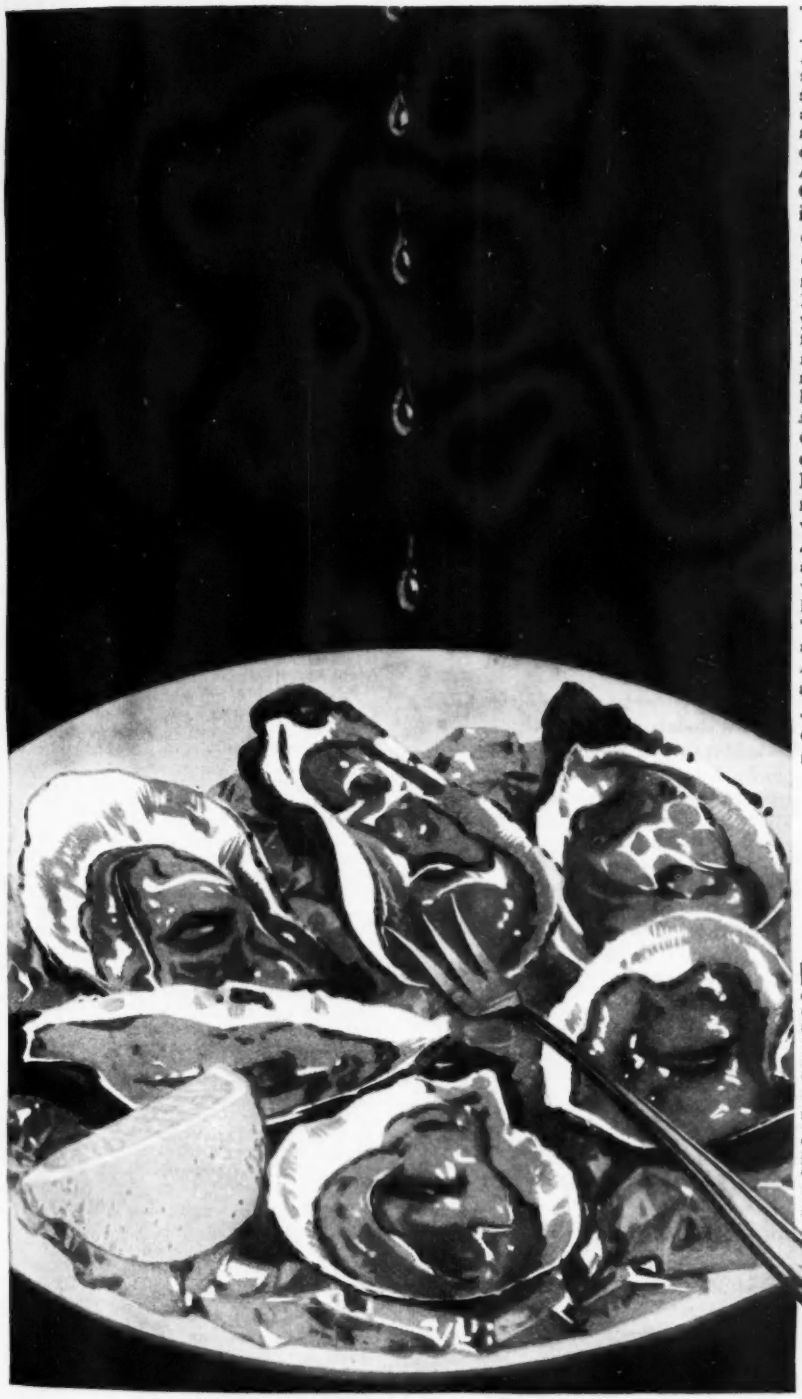
September Meals

(*Continued from page 93*)

of sugar. Add gradually to three cupfuls of milk and one cupful of cream which have been combined. Then add one and one-half cupfuls of Tokay grapes which have been cut in halves and seeded. Freeze, using eight parts of ice to one part of salt. Makes about two quarts.



REAL REASON FOR *Sunkist Lemon Garnish*



IT is more than just a custom to serve foods garnished with California Sunkist Lemons. *Behind it stands a good health reason.* But, surely, the bright, waxy Sunkist Lemon skins add appetite-charm to meat, fish, oysters and spinach and other leaf vegetables. And, most everyone agrees that the delicate flavor of the Lemon gives a tang unequaled. . . . And, now along comes the oyster season. Can you imagine a hotel or restaurant offering these luscious bivalves without the Lemon Garnish? A few drops on the oysters—or clams—adds a taste delight not to be measured in words. . . . Carry the pleasure Lemon Garnish gives everyone right into your home, whether there are guests, or the family alone. Serve it regularly. Preparation is but the work of a moment. A quick, easy method is to cut a Sunkist Lemon exactly in half, then divide each half into four parts—*servings for eight!* Let us send you free a copy of "Sunkist Recipes" which details the Lemon Garnish preparation. Mail the coupon . . . Every drop of California Lemon Juice has real health value. Lemons, like Oranges, while acid in taste are actually *alkaline in reaction* and Medical Science tells you they are among the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis. . . . It is of immediate health interest to send for a free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," approved by an eminent diet authority. It discusses Acidosis and presents normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Mail the coupon . . . . Buy California Sunkist Lemons by the dozen—keep them handy. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA LEMONS

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Price $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. Delivery price in Canada $19.95. (Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.)

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 309, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

© 1929 C.F.G.E.

☐ Please mail me FREE Booklets "Sunkist Recipes" and "Telling Fortunes with Foods."

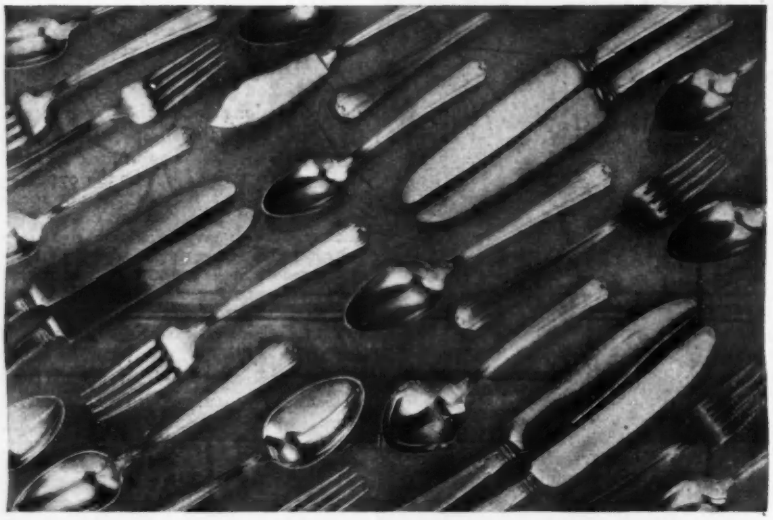
☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

Name_____

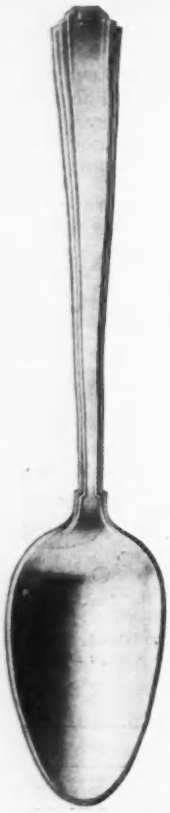
Address_____

In using advertisements see page 6

"What! all that lovely silver for $33.25? I want to see it!"



Twenty six pieces in this lovely new pattern in a handsome silver and black tray—the silver of your dreams! For the complete set, only $33.25—or you may purchase pieces separately.



YOU must see this new silver! Never before has silver of such beauty been offered at such moderate cost.

You must *touch* it—hold it in your hand—to appreciate its striking, clean-cut beauty, its exquisite finish.

Never before have craftsmen lavished such skill and care on the designing, die-cutting, finishing of inexpensive silver.

A *complete* table setting of twenty six pieces—just the silver you need to feel ready for any occasion—can be had for $33.25, including a smart silver and black tray. This silver is lovely enough for your most important guests—inexpensive enough to add—at once—to the silver you have.

Every piece of Alvin Long Life Plate is guaranteed to your complete satisfaction. All good dealers in silver plate can show it to you. Ask to see this new pattern.

DAWN

The new pattern by ALVIN

THE ALVIN CORPORATION, Dept. O-1, Providence, R. I.

☐ Please send me your FREE booklet illustrating the new DAWN pattern.

☐ Please send me your FREE booklet by Oscar of the Waldorf on "Setting the Table Correctly."

*Name*_____

Address _____ *City*_____ *State* _____

My jeweler is _____

September Meals

For *Grapefruit and Cranberry Salad*, measure one cupful of cranberries and prick each berry at either end. Drop them in a heavy sirup made of two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water cooked together until thick. Simmer the cranberries until tender but whole, then drain and chill well. Remove the sections from two grapefruit and combine with the cranberries. Serve on lettuce with whipped-cream salad dressing made by adding one-half cupful of whipped cream to one-fourth cupful of mayonnaise. Serves six.

For *Baked Bananas with Dried Beef*, remove the skins from six bananas. Roll each banana in two slices of dried beef and fasten with a toothpick. Arrange in a baking dish and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and one-third cupful of sugar. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for twenty minutes, or until the bananas are tender. Serves six.

For *Honeydew Salad*, cut one small, ripe honeydew in halves and remove the seeds. Pare off the rind and cut the honeydew into cubes. Arrange on six beds of lettuce, sprinkle lightly with finely chopped chives, and garnish with French dressing.

For *Pear and Raisin Charlotte*, cover one cupful of seedless raisins with cold water. Bring to a boil, drain, and cool. Meanwhile soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of orange juice for five minutes. Set over boiling water and stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved. To this gelatin mixture add gradually, while folding in gently, three tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one cupful of cream whipped, one cupful of diced fresh or canned pears, the chilled seedless raisins, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, a speck of salt, and two egg-whites which have been beaten stiff while adding one-half cupful of sugar. Heap in sherbet glasses and serve when cold. Serves six.

For *Muskmelon Marmalade*, cut four muskmelons in halves, remove the seeds, and scoop out all the soft pulp. Add three-fourths cupful of water and simmer gently until the melon is tender. Measure this pulp and add three-fourths as much sugar as pulp and the juice of two lemons. Simmer gently until the mixture will hold its shape when tested on a cold plate. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses and seal with hot, melted paraffin.

The Home of Your Dreams

(*Continued from page 67*)

dream of a fine home, but with almost no money to secure such a place—it will probably bother you to buy even the cheapest sort of ready-developed home. But if you find an old place for sale at a real bargain, and lack the money to buy it, it will pay you to borrow the cash necessary to make the purchase. Once you have the house, even though it is old and tiny, you are in position to move right ahead toward the home of your dreams; for you have the other two things and the only two things that are really essential. You have a shelter, and you have twenty-four hours a day.

If you have not been in the habit of utilizing all the working hours in the twenty-four (and few people are), you will be surprised at what you can accomplish when you do utilize them. When the house pictured in this article was purchased, the first thing we did was to paint every inch of the inside woodwork and floors ourselves. Later we employed a paper-hanger to paper the four rooms. Hanging paper, however, is not a difficult task. If you are not able to hire a paper-hanger, you can easily do the papering yourself. Many people do it. If you do your own papering and painting, the job will cost only the price of paint, paper, and brushes.

Once the house is papered and painted, it is habitable. Though our own house was tiny

The Home of Your Dreams

enough and lacked modern conveniences, it was otherwise comfortable. It answered very well while we were making improvements.

The first of these was the front porch. The porch we made was out of all proportion to the size of the house. But the house stood not more than one hundred feet from the bank of a beautiful river. We wanted to be able to sit out of doors and look out on that river. Furthermore a big porch really added to the size of the house itself, for in summer we almost live on that porch. So we built a porch, and we built a big one.

We built it with our own labor. During a summer vacation, a relative and I gathered large stones and laid the foundations. Then we bought rough lumber, planed it ourselves, and constructed the porch. Finally we painted it. Every particle of work on the porch we did with our own hands.

The next improvement was the building of a porch in the rear of the house. This was constructed a year later, during another vacation. First we gathered sand and stones for making cement and laid the ground floor of that material. Then we bought lumber and built the two-story porch. The last job was to paint it. With the addition of this big porch the house seemed much larger.

Some time after this porch was built, I employed a carpenter, because I was too busy to attempt the task myself, to enclose one end of it. The downstairs enclosed part we fitted out as a pantry, with a big closet and many shelves. The upper enclosure we used as a bath room.

We had very early laid pipes to the spring near by, digging the trench and fitting the pipes ourselves. Then we built a spring house and installed a force pump. With this we pumped water into the house and up to the new bathroom. This arrangement, while not so convenient as the usual pressure system, nevertheless answered its temporary purpose.

All the while we had been making these improvements, we had been planning and plotting and drawing to see how we might best enlarge the house. The problem was not simple. There were several construction problems which puzzled not only us, but also carpenters and experienced builders whom we consulted. But after months of drawing and redrawing, and planning and replanning the projected wing, we worked out a scheme and set about turning our drawings into an actual structure which has given us untold satisfaction.

The first job was to dig a cellar under the new wing. We staked it out, and a relative and I set to work with picks and shovels and a wheelbarrow. The earth from the cellar excavation we wheeled out to the river bank and used to build out and grade the portion of the bank in front of the house. This made a beautiful stretch of river front, which we at once seeded with timothy and clover in an effort to get a ground cover to hold the new soil—an effort which was wholly successful. On the terraced bank so constructed we now frequently sit at evening to enjoy the sunsets.

When the cellar excavation was complete, we got rough boards for forms and began laying a cement cellar wall. The necessary sand and gravel we gathered along the river shore; and to lessen the amount of cement we should need to mix, we collected all the field stones we could find, and bedded them in the wall. The making of the cellar occupied another summer vacation.

It was our purpose to build the projected wing during the following vacation. We finally decided against that and hired two carpenters. By fall our house was complete. It was now more than twice its original size and extremely comfortable in every respect.

Our Water Supply

Since the installation of the original water line from the spring, we had discovered that a second spring on the place originated, not where it seemed to originate, on the ground-floor level, but many yards up the sloping

From 305 famous Beauty Shops came this startling idea

Beauty Care, *right in the dishpan*

The wisest, most inexpensive beauty care for the hands . . Lux in the dishpan . . takes no extra time, no trouble, costs less than 1¢ a day!

BEAUTY EXPERTS themselves suggested this very wise, very simple beauty care for the hands.

"With all our experience," they told us—"we cannot distinguish between the hands of a woman of leisure and wealth and the hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan . . . Lux gives real *beauty care*."

For Lux is *different* from ordinary soaps. Made of the purest materials known, by a special process, Lux protects the precious *beauty oils* of the skin—the youth oils.

Try this new kind of beauty care yourself! At every soap and water task let the delicate Lux suds tend your hands, leaving them whiter, smoother, more exquisite than before!

The big package of Lux lasts for 6 weeks' dishwashing . . . keeps your hands smooth and white for less than 1¢ a day!

©1929, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

In using advertisements see page 6

If you shopped for towels with a pair of scales you would always buy Cannon towels . . .

for the scales show clearly their greater value

TYPE FOR TYPE and price for price, the towel that contains the most material has the greatest absorbency, gives the longest wear, and provides the most for your money. And that is something you can easily see with the aid of a pair of scales. When you weigh any Cannon towel against any other towel of similar style and the same price, you'll find the verdict of the scales is always in the Cannon towel's favor.

In tests we had made for us, buying Cannon towels and other towels in a group of department and dry goods stores, at prices ranging from 25 cents to $2, it was found the average weight of Cannon towels is 16% greater than the others.

Together with this extra value you obtain the newest styling in color and designs; beauty you will immediately recognize as the achievement of leading decorative artists. New colors are jade, orchid, maize, peach, rose and turquoise. Each shade of these colors was selected to blend with any of the others as well as with all your bathroom furnishings. Patterns are fresh and new as tomorrow's dawn, in many cases extending the full length of the towel, with the full design showing, clear and bright on both sides.

There is, of course, a reason why Cannon towels give you such exceptional wear and beauty. It is Cannon's enormous production, the largest in the world. Millions of women buy Cannon towels regularly. The savings effected by making more than half the towels sold in this country are passed on to you in better towels at any price you pay, whether twenty-five cents or two dollars. All you need do in department and dry goods stores to be certain of the most for your money, is to look for the Cannon label on the towels you buy; and also on the Cannon bath mats and wash cloths that match your towels in color, in styling and in value. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City.

CANNON TOWELS

These Cannon towels, wash cloths and bath mats are typical of those you will find in department and dry goods stores. The towels range in prices from 25c to $3. The Cannon assortment offers a choice of snowy white towels, towels with stripes and decorative borders, and towels with reversible all-over patterns and all-over colors, with bath mats and wash cloths to match.

SEND FOR THIS NEW BOOKLET

CANNON MILLS, Inc. GH-3
70 Worth St., New York City

Kindly send me your new booklet, "Modern Ideas About Towels." This request places me under no obligation whatever.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Home of Your Dreams

hill behind the house. Here we found the place where the stream of water welled up between the strata of the underlying rocks, and whence it had made its way underground, to come to the surface at the house-floor level. Profiting by this discovery, we had hewn a reservoir out of the solid rock, with rock drills, crowbars, sledges, and like implements, and cemented it, covering it over with a water-tight roof. Then we laid pipes from the reservoir to the house, and installed a complete hot and cold water system, utilizing the kitchen range for heating the water. We dug the trenches, but secured plumbers to install the pipes. We could have done the entire job as well as they did, if we had had the time. With the installation of the new water system, construction was complete. We got a paper-hanger to paper the new rooms.

Now I bought white lead in hundred-pound kegs, with pure linseed oil and turpentine and drier in quantity, and mixed the paint in large batches. Daily I worked with a paint brush, at odd hours and after my regular day's work was done, and in a short while the new wing was painted. So good was the paint, and so thoroughly was it worked into the wood, that every one who saw the completed job believed the house had had two coats instead of merely one priming coat.

Five years after the house was thus painted, I hired one of the college boys in one of my classes to help me repaint the house. We gave the entire structure a fresh coat, doing the work on week-ends after the Friday recitations ended. The entire house now looked beautifully fresh and clean, with its shining white coat and green shutters. The cost of the painting was amazingly little. The best paint made costs comparatively little when bought in bulk and mixed at home, as we mixed ours.

To own such a place is the ambition of every normal man and woman. But many men and women are never able to achieve this great hope. Many might achieve it if they only knew how. We have become so accustomed to walking in the common groove, that most of us never even dream we can have homes unless we are able to get together relatively large sums of money for that purpose.

Try It Yourself

That thought is perhaps one of the most pathetic fallacies from which the human race suffers. We *can* have homes—every one of us. *You* can have a home. If you have character enough to save a *little* money—not a great sum but a little—somewhere there is a place within your means, that you can get and turn into a little bit of heaven.

But you must bear in mind that time is money. It may not be cash, but it has value—if you use it. You may not be able to sell your time between six o'clock and eight P. M. But if you use it in creating a home, you have got value out of it just as truly as you would had you sold your time for cash and with the proceeds hired a carpenter or a mason. Bear in mind that though you can not readily sell odd hours in the market place, you can get market-place value for them by working for yourself in making a home.

The property pictured in this article has been built up partly with hired labor, but mostly by the owner's own labor. And mostly that labor has been done at times that have no market value—in vacation days, on Saturdays, in the evenings, in the early mornings, after the day's work is done—odd hours which most people waste.

Perhaps you will say that you don't have the skill, that you don't know how. Neither does any other human being at the start. There is nothing more amazing in this world than the way one acquires skill when one has some worthy object in view. It is surprising how readily one learns to do this and that, and to do it well, when engaged in such meaningful work as the building of a home.

"What's that you're telling me, Mr. Rooster . . . . you honestly never heard of this powder? . . . my goodness . . the whole Nursery's talking about it! . . . . It's softer and finer than any we ever used before . . and it certainly has made a big change in me! Remember how chafed and cross I used to be? . . well, now I'm much better, thank you! . . . . You really should try it yourself . . . . . "

(THE CHIEF CHEMIST SAYS. . . .)

BABY powders are different—largely because of the difference in *talcs*. The costly Italian talc used in Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used for some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope, and you can feel it yourself, this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then try another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc!

Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Ask your dealer also about Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS:
"ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

FREE SAMPLES: *Let us send you a generous free sample of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we'll include free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream—two other products important to a baby's comfort. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. GC., Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.*

In using advertisements see page 6

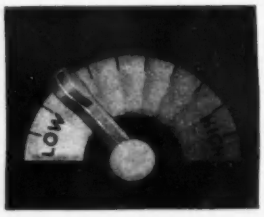
This modern Electric iron

helps silks, rayons, etc., give you longer wear

The Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron . . . $8.80
"The Iron with a Brain"

BEAUTIFUL fabrics deserve correct care in ironing. To get longest wear from them iron them the *safe* way.

If you have been ironing fine, dainty things with an ordinary iron, or a plain "automatic" iron, you may now be getting only half the long wear which manufacturers have been weaving into these lovely, truly durable new materials.



For silks, rayons and all delicate fabrics set the throttle at LOW. For heavy, damp linens, set it at HIGH. Or set it ANYWHERE *between, according to the exact heat desired for the kind of material being ironed. The heat stays just as you want it—never gets hotter or cooler than you wish.*

For silks, rayons and other similar materials, authorities recommend a low, EVEN heat. With ordinary irons you have to *guess* at the temperature. Your guess may be wrong—or the heat may increase as you iron. Haven't you noticed that stiff spots sometimes develop in the fabric, where the material soon tears easily? A too hot iron does it. A moment's mistake . . . and shortly a beautiful garment is worn out, long before its time.

With a Hotpoint Super Automatic Iron there is no guessing. Merely set the throttle at LOW, and low heat will be maintained automatically, without further thought.

In addition to the Super Automatic heat control, this iron has the patented CALROD element (cast in solid iron, practically indestructible), the large comfortable Thumb Rest, the Hinged Plug—and other features. See this and other Hotpoint appliances at your electric company or neighborhood dealer's store.

★ Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 W. Taylor Street, Chicago Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.
© E.E.A.Co., 1929, Inc.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

The Dark Mountains

(*Continued from page 63*)

anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"Aw—Maw, I never wrote to a girl before!"

That was in June. Even then Mother's eyes had been blurring. Maybe the Lord for that moment laid on them His healing hand. The square-topped writing had sprung up:

"DEAR REDDY:" [Joie had scrawled.]

"I guess maybe you are dancing with old Bill now. It's only ten-thirty, or so. I been dancing with the cotton-rows since before daylight, so that's all right. Where I sit on my bunk up in the peak I can see the stars shine through the roof and feel the wind in the plum-tree grab at my paper.

"Reddy, you're so darned good to me—to every one. No wonder the Stillwater kids are crazy about you. I'd like to have you come down here for squirrel-hunting—you know that. I wished Maw—" here Joie had crossed out "Maw" and written "*she*"—"liked you——"

Mother had not failed Joie. She had groped for the pencil and written firmly,

"DEAR GIRL,

I do like you and—I can beat you squirrel-hunting!

RACHEL NASH."

AND Reddy had come to the jack-oaks—target-rifle, tight little breeches, gay shirt, and her favorite slang phrase, "Sweet Papa!" Yes, and the red-wool bathing suit for the murky waters of Bear Creek. Mother had polished the already painfully clean house and hung fresh curtains in Cynthia Ann's white cubby of a bedroom. She had made delicious cobblers and had fried platters of chicken. Mother had not meant to frown at anything Reddy Laughlin did; but there is such a thing as a chip on the shoulder. Because of Reddy Joie had drawn away from a life-long comradeship and become pals with his father. Dad liked Reddy!

Tears are for the young. If Joie had written as usual when he went up to the University, Mother's eyes wouldn't have become so inflamed. Of course, no boy can love a girl, keep up a college course, and write to his mother often. Rachel Nash knew that. But she couldn't help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She didn't want to worry Mother, only to keep the shock from being too great if Joie slumped in his credits. The Laughlin girl could be up nights and go right on. Maybe Joie wasn't very strong—still, Field said it wasn't that. Joie Nash was all one thing or another. Once it was Latin; now it was Reddy Laughlin.

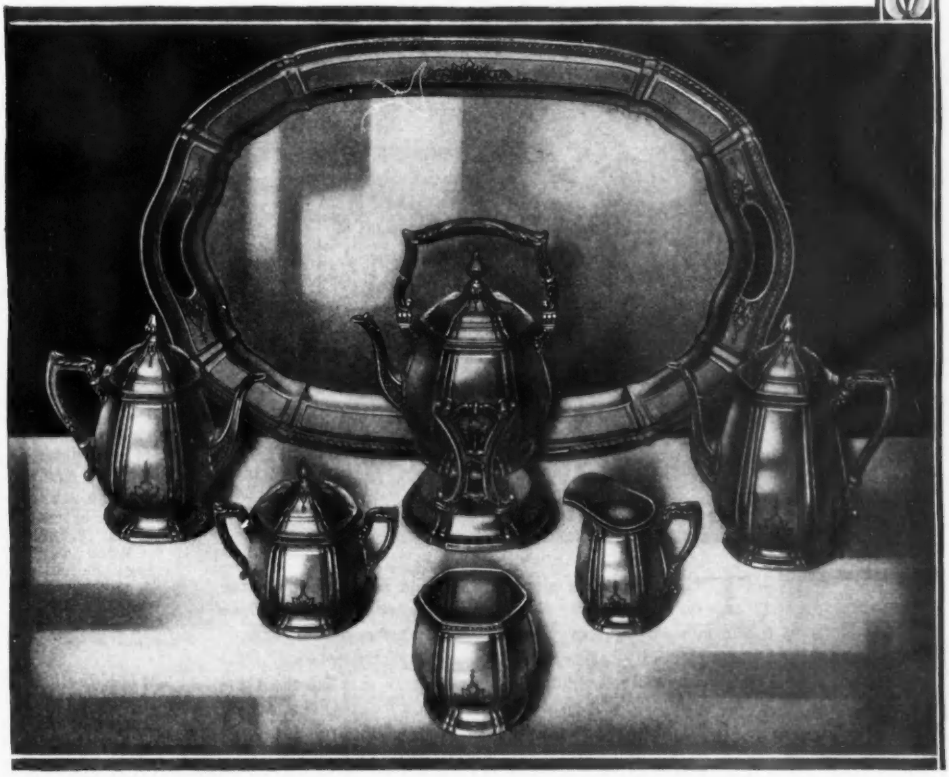
It was Cynthia who took the trouble to telephone that Joie was coming home for his birthday. He wasn't coming expressly for his dinner; more to see about some long-lint cotton-seed for the experiment station. The phone had rung that morning while they were at breakfast. Well, Mother would have the tablecloth off her mind. Maybe she could smile back the Joie that was; joke and feast him back; love him back. She must remember an eighteen-year-old boy isn't himself yet. His will is the wind's will, coming from no place, going nowhere.

Smilingly now, though with fumblings, Rachel Nash set the last stitch. When she sighed with relief and looked up, it seemed very late, yet it wasn't. Still, if dusk hadn't come, what had? The attic seemed to have drawn away in a gray blur—into nothingness. When she looked at her pattern, it had buried itself like flowers under dead leaves. She could feel the petals, of course. *Feeling* was all she had to go by. *She couldn't see one single thing!*

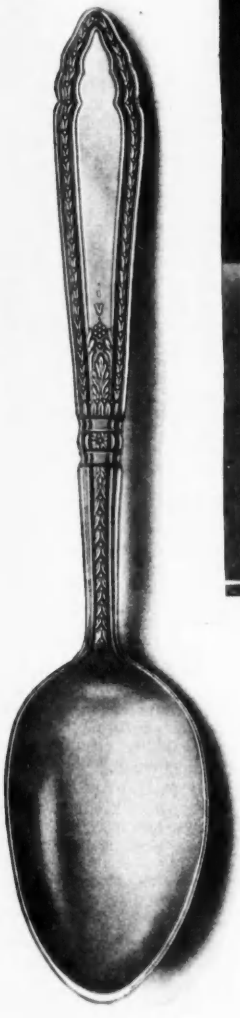
Quite a while longer Rachel Nash sat on the edge of Joie's bunk, waiting for her sight to return. Maybe it was a prolonged spell of silver flies—the shimmer that occasionally blinds

Announcing

STERLING SILVER SERVING PIECES IN THE LOVELY OXFORD DESIGN..!



No. 1025C—*Coffee Pot*	$215.00	No. 1025C—*Cream Pitcher*	$110.00
" *Tea Pot*	200.00	" *Waste Bowl*	95.00
" *Sugar Bowl*	130.00	5 *Piece Tea Service, listed above*	750.00
No. 1025C—*Kettle*	$400.00	No. 1025C—*Waiter*	$550.00



	Set of six
TEA SPOONS	$13.50
DESSERT FORKS	22.50
DESSERT KNIVES	21.00

with stainless Mirrorstele blades, new French shape.

TRADE MARK
STERLING

YOU can now get sterling silver hollow ware *serving pieces* to match knives, forks, and spoons in the lovely Oxford design — graceful coffee sets, tea sets, candlesticks, meat dishes, water pitcher and other delightful requisites to complete the harmony of the table! . . . You will find that Reed & Barton designers have been as successful in adapting the Oxford motif to these new silver objects as to the regular flatware pieces brought out recently, and so enthusiastically welcomed . . . The unusual beauty of the Oxford design in sterling silver is enhanced by painstaking workmanship, substantial weight, and enduring value. It will be a source of pride and pleasure to you through a lifetime of service . . . Write for Oxford catalog. See this design at your jeweler's.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASS. NEW YORK, N. Y.

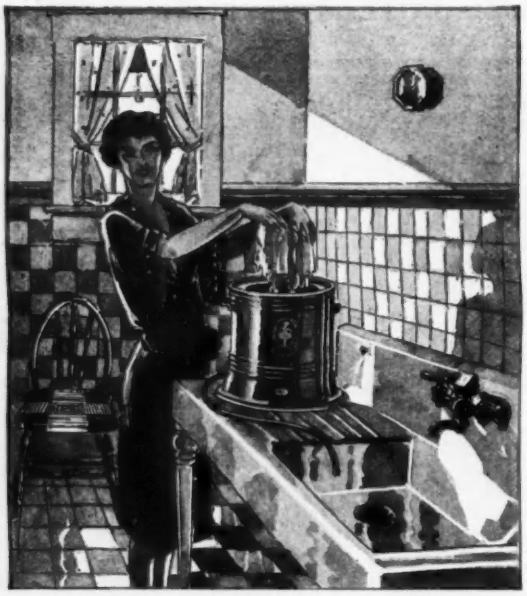
REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

STERLING SILVER PLATE

In using advertisements see page 6

To young women *who have "no love for housework"*



THERE is little glory and less fun in doing things the way your mother did! Take the matter of washing. There is a fine old tradition about doing the more delicate or intimate pieces by hand. All right yesterday, but not today. Not with a reputable manufacturer making a washer like the Portable Whirldry to do it for you.

For your personal dainties, it is well-nigh ideal—as thorough as your own hands and every bit as gentle.

Unlike other small washers you may read about, Portable Whirldry whirls the clothes dry at the touch of a switch. The same electric motor which washes and rinses, also dries.

So, you see, the Whirldry needs no wringer, and it's efficient—anything it can hold it will wash, rinse and then, dry-for-the-line in a jiffy. That's also why, in homes where there are small children or babies, it is well-nigh indispensable.

Your department store or leading electrical shop has the Portable Whirldry.

For your own comfort's sake mail the coupon today.

This is the Spinner Basket of the Whirldry. Its oscillating action swishes clothes CLEAN

When the Basket is raised, a touch of the switch whirls clothes DRY

The Portable WHIRLDRY* WASHER

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

GH 9-29

THE WHIRLDRY CORPORATION
New Haven, Conn.

I'd like to know more about Baby Whirldry. Please send your new illustrated booklet and the name of your nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

The Dark Mountains

the best of eyes. No, there wasn't any shimmer. It couldn't be the silver blindness; it was the real thing. Tremblingly she folded the tablecloth in its glossy paper.

A strange thing, sudden blindness. If this had been night-darkness, Rachel Nash would have stepped across the warped boards with confidence; have gone down the steps nimbly. Now she dreaded to stir. She was afraid. Gropingly she touched this and that. Her fingers came to her apron pocket and found the little package, still in its mailing wrappers, that Ira had brought up from the post box. Mother had a birthday, too. She was forty-seven. This present was from her sister, "Aunt Ad." Too bad she had put off opening it. Clumsily she stripped off the seals, the little rubber band, the silky paper. It was a jewel-box—Ad had sent her a cameo breast-pin with six sets around it—what kind of head—what kind of gems? No matter.

Absently Rachel pinned the brooch at the V-neck of her starched blue house-dress. When she got to her feet, she stood irresolutely before stepping out. Moving, she joggled Joie's reading-table; moving farther, she bumped her forehead against the sloping roof. Here were the banisters—the first step—she was going down from darkness to darkness.

Reaching the kitchen, she faced toward the living-room and groped into it. A bookcase was on the farther side with a big heater and a wooden rocker between. What she wanted was to handle the book she had been going to read just as soon as the tablecloth was finished. As through a shining doorway she had glimpsed the pages with rare words that had to do with cloud bastions, foam of crab-apple bloom, clans of grass, perfumed secrets of the wind. Tall wings of gold pressed into the blue cover, plain to the touch. With her mind's eye she could see the letters golden on the back, "Where the Forest Murmurs, by Fiona Macleod."

When Cynthia Ann's husband sent this book, he had written,

"I'll bet a penny, Mother, you never find time to read it."

Well, here was her time, and she *couldn't* read.

LIFE breaks a heart and goes on. Numbly Rachel Nash groped her way back to the kitchen. She found the water bucket and stumbled out to the well; pumped water she couldn't see; went in and filled a tea-kettle she could only feel. Coal still smoldered in the range. Stirring it, she had to burn herself again. No matter. It wasn't real burn—nothing was real. She wasn't even trying to start supper, but was back in Joie's peak of a room, where eyesight had flickered out like a candle in the wind. Maybe sight darkening like that retains an inner picture. It seemed that before her were shining tendrils of ivy curling back to the open window—Joie's dark lantern fixed clumsily to keep the light from lancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped like an old man's head with big nose and upjutting whiskers. She had the whimsical impulse that if she went back where her sight was lost, she might find it again; even started up the stumbly stairs. Too foolish!

Rachel Nash turned back and went into the yard. Here she searched out and touched familiar things: the bench under the junipers; the clicking, last-year's seed-pods of the trumpet-vine; the plum-tree near Joie's window. She heard the circling blue-jays calling querulously for rain. There must be strange clouds now, gray clouds that overlapped each other like frightened wild geese; smoke that streamered as from mighty engines; phantoms that trooped together. There was a spatter of rain; then—

"What are you doing out here bareheaded?" Nash cried, coming out of nothing.

And, when he had stamped into the house and come right out: "Why ain't supper on the

You can wax and polish your floors

...with this new vacuum cleaner

The Westinghouse Wax-Vac is a vacuum cleaner with a new scope of usefulness. Not only is it thorough and efficient in cleaning rugs, carpets, drapes and upholstery, but it enables you to wax and polish hardwood floors or linoleums easily and conveniently. In one appliance, this cleaner gives you the essentials for a complete housecleaning job.

As a vacuum cleaner, the new Westinghouse is powerful in suction, yet so light in weight that it can be moved and carried with ease. For waxing and polishing, simple attachments are provided... a device that sprays a fine film of wax evenly over the floor and an efficient polisher that is attached right to the nozzle of the cleaner. With the simple spraying device, you can wax floors in just a few minutes, without once getting down on your knees or soiling your hands. The spray is easily controlled to spread just the right amount of wax wherever desired and to prepare the floor for efficient polishing. The combined weight of the polisher and cleaner holds the special polishing felt firmly against the floor, producing a high, lasting finish. These attachments make waxing and polishing so easy that you can keep your hardwood floors and linoleums polished as they should be to preserve their beauty and usefulness.

It cleans

It waxes

It polishes

The Wax-Vac is a Westinghouse product, guaranteed by this leading manufacturer of electrical equipment to give the same long and reliable service as the other famous appliances that carry the Westinghouse trade-mark.

Complete cleaning equipment, moderately priced

The Westinghouse Cleaner, with the Wax-Vac outfit, costs only $47.50. The cleaner alone is $35.00. If you desire, you can have your choice of two sets of cleaning attachments, at $6.00 and $10.00. Send in the coupon below for a booklet that describes this new development for easier housekeeping.

The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer

Westinghouse Electrification — Appliances — Apparatus — Wiring

Westinghouse Wax-Vac

cleans..waxes..polishes

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Merchandising Department
Mansfield Works, Mansfield, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me your folder, describing the new Westinghouse cleaner that also waxes and polishes floors. (Write name plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

In using advertisements see page 6

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

Two simple rules for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I listened in on part of your radio talk Friday, and you were talking about just my trouble! My hair is coal black and in the last few years has become very oily, and is falling out terribly.

I am at a loss to know what to do. I have always been told I had beautiful hair, but at the rate it is leaving me, I wonder what it will soon become. Friends tell me washing it will aggravate the oily trouble. Please send me some instructions about its care, and I promise to carry them out.—Mrs. C. L. P., Omaha, Neb.

Maybe I'll sound rude, but I *do* want to say—don't believe "Washing is bad for your hair." When hair is very oily, it is very necessary to shampoo frequently. If the oil is not removed it clogs the gland openings *and leads to undue falling of the hair.*

But you should have a shampoo suited to your hair. And I'd suggest *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*—especially made for oily hair by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This is really a wonderful shampoo—made of pure vegetable oils and healthful pine tar. It is very slightly astringent—enough to start tightening up the relaxed oil glands and coaxing them back to normal. Use this shampoo every four or five days at first.

Then massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood up to nourish the hair roots. (If the massage at first seems to increase the oil, massage with a little bay rum.) Your hair and scalp will improve, I know. Do let me hear from you again, after you've tried these two simple rules for about a month.

An outdoor remedy for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: What shall I do for dandruff? Until a month ago, I never noticed it. But you should see it now—and my hair is falling out. And I do want to keep my hair nice—it is dark brown, thick, and naturally wavy. I have used Packer's Tar Soap several times but I probably don't use it often enough.—Mrs. C. K. M., Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Mrs. C. K. M.: You've made a good start. Physicians have prescribed *Packer's Tar Soap* for years in cases of dandruff. But you can't expect one or two shampoos to work miracles. If your dandruff is rather serious—and it sounds like it—you should shampoo every few days at first.

Massage the rich, thick, piney lather well into your scalp. Let the good pine tar and the gentle antiseptic properties of the soap get after those little dandruff germs. Think of your shampoos as a treatment—not as just something to clean your hair when it needs it. And keep your brush and comb clean so you don't put germs back on your nice clean scalp.

Then, after you've checked the dandruff, shampoo once a week or every ten days.

A shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: My hair is a very dead color (as you can see from the wisp I have enclosed) and very brittle. I have dark brown sparkling eyes—my only attractive feature. And I *should* like to have nice-looking hair.—E. G., Westmont, N. J.

Nonsense, my dear, there's nothing unattractive about that hair of yours. The color is really a nice brown and if it were shining with life, it would be very pretty.

I'm going to advise you to use a special shampoo—made just for dry hair like yours. This is *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*—made of pure vegetable oils. It leaves dry hair softer and shinier than usual because it contains softening, soothing glycerine. It brings out the color and natural lights that all hair has when it's healthy.

Then will you massage your scalp a little every day to bring the blood rushing up to feed the hair roots? And use your hair brush. You'll see new life in your hair, I'm sure, to match your eyes. And haven't you noticed how sparkling eyes and lovely hair do create an impression of beauty?

JEAN CARROLL

Radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty, every Friday 11:45 a. m. (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Beauty School.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dept. 18-I), 101 W. 31st Street, New York, N. Y. Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked. I enclose ____ cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

The Dark Mountains

table? I got to go back to the gin and finish loading that car with cotton-seed. What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

Rachel Nash turned toward the voice. Her face looked frozen, and around her eyes were smudges blacker than her long lashes—the finger-prints of despair. "Crazy?" she tried to smile. "No, Ira, I—I've gone blind."

"My God!" Nash prayed. Then he swore. "You've put your eyes out on that blanked tablecloth. Where you been keeping it? I'll take it home and tell that old maid what I think of her."

Rachel said where it was. She didn't want the house upset and Joie's birthday right there. Ira wouldn't say much to Margaret's face; likely he'd try to get her to help with the dinner. Not that she could come—out in the truck night and day.

"I've got the coffee perking," she told her husband when he came slamming back alone. "Maybe you'd better slice the bacon. Good thing I baked bread."

Ira Nash ate hurriedly. "I've got to go—be home as soon as I can," he said and started.

But at the door he thought of something important. When was Margaret Foss going to *pay* for embroidering the tablecloth.

Rachel had been expecting this. "Margaret paid me," she stated, "quite a while ago—not in money."

"How, then?"

"I'd rather not talk about it now. I'll tell you—when I feel better."

"Is it something about Joseph?"

Rachel Nash wasn't smiling now. "I'll tell you when I can," she repeated firmly.

Nash was mad, but he couldn't stay to have it out. "Well. Better bathe your eyes, girl," he gave up. "I guess you're more scared than hurt. Maybe wild hairs in your lids. I had an aunt—" The door slammed.

MRS. NASH sat listening to outside sounds—the working of the pump-handle, the splashing of water in the horse-trough, the jangle of harness and the jar of a moving wagon. "Wild hairs!" That gave her the ghost of a hope, though she knew, in reason, it was not wild hairs. Of course, she would bathe her eyes. The basin of salt water was up in Joie's room. Stiffly she moved around the table toward the stairs; put her hand on a dish, and flinched back. Grease—ugh!

It had grown decidedly cool, a rainy coolness. Lying on Joie's sagging bed with a wet cloth on her eyes, she drew the coverlet over her. How uncomfortable the bunk was despite the raw cotton she had stuffed into the mattress! How many times she had planned to buy a new bed for the attic; it wasn't right for a boy to tie himself in knots to sleep! Joie's father thought children's sleeping places didn't matter. Hadn't *he* slept where the snow sifted an inch thick and his breath froze on the blanket? Wasn't *he* the picture of health?

Mother made herself lie still on the lumps that had gouged Joie. She was so close to the roof the rain, seeping through, spatted her face; so near the window she heard the birds, nesting in the ivy, protest at the storm. It was soothing to lie in natural darkness—the darkness of rain. Lucky that rain walks with sleep. Rachel Nash slept and forgot she was blind. The next she knew, her husband was coming heavily up the stairs.

"I had to fill this darned lamp," Ira grunted, stooping under the sloping roof; "got oil all over me."

Rachel sprang up, and stared. "Lamp!" she cried. "Are you carrying a light?"

Of course, he was. "Take hold of the back of me," he told her gruntingly. "We're going down now. Careful of the steps. I don't see why you made me come up here. Don't you think I ever get tired?"

Ira Nash wouldn't have it that his wife was blind. A good night's rest would make a difference. But it didn't. There wasn't much breakfast, just some coffee and burnt toast.

The Dark Mountains

Nash wasn't a cook and didn't want to be. He hadn't brought the powdered sugar—not in the rain—but Rachel said never mind that now; icing had to be put on just so. They'd roast a big turkey with dressing. Too bad they couldn't have pie!

Getting dinner wasn't so bad. Maybe the turkey wasn't as crusty brown as Joie might expect, and no oysters in the dressing, but a boy in love doesn't think much of what he eats.

Nash struck early. He said let the biscuits go. But when Rachel came smiling, with two little cans—which was soda and which baking-powder?—he flung down his Farm Journal and set the table by a series of thumps and jerks. What if things were crooked? He'd noticed that young hound managed to eat straight enough.

They wondered how the "young hound" would get there. Field taught English in the University, and Cynthia Ann had never learned to drive a car. They argued about Mother's eyes; should they tell Joie or let him find it out? Rachel said knowing what had happened would ruin the year's work utterly. Nash held that knowing wouldn't hurt the kid any worse than it had him. But he gave in. When a car honked into the yard, they planned to be at the table. *Dinner had begun.*

THE strange part was, they did keep Joie from knowing what was wrong. The boy did wonder about some things—the dab of black on Maw's cheek, the crooked tablecloth, Maw's hair not right at all.

"Sorry we're late," he said, coming to give Mother a rough squeeze; "had to get the cotton-seed. We got to make this dinner party snappy—"

"We?"

Joie stiffened. "Reddy brought me, Maw. Can't you see her?"

"Why, of course."

Rachel looked where the girl might be and started to hold out her hand. No, better not. She heard the two sitting down; a brisk stirring of forks and plates.

For the first time in his life, Joie grumbled at the table fare.

"Why ain't we got pie, Maw?"

"This is my dinner, young gobbler," Ira interposed. He turned to Reddy Laughlin. "Don't you like my cooking?"

"You bet I do, Big Man," Reddy flashed back. "This bird is scrumptious. Thank you for more of the dressing."

"Got to start in a pair of minutes," Joie mumbled over a drumstick flavored with smoke. "It's begun to rain again."

Mother tried not to be so still. But talking in the dark made her nervous. What if she should knock something off the table? Behind the blue goggles she visualized them all: Joie, no longer undersized and no longer a "rack-a-bones"—his wide mouth with upquirked corners, wavy hair that wouldn't stay glossed back. Reddy Laughlin, slim as a whip—poppy cheeks and bleeding-heart mouth. Man-of-the-house in his comfortable shirt-sleeves, big, fresh, heavy-shouldered—

"You're not eating," Joie complained; "not a blamed thing, is she, Reddy? Just sitting there like an owl in goggles. Maw, you sick?"

Rachel's young mouth smiled. "Huh, do I look sick?"

Joie wanted to say she did—sick and queer-combed. He was sore at Maw. What a mess! Even if she hated Reddy, no use in shaming him before her.

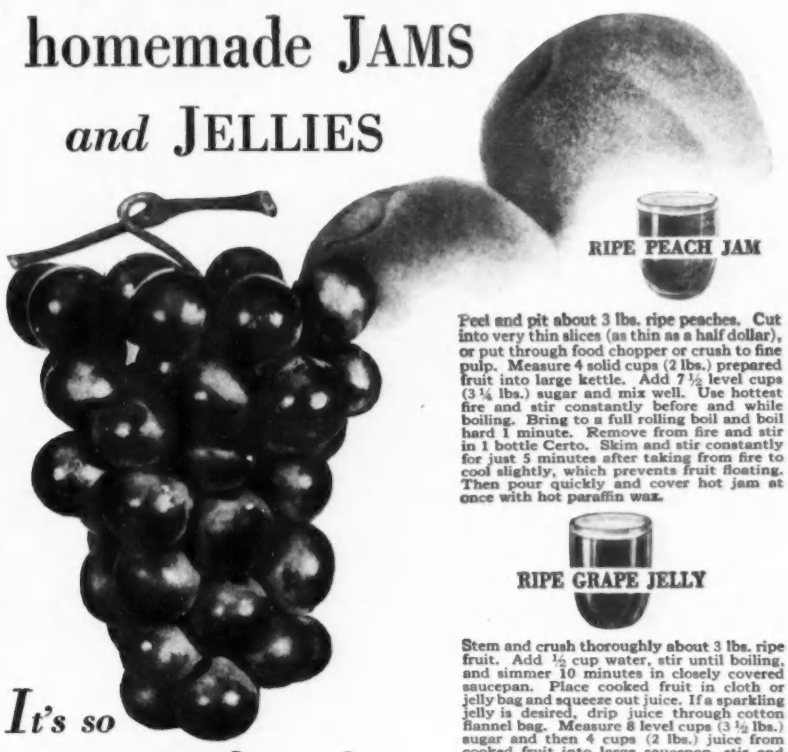
"By, Maw!" He came dabbing a kiss on her cheek. "We gotta go. . . ."

So this was all!

"By, Mrs. Nash," Reddy tossed back. "By, Big Man."

Rachel felt the blown wetness of rain; heard a slam. There was the starting of an engine, the back-firing of a contrary motor, a steady, diminishing purr. Then her straightly-held body relaxed, wavered; fell face down among

Store them away in homemade JAMS *and* JELLIES



It's so easy using the modern "short-boil" method!

RIPE PEACH JAM

Peel and pit about 3 lbs. ripe peaches. Cut into very thin slices (as thin as a half dollar), or put through food chopper or crush to fine pulp. Measure 4 solid cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit into large kettle. Add 7½ level cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in 1 bottle Certo. Skim and stir constantly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly, which prevents fruit floating. Then pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot paraffin wax.

RIPE GRAPE JELLY

Stem and crush thoroughly about 3 lbs. ripe fruit. Add ½ cup water, stir until boiling, and simmer 10 minutes in closely covered saucepan. Place cooked fruit in cloth or jelly bag and squeeze out juice. If a sparkling jelly is desired, drip juice through cotton flannel bag. Measure 8 level cups (3½ lbs.) sugar and then 4 cups (2 lbs.) juice from cooked fruit into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add 1 bottle Certo, stirring constantly and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin wax.

READ the recipes above for ripe peach jam and ripe grape jelly. Aren't they easy? Note that one requires only *one* minute's boiling—the other only *one-half minute!*

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The Dark Mountains

the dishes. When Nash jumped and caught her, she hung limp in his arms. The Culpeppers were not the fainting kind, but this wasn't exactly fainting. It was like going into a room already dark and closing the door.

MOTHER put her hand to her eyes and touched cloth that had been wet—now stiffened with fever; finally ventured to lift the cloth. Not that she could see anything. A raucously familiar sound came from the living-room—Ira sleeping in his chair. Suddenly a chair creaked; steps came toward the bed.

"Awake, girl?"

"Yes. What'd I do, Ira—go out on you?"

"I'd say you did. How feel?"

"F-fine. You might wet this rag again."

Clumsily Nash got the bandage in place. Water dripped on the pillow. Rachel shrugged away from it, then she spoke.

"What time might it be?"

"What time do you want it to be? The youngsters just getting in to the party if they haven't skidded down some bank." The man tried to speak reasonably and couldn't. "Now," he stated, "*now* you know what I've always told you—"

"What, Ira? Know what?"

"About this higher education—you, blind; Joseph—run off to a shindig!"

"Joie doesn't know I'm blind. He—he hasn't been to many parties."

"It wouldn't hurt him if he never went. You don't know about the parties they have now."

That was true. Rachel Nash sat up nervously, but lay right down again. Her head swam. Hunger—thirst—hidden anguish. Joie, thinking she had failed him, gone to a wild party—!

Mother huddled under the coat that had been spread over her and wrung her hands till they ached. Maybe she slept. For suddenly she heard the "z-z-z" of wind behind loose wallpaper, the bang of a door. Voices. Something touched her.

"Maw," Joie said hoarsely. "M-mother."

"Why, hello!" Mother forced an admirable gaiety. "*We* having the party?"

"Uh-*huh*, Maw, with a man knows all about eyes. Shake hands with my mother, Dr. Hill."

Rachel Nash groped and felt her fingers closed in a cool, firm grasp. There was the fragrance of fine wool garments with rain on them; cigar-smoke. *Not a dream!*

"It's cold in here," a voice strange and not strange said. "Think you can get out to the fire, Mrs. Nash?"

"Of course."

Mother straightened her rumpled garments; steadied herself, and went forward holding Joie's arm; felt a gush of warmth where the man of the house was rattling coal into the heater. She was in the wooden rocker facing something that dug into her eyes like a knife—could it be *light* that was so agonizing? She was moved this way and that like a cloth woman—cloth that could do nothing but suffer. The cool hand tucked a roll under her neck; her head hung back. When her lids had been turned till they could not resist, something whisked over them like fire rushing across dry grass.

Then the stabbing light was shut away by damp, leafy pads, by a soft, thick bandage—heavenly! She was back in bed with a warm blanket over her. From a distance she heard the doctor say she was not blind—*what an idea!* No, just the worst case of overworked eyes possible not to *be* blind.

"I'm leaving some witch-hazel with the box of cotton," he added, "and a dropper with the healing lotion. I'll make the glasses when you bring her up to Stillwater."

Ira had hardly spoken; now he asked, "What do I owe you, sir?"

"Your son has paid me." Hill was shrugging into his overcoat, and his voice sounded jerky. "But maybe you won't mind going back with

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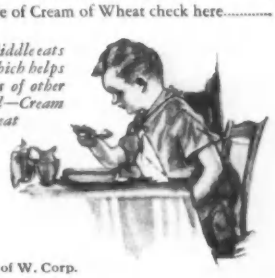

Livingston Biddle eats that cereal which helps keep millions of other children well—Cream of Wheat

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"DON'T FUSS, MOTHER, THIS ISN'T SO FAST"

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The Dark Mountains

me. Strange road, you know. I talked with your daughter—they'll bring you home in the morning . . . Now, if I had a cup of coffee . . ."

Of course, Ira would go—when had he ever missed a chance to go to Stillwater? Steps moved toward the kitchen. Rachel Nash heard the rip of a match; smelled the scent of a cigar, of fresh coffee. That must be Joie rattling at the heater. Why—*Joie* had paid the doctor—how?

After what seemed a long time the back door opened and shut. There was the muffled sound of an automobile going; of rain beating on the window. Some one was in the room with her, jarring the bed.

"Maw," Joie said, "you want this coffee? Careful, it's hot."

Rachel Nash sat right up. Her fingers fumbled with the cup handle; steadied there. How long did it take one to learn to drink in the dark? My, the coffee was good! No wonder she had been dizzy—choked—*scared!*

"Too bad about the party," she murmured.

"Reddy didn't miss the party," Joie spoke matter-of-factly. "She went with old Bill. *His* dad's got scads of money. Bill's had a crush on Reddy for a year; but if they marry before he graduates, his dad's going to put him in a blacksmith shop."

Joie was silent. Then he chuckled, not knowing, of course, that Mother knew just why he did chuckle.

"Wouldn't *I* be a bird—with a wife? But—but Reddy's a good kid, Maw."

"Of course," Rachel Nash breathed warmly. "I hate to have you—"

"Hurt, Maw? I ain't hurt. It's the fool boy of it, I guess, being crazy for something and then wondering why."

AGAIN the huskish voice trailed off. The clock back in the kitchen struck twelve—was it that late?

"Crazy's right," Joie muttered at length. "I got so the sight of a book made me sick. I almost went back on everything we planned. But—you ought to told me, Maw."

"What, son?"

"Why they didn't go on and expel me. I heard it, all right. We met Margaret Foss this afternoon, and she stopped right there in the rain and told about her tablecloth—just why you worked your eyes out. She didn't mince matters either."

Joie gritted his teeth in his punishment. "Gee," he breathed. "*Gee!*"

Then it all rushed out in sentences and half-sentences, hoarse, passionate, triumphant. "Think of it, Maw—Reddy mad because you didn't shake hands with her; me, asking for pie. And you sitting there all through dinner, pretending to see, pretending to eat—such a darned good sport! But you listen, Maw; listen to me!"

Joie took the cup and saucer and set them just anywhere. "Tomorrow," he then said, "we're going to Stillwater—to live. I got a job, Maw; a *man-sized* job."

Mother put out her hand and touched her boy's sleeve. Found his fingers and felt them grip hard. Maybe Joie guessed what she suddenly feared.

"It won't keep me out of the University, not if I get down and dig. Just make us something to rent a good house on; something to cure your eyes with. Dad's for it, Maw. We talked it over before he and Doc left. He's going to rent the farm, cash rent, and take a job testing cotton at the experiment station. You glad—Maw?"

"Oh no, I'm almost killed," Rachel Nash laughed—or did she sob.

How easy it was to joke again! Glad? *Enraptured* was the name for it.

Why, she wasn't blind. Nothing dear had been lost. She was running along the tops of her dark mountains, only now the mountains were not dark. A trail of light grew there and spread for her feet. *Joie* had come to meet her—with a lantern.

The Missionary

(*Continued from page 38*)

to come tonight, marry Gretchen to Ugruk."

"But what if Gretchen says no?"

"You no care what she say. You marry her to Ugruk because Ugruk say so, not because she say no or she say yes. She belong to Ugruk. Konrad, he sell her to me."

"Ye dinna understand, Ugruk. I ha' no right to marry her against her will. I couldn't do that even for my brother."

"If Konrad say yes, you do it?"

"No, not unless Gretchen said yes, too, and even then—but we needn't go into that. Konrad ha' no right to sell his daughter, ye ken. If a man wants to marry a girl, he must deal wi' her, not wi' her father."

"You mean—give furs to her, not her father?"

"If ye want to put it that way. And you see, Ugruk, Gretchen doesn't want your furs. You ha' nothing to pay for her that she wants—and I haven't either." Angus's face looked singularly dark in the yellow lamplight. "You're ineligible, and I am, too. We're both in the same boat."

"Ugruk, he no understand—"

"No matter. I should not mention it. Just put this out o' your head, brother. The girl is going outside tomorrow, and ye must forget her. I'll try to make Konrad gi' you back your silver fox skin."

"I no want fox skin back. I no forget her—I never forget her, no more than I forget the sun, the moon." Ugruk suddenly stood up, a stalwart, powerful figure. "*I no let her go.*"

"But ye must." Angus spoke quietly.

"She mine. I tell you—*I no let her go.* If you no marry her to Ugruk, Ugruk no care. He no care about prayer, ring, join hand, talk-talk. He do that so Gretchen feel good, get married like other white people. Gretchen, she mine anyway. Konrad he sell her, no go back on that. So Ugruk—he just *take* Gretchen."

Angus stood up, and looked his brother in the eyes. Ugruk returned the gaze with a strange, compelling calm.

"Don't ye know Konrad will kill you?"

"Maybe so." The Eskimo shook his head somberly. "Maybe he kill Ugruk, keep girl, keep fur, too. But Ugruk no back down. He no let white man talk-talk him no more, scare him no more. He do what Eskimo think right, not what white man think right. He try white man's ways, find out white man's ways no good. So he go back to Eskimo ways. He offer make white-man marriage, brother say no. So he make Eskimo marriage."

"But ye can't make a go o' it, Ugruk. Even if ye'd run away wi' Gretchen, the white men would follow you. The ship captain's law would get you in the end."

"The law he no come for four moons. Then, Ugruk he be gone, hide in mountains. Ugruk have white girl for four months anyway, be heap happy for four months. So you tell Konrad get out pistol. You get out pistol, too, if you dam' please. If you no want Ugruk take girl, you plenty kill him first."

IN THE meantime, there was a wild scene in Konrad's living quarters. His usually self-contained and cool-headed daughter had burst in, weeping, and was now nearer hysteria than her parents had ever seen her. It was as if she had been under some great nervous strain for many days, and this was the breaking-point. When she told what she had learned from Ugruk, her mother hastened to her side, and Konrad had to stand to his guns against them both.

"If you hadn't told that half-breed where you were going, there'd been no trouble," Konrad shouted. "Now I'll probably have to give him back his skin and lose the finest pelt that has been brought into an Arctic post for twenty years."

"I think that will be a cheap price to clear yourself," Mrs. Konrad told him. "I only pray you won't have to pay any more than that."

"Don't worry about that. I'll take care of Ugruk. I haven't handled natives for thirty years to let a half-breed bluff me out. I admit I oughtn't to have deceived him, but I threw in three hundred dollars in credit for the pelt, and now I stand to lose *that*, too. If you two had just slipped away without saying anything about it, I could have worked him along and satisfied him."

"All the silver foxes in the North can't pay you for deserting the code you've stood by for so many years," Mrs. Konrad went on gravely. "True, it wasn't much of a code. It was cruel and selfish and high-handed. Yet it was better than no code at all."

"It was the devilish beauty of that skin that got me," Konrad admitted frankly. "You know I can't resist fine furs. Well, I'll see what can be done about it."

MRS. KONRAD went straightway to her room. She needed all the rest possible before starting the long mush to the Outside. Gretchen, who hardly knew what it meant to be tired, stole away to a big chair before the low fire in her father's library. She did not weep now: her eyes were dry, brilliant, and hard. It seemed to her that fate had somehow made a jest of her life. The taste in her mouth was bitter; her heart was rebellious and angry.

Konrad walked the floor for a space, then went to his private cabinet where he kept his finest furs. As he opened the drawers, the lamp light danced in and rippled back with breath-taking beauty. Here was a complete collection of the finer Alaskan pelts, each a perfect example of its species. There was a white fox, the king of all white foxes, caught on Chandler Lake, on the slope of the Endicott Range. There was a blue fox which an Aleut Indian had stolen from the government catch at the Pribilof Islands and had sold to him for one bottle of rum; a red fox, with flame in its hair, from the volcanoes of Unimak Pass. There was a gorgeous land otter from the Inoko country, a pair of minks dark as a Spaniard's eyes, a marten, a magnificent lynx, and a string of ermine like white velvet ribbons on a bride's bouquet. Crowning the collection, a specimen for which he had waited years, was the matchless silver fox for which he had traded his honor.

Well, it was worth it! As he fondled it, it shimmered with magical life. Could he let it go, passing it back into those dark hands too blunt to feel its softness? Not unless his daughter's safety depended on it.

At this unpropitious moment Angus knocked on the door. The Eskimo servant let him in. The very look of the visitor, slight of body yet so quietly brave, infuriated Konrad. He knew what this visit meant. He could hardly be civil.

"I know what you've come to say," he began sourly.

"If ye know that, maybe it was na necessary for me to come at all. Maybe ye've already made up your mind to do what's right."

"You want me to give Ugruk back the fox skin, I suppose."

"Yes, to save trouble. I dinna think we need go into the right and wrong o' the thing. That is self-evident."

"Self-evident from your standpoint." Konrad spoke grimly. "But I needed the skin, and Ugruk didn't—and I'm Ugruk's master. However, we won't argue about it. Yours is the conventional idea, I know. I don't know, though, what right you have to interfere in the matter."

"I am a minister and in duty bound to try to save you from sin—how great a sin only time can tell. Besides, I ha' the right to see that Ugruk gets justice. Above all, I ha' come to warn you. Ye canna slip out on Ugruk, nor can ye bully him into yielding. He means to stand up for his rights. If ye try to take the

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94% OF THE TIME IT'S UNSAFE TO TRUST THE WEATHER

Study of U.S. Weather Bureau Reports shows average in United States of only 19 days a year when outside temperatures are safe for food preservation

TODAY we Americans spend twenty-three billion dollars a year for food—and waste a fifth of it.

United States Government authorities declare that *proper* year 'round refrigeration will reduce this waste to a startling degree. But it will do more than this. It will safeguard the health of your family. For food that is not *properly* preserved is a menace that invites danger and disease.

But what is *proper* refrigeration? A natural question. And again Government authorities answer: *Perishable foods, to be properly preserved, must be kept at an average temperature below 50 degrees.*

There is one safe way to retard the growth of micro-organisms that cause food spoilage. Only *cold* will conquer bacteria and mold without changing the wholesomeness of the food. If the temperature in your refrigerator creeps up even a few degrees above the danger point, food-destroying bacteria multiply astonishingly.

Back-porch or window-sill makeshifts are dangerous refrigeration methods. Costly. Unscientific and insanitary

You know what happens in your home during hot Summer months—how quickly food spoils. But have you considered that in your kitchen *it is "Summer" the year around*—too warm for food preservation?

Thus penny-wise home managers turn, in winter months, to back-porch or window-sill makeshifts for refrigeration. Dangerous. Costly. Unscientific and insanitary. Only 19 days a year, on an average in the United States does the outdoor temperature remain ideal for food preservation. Sometimes the weather is too warm; sometimes too cold.

Too cold? That may surprise you. Yet the United States Department of Agriculture has determined that a too-low temperature for perishable food is quite as dangerous as too high. Below 32 degrees some foods freeze; others undergo a definite chemical change. Such low temperatures destroy much of the delicate flavors and the vitamins which give food its greatest nourishment value. A sudden rise in temperature means that frozen food quickly spoils.

Thus the Government recommendation of adequate artificial refrigeration *the year around* is the only satisfactory answer to this problem. Our Government recommends artificial refrigeration at an average temperature below 50 degrees to properly preserve your foods, not only because of the marked economy, but because it is the surest, safest way to guard the health of your family.

TO SET the nation thinking on this vitally important topic of proper food preservation—to glean new ideas, new facts and figures concerning food preservation in guarding health and preventing economic waste, the National Food Preservation Council offers prizes to the value of $25,000 for the best 400 word essays in a National Idea Contest.

Turn to the next column. Read the complete list of well-worth-winning awards; study the simple rules and regulations. Then get the booklet, "How to Safeguard Your Family's Health," from the Local Food Preservation Council in your city (*see announcements in your local paper*), or write the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, for a free copy.

But don't delay! The time is short. It takes quick action to win. Begin at once!

Have you considered that in your kitchen it is "Summer" the year around? Too warm for food preservation.

FOOD

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Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States, except persons or members of the families of persons connected with the refrigeration industry.
2. Essays must not be longer than 400 words, shall be written in English, and shall be on one side of the sheet only.
3. Each essay shall be headed "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."
4. The subject matter of each essay must be the value of and benefits of food preservation, either from the standpoint of health, sanitation or economic saving, or any combination of these three. Booklets summarizing information on this subject may be obtained from the Food Preservation Council in your city or members of the Local Council, or from the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.
5. Essays will be judged 90 per cent on the originality of thought and evidence of study displayed, and 10 per cent on clearness of expression, neatness and order of construction.
6. Essays need not be typewritten, but judges shall have the right to reject illegible entries.
7. Essays may be submitted through the Local Council of the contestant's community, or may be sent direct to the National Food Preservation Council.
8. At the top of each page of each essay the sender's name and address shall be written. Each essay shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the contestant's name and address typed or clearly written in ink on the outside of the envelope. If the essay is submitted through a Local Council, the name of the Local Council must also be written on the envelope. If the essay is sent direct to the National Council, the sealed envelope must be enclosed in a larger envelope, addressed to Contest Department, National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.
9. Essays will not be returned. Winning essays shall become the property of the National Food Preservation Council and shall be used in any way the council sees fit.
10. The contest closes at midnight September 30, 1929. Essays bearing a postmark after that date will not be considered.

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Ninth Prize	250
Tenth Prize	200

Twenty-five prizes, Nos. 11 to 35 inclusive—$100 each. Eight hundred prizes, Nos. 36 to 835 inclusive—$5 each.

In the event of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of that prize.

CONTEST JUDGES

MERLE THORPE, *editor* . . . . . Nation's Business

B. C. FORBES, *editor* . . . Forbes

DR. WALTER HOLLIS EDDY, *professor of Physiological Chemistry* . . . Teachers College, Columbia University

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NATIONAL PRESERVATION PROGRAM 1929

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The Missionary

girl away wi'out giving him back his pelt, he will lay hands on her and try to hold her."

Angus regretted this wording at once. He should have been more tactful in stating his case.

"Lay hands on my daughter?" Konrad's voice had a low rumble. "That yellow half-breed dog?"

"That yellow half-breed dog," Angus answered quietly, "is my brother."

"Then I defy you both." Konrad was working himself into a dangerous fury. "He's your brother, and if you care for his well-being, you'd better warn *him* instead of warning me. I won't take a word off him. This is my village, and I'll do what I want in it, and you can go to the devil. If he makes one move against Gretchen, I'll kill him."

Angus stood his ground, and looked his antagonist in the face. "I hear you, Konrad," he answered at last. "Maybe ye will kill Ugruk, as ye say—I dinna know how far your evil passions may carry you. But harken to me. If he *does* try to hold Gretchen, it will be in defence o' his rights, according to Eskimo customs. What ye do in return will not be in defence o' your own rights, but only to escape the retribution o' an evil deed. Ugruk is my brother, and I will stand up for him short o' violence to you and your daughter. And if ye kill him, I will see that ye are brought to justice and hanged for the murderer ye are."

Angus turned and strode out. As he passed by the open door of the library, Gretchen saw him and sprang to follow him. She slipped on her heavy parka as she ran, and caught up with him on the hard-packed snow outside the mission. The new-risen moon performed authentic magic on the snow, on the frozen sea, and on the girl's face. The world and the night and the firmament were one pale blue. The girl, clad in white, with eyes faintly luminous in the moonbeams, seemed to Angus the wandering spirit of the Arctic—mysterious, illusory, unattainable.

"You left without telling me goodby."

She spoke simply, without embarrassment, without reproach. Because she felt no loss of dignity in having pursued him, there was no loss of dignity.

"I dinna know ye were still up," Angus answered. "I thought to tell you goodby—and wish you good luck—in the morn when ye started out. Anyway I was not fit to speak to you when I left your door. My heart was inflamed wi' anger."

"I knew it. I could just hear your voice, as you and father talked. But you are not angry with me, are you?"

"Never. Why should I be, when ye are the loveliest woman I ha' ever known? And I am not angry wi' your father now. The bitter night ha' cooled me off. He did only what he was predestined to do from the first beginning o' things, and the same wi' all he will do in the future."

"And you—and I—were predestined to say goodby to each other here in the moonlight?"

"It seems so . . . I wish there was some other way."

THEY stood silent a long time. There was almost nothing to say except stupid, conventional things that neither had heart for.

"I want you to be happy," Gretchen murmured at last.

"I pray to the Lord God that ye will be happy, too."

"And I want you to win—to hold to your faith—no matter how vain it may be." The girl's voice almost broke; she was close to tears.

Suddenly Angus was overpowered. He took her hands and gently drew her into his arms. Just once their lips met, a kiss so sweet that it was only a tithe removed from pain. For a space he held her in silence. Such poignant silence! Even when their lips parted, thrilling, they dared not speak.

Not one word of love passed between them. If such a word rose to the lips of either, it was forced back. Still they denied it in their hearts, even, lest the armor of their pride be pierced. Angus felt too poor for Gretchen. Like Ugruk, he had nothing to give her that she needed or wanted—only a share in the bitter, hopeless task to which he was consecrated. Could he ask her to accept this? Her youth was too fair, her beauty too bright. Nor could he disavow the task, so solemnly imposed, to devote his life wholly to her. Gretchen, on the other hand, was not ready to take what Angus could give. If once she admitted that she loved him, she could never go forth from him to find the richer, brighter life which she dreamed. He would not go with her—this she knew—and she would not stay. So she hushed the clamoring voices in her heart.

"Goodby, Angus," she whispered.

"Goodby, and God bless you—sweetest girl in the world!"

So she pushed away his arms and turned and left him to the night, the cold, the mocking moon, the unutterable solitude.

CHAPTER XII

BEFORE dawn, the next day, Konrad and his Eskimo servant were up and at work. The dogs were fed, the sled packed for the first lap of the long journey to Barrow. There were stores of pemmican and oil, a tiny oil stove to warm the snug snow-huts they would build *en route*, robes, and a few personal supplies. The two women took just enough dresses to be presentable while they were waiting for their airplane at Barrow, as they planned to buy a complete outfit when they reached Fairbanks, in Central Alaska.

Neither Gretchen nor her mother feared the hardships of the trip. They were mushers aforetime, and the frozen waste was their home. Not even Mrs. Konrad would ride the sled, but would tramp behind at the gee-pole. Both women were dressed for the terrible Arctic temperatures—mukluks, fur mittens, reindeer-skin jackets, breeches, and parkas, fawn-lined underclothing. Doctor Jannison, lean and brown, would not only carry a pack, but would break trail through the drifts.

When the first dawn was glimmering on the skyline, and the little group of silent people cast monstrous moon-shadows on the snow, the dogs were hitched to the loaded sled. As yet there had been no sound from the sleeping native village, and Konrad dared to hope that the travelers would get away without trouble of any kind. It would be such an easy way out of his difficulty. Later he would make some kind of settlement for the fox fur and ease his troubled conscience. There was a time, in his adventurous youth, when he would have relished an open clash with almost any kind of foe, but his blood had cooled in his three-score years, and his muscles had lost some of their steel. Besides, he was somehow vaguely depressed. He had not slept well the preceding night. Although he had no intention of humbling himself before Ugruk, he wished the whole affair had never occurred.

But as the travelers were taking their places, they heard footsteps in the half-dark. Two shadows came leaping toward them across the steel-gray snow. Ugruk swung up to them, running, with Angus hastening behind him. The moon and the dawn showed their faces haggard and strained.

"I tried to keep him from coming, but I couldn't," Angus told Konrad. "From now on, it's in your hands."

Well, these hands were strong enough. Gretchen saw them clench and was quietly curious to what lengths of violence and bloodshed this dawn's affair might go. The very sight of Ugruk enboldened Konrad. He was ashamed of his fears of a moment before. His eyes began to shine, his face flushed, the big veins on his forehead leaped and throbbed.

Ugruk had no rifle, and was never known to

The Missionary

carry a pistol. If he were armed at all, it was only with his long snow-knife. So Konrad did not take up the loaded rifle that lay ready on the sled. He could handle this matter without recourse to firearms.

"What do you want, Ugruk?"

The Eskimo stood inert, his arms limp, leaning forward from his hips. "I want—Gretchen," came the heavy answer.

At this unpropitious time Doctor Jannison saw fit to be gay. "He doesn't want much, does he?" he asked. "Why not give him a lash with the dog-whip, instead?"

Angus turned angrily toward him. "Ye won't help matters by that! Ye had better mind your tongue."

Gretchen's heart leaped, yet her mind stayed cool, and she was ready for almost any emergency. She knew just how many steps she must take to reach the rifle on the sled. Yet she prayed it would not come to this. To be obliged to kill Ugruk, to save her father from the consequences of his own sin, would be as evil a trick as fate could play her. Meanwhile she was furious at Jannison for his ill-timed remark. It seemed to portray a side of his nature which she had always tried not to see—a lack of human kindness, perhaps even a native cruelty of disposition, at least a weakness when strength was needed.

"You can't have Gretchen," Konrad answered. His voice trembled with repressed anger. "She is going to Barrow."

Ugruk shook his head heavily. His eyes burned in their deep sockets. "She no go to Barrow. She mine. You sell her to me."

Gretchen whirled to her father, her face white as the snow at her feet.

"Give him back his fox skin," she demanded. "You're going to get us in trouble here in about ten seconds."

"Trouble? I'm not afraid of trouble! Ugruk, I'll take this up with you later. Perhaps I'll make some kind of adjustment about the fur. But now stand out of the way. These people are going to Barrow."

"I no stand out of the way." Ugruk planted himself like a rock beside the team. "I tell you—she mine. She no go."

"Get out of the way, I say!" Konrad was shouting now, the words ringing over the snow. "*Damn your breed soul—I tell you, get out of the way.*"

MRS. KONRAD now hurried to her husband's side and tried to lay a hand on his arm. But he pushed her away, and he did not even hear Gretchen's entreaties. Both women were terrified now. Yet they were not half so afraid of Ugruk as of Konrad himself: they knew of old his berserk rage and the trouble it might bring. This rage was now reaching its climax. It would take a strong man to control him, and he could not control himself. The dawn light showed his livid face, his drawn lips.

Angus walked straight up to him and looked into his face.

"Come out of it, Konrad," he said quietly. "Ye are making a fool o' yourself. This way leads to murder."

Konrad in his fury did not hear Angus's words, but the low voice eased its way through his throbbing eardrums and gave him a second's pause. In a few seconds more Angus might have calmed him, just as a quiet tone will sometimes calm a plunging horse. But Jannison took it upon himself to interfere again. The devil of the perverse seemed to be in him today, or else the crisis was bringing out certain weaknesses in his make-up. He seemed unable to grasp the essentials of the situation or to cope in any helpful way with its realities. Instead of helping to quiet Konrad, he rushed up from behind and seized Angus. The minister struggled to break free, and in the next few seconds events rushed on with increased momentum too strong to arrest.

"Get out of the way or I'll kill you!" Konrad howled at the Eskimo. Then, to the excited dogs, "*Mush!*"

"She mine, she mine," Ugruk answered. "She stay here, be Ugruk's squaw." Then, with a rising volume of sound, "I tell you—*she no go.*"

But the dogs were breaking out the frozen runners now and in an instant more would be flying across the snow, so Ugruk's inert form leaped to action. Excited beyond all bounds, he hastened to Gretchen's side and seized her shoulders with his big hands.

Her mother gazed in speechless terror. Still she was not afraid for Gretchen; she knew her daughter would take no immediate harm. But she did fear, to the extreme, the effect of that sight upon her husband. There was murder in the air now; she felt it before Konrad made a move; she saw its shadow in an inner mind. She abandoned hope of preventing bloodshed. A scream started in her throat.

Gretchen still prayed for the best and, with an instinctive effort to quiet Konrad, stood quiet in Ugruk's grasp. Angus, knowing that only physical force could possibly stop Konrad now, struggled to get free from Jannison's grasp. He, too, howled in anger and struck with his free arm into the doctor's face. But, excited beyond all sense, Jannison clung on to him.

EVENTS raced on to their inevitable conclusion. When Konrad saw the half-breed lay hands on his daughter, his fury knew no bounds. The last thin threads of his self-restraint broke away, and with a yell he reached for his knife. The blade zigzagged in the air like a miniature flash of lightning as he lunged toward his foe.

Ugruk let go of Gretchen's shoulders. Konrad supposed that he, too, was reaching for a knife, to fight him steel to steel. Yet if he could have paused even for an instant, he would have seen that Ugruk's hand did not leap toward his thigh, but turned palm out, empty. This was the most tragic thing of all. Blinded by his rage, Konrad was attacking an unarmed man.

Why Ugruk did not draw his own knife, he did not know. It simply did not occur to him. He did not crave Konrad's life; he only wanted Konrad's daughter. His Eskimo blood was a factor, too: almost never can one of his race find heart to attack a white man. But Konrad had forgotten this and leaped on with a howl.

If any one could have stopped the madman even for a second, he would have seen the truth. Then, though he might have struck Ugruk, certainly he would not have tried to kill him. Konrad might be a maniac, but he was not a coward. But though Angus smote the doctor as hard as he could, he could not free himself in time.

The scene was instinct with violence. The dogs yelled and strained in their harness. Mrs. Konrad shrieked and sprang toward Ugruk as if she would shield his body with her own. Gretchen, free now, tried to seize her father's arm as he leaped past. Angus and Jannison fought crazily in the snow at one side. And as Konrad bore down upon his foe, Ugruk leaped to meet him.

Still he meant only to turn the blow, not to deal one of his own. And now his great strength, his sure eye, stood him in good stead. Somehow his big hand caught Konrad's wrist. He could not hold that mighty descending arm, but he did wrench it to one side. The point of the blade slashed his parka, but did not find his heart.

Their bodies collided with overwhelming force, and both men reeled and pitched to the ground. Ugruk sprang up instantly, ducking as if to avoid a blow, and, with arms guarding his breast, flung back a few paces. Konrad got up a second later, but his hand no longer held the knife, and indeed the long blade was nowhere to be seen. Angus had broken free by now and was rushing forward, but what he saw in Konrad's face stopped him in his tracks.

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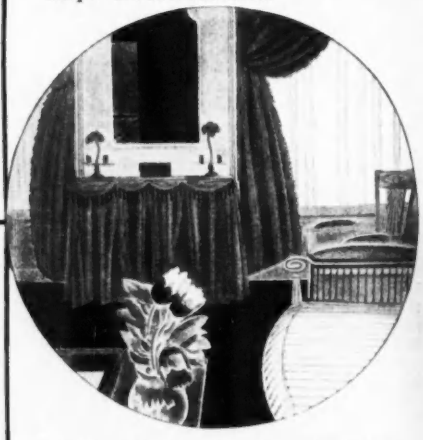
"RAYON gives us three things we must have . . . a certain dramatic beauty of design, supple drapeability, and long life. It is a dependable fabric and gives excellent wear. With rayons we are able to obtain novel and very beautiful effects that we cannot get with any other textile. It is the one new fabric of modernism.

"Hand-woven rayon fabric lengths and casement cloths by the great Rodier and similar American houses . . . rayon upholstery fabrics strikingly modern . . . wall hangings of colors that have delightful smoothness because they are of rayon.

"The inherent beauty of this fabric is apparent to every decorator and to women who plan their own rooms."

AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT

MRS. AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT *is a leading decorator and the author of many articles on home decoration. Her smart "Chintz Shops" are in seven cities.*



The beautiful dressing table and window draperies in Mrs. Wright's bedroom in her New York apartment offer a charming suggestion for the use of rayon taffeta.

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"Some of the most distinguished foreign and American artists are constantly creating for us fabrics of rare decorative value in which rayon plays the distinctive part. Few people realize the vast variety of novel effects in decorative fabrics which the use of rayon achieves."

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RAYON

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says Mr. G. W. Mitton, President of Jordan Marsh Co., of Boston

"THE special importance of rayon to American shoppers lies in the fact that it achieves beauty and luxury at a low cost. Manufacturers are producing rayon at a cost level that permits America's best merchants to sell it at a price in keeping with every woman's thrift program.

"Rayon—a basic textile, just as silk, cotton, wool or linen are basic textiles—has had a brilliant and rapid success among the French and American creators of fashion.

"Rayon is used in exquisite and different fabrics—from velvet to georgette; in garments—from underthings and sports things to evening clothes; from curtains to corsets.

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MR. MITTON, *one of the country's most progressive retail merchants, is an authority on merchandise and fashion trends.*

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"Our underthings of rayon have met with enthusiastic acclaim on the part of smart women with whom the fashionable silhouette is most important. Rayon makes such ideal foundation garments for this season's moulded figure that the demand for it is rapidly soaring above the increase anticipated at the start of the year."

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"By itself or in combination with silk, rayon is woven into delightful fabrics. They are welcomed by the smart woman for their beauty of texture, weave, and color."

PAUL C. DEBRY,
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RAYON

In using advertisements see page 6

It depends on the Vanilla

YOU wouldn't use *two* cupfuls of sugar in making an Angel Food Cake if the recipe calls for one. And so with the flavoring. When *one* teaspoonful is specified, *use but one* teaspoonful. More would overflavor the cake—if the vanilla is pure and full strength.

Of course, with weak or adulterated vanilla extracts, more is required than the recipe calls for. Substitute flavors, made of coumarin or vanillin, usually impart a raw, rank flavor.

When Dr. Price's True Vanilla Extract is used you can expect successful flavoring results invariably. Price's Vanilla is the true essence of the choicest vanilla beans, the fruit of the vanilla vine. Long aging in wooden casks develops a mellowness and delicacy of flavor and a uniform strength that has made this delicious extract a standard of vanilla quality for over seventy years.

Ask your grocer for the original, true, tropic vanilla extract—Price's. The picture of the Tropikid on the label is your assurance of the genuine.

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The Missionary

The big trader seemed dazed. An expression of incredible astonishment was on his gray visage. Every one looked at him, the central figure of this strange, snow-swept scene.

"What have you done, Emil?" his wife cried in horror.

"What have I done?" Konrad's tones were so low and calm, after the storm, that his hearers were stunned. "I've killed my fool self, that's what I've done. Look there!"

He pointed to his own body. Grotesquely thrusting from his abdomen was his own knife, buried to the hilt.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE silence enfolding that horror-stricken group, the only voice raised was Ugruk's.

"I no kill him," he said flatly. "He fell on knife himself."

He told them nothing that they did not already know, yet the remark tended to bring back a sense of reality to a scene illusory and incredible and to call them to themselves. At once their frozen postures melted, and they began to function according to what was in them. Seeing that Konrad was reeling on his feet, both Angus and Doctor Jannison ran to him. His legs gave way under him, now that help had come, and the two men laid him gently on the snow. Jannison at once kneeled over him and drew forth the crimson-bladed knife.

It was evident that Konrad must not lie there long. Without waiting for the doctor's instructions, Angus told Ugruk to run to the hospital and bring the stretcher that he knew was kept there. And Ugruk must make a quick trip, otherwise the wounded man must be carried to shelter on his friends' shoulders, in spite of the danger of thereby aggravating the wound. The thirty-below-zero temperature of this March day was not to be trifled with. Ugruk sped away, plunging through the snow like a bear. Konrad's wife and daughter crouched quietly beside the wounded man, opposite Jannison.

"Is there any hope?" Mrs. Konrad asked the doctor.

"I don't know."

This answer startled Gretchen. She thought it queer that the doctor would not say yes or no to this simple question. And the voice hardly sounded like Jannison's, but was thick and flat. She glanced up sharply. His face was gray, his lips blue. His hands, stained with Konrad's blood, looked stiff and unwieldly.

"But you're going to operate?" Gretchen whispered.

"I don't know yet . . . I think it would make matters worse . . . Yes, I'm sure it would. It would only hasten his death."

Konrad had been lying with closed eyes, far gone, but now he revived with a force and energy that startled the onlookers. Jannison's words had penetrated the half-sleep into which outraged nature had despatched him. His eyes opened vividly, and the sagging muscles in his gray face snapped back into position. He was not now a half-dead nonentity, but Emil Konrad, the czar of Narwhal Cape.

"What do you mean, Jannison?" he demanded. "Of course, you've got to operate and sew me up the best you can. Man, it's an intestinal perforation, and even a fool knows that means the knife! You're not going to let me die without a fight!"

Jannison seemed dazed. "You mustn't try to talk. What I said was just snap judgment—I haven't examined the wound yet. If there's an intestinal perforation, of course I'll have to operate."

"*If?* What do you mean, 'if'? There's a dozen perforations, and you know it. My God, send me a doctor!"

By now Ugruk had brought the stretcher. The three men lifted Konrad into it and started for the hospital. Torn by doubts, desperate with fear, yet still hoping for the best, Gretchen followed. Mrs. Konrad walked at her husband's side, holding his chilled hand between her own.

Jannison continued to mutter, apparently oblivious of those about him.

"We'll get him on the table right away . . . No use waiting with an intestinal perforation case . . . Like as not, those cans of ether won't be any good. If they're not, I just can't operate, and that's all there is to it . . . God, he's got more blood in him than a pig . . . Oh, why in the devil's name did this have to happen!"

Now they had reached the little two-room hospital, and Konrad had been stretched out on the operating table. He was perfectly conscious, and he raised his head and watched Jannison during the examination of the wound. Under this quiet scrutiny the doctor flushed purple, and his hands shook.

"Good Lord, what's the matter with you?" Konrad demanded at last.

"What do you mean?" Jannison straightened gamely, but Gretchen saw his fingers twitch. "This is a serious case. I can't rush into it till I know what I want to do. Don't worry; I'll save you if it's possible."

Angus noted the peculiar thickness of the tone, and his heart sank. At the same time he realized that Konrad's obvious lack of confidence in Jannison was only making matters worse.

"Of course, he will," he agreed heartily. "Doctor Jannison hasn't had a major operation for a long time, but I can see already that he knows his business. Doctor, can I be boiling your instruments while ye are getting ready?"

"Good idea—good idea. Mrs. Konrad—you and Gretchen cut away enough of his clothes that I can work. Then you two had better get out, and Mackenzie can help me administer the anesthetic. I'll go get it now."

Jannison hastened out of the room. After collecting the surgical instruments Angus put them to boil over the spirit lamp, also laid out packages of gauze, sponges, et cetera, from Jannison's cabinets. Busy with their patient, neither Gretchen nor her mother noticed how long Jannison stayed away. When at last he did enter, the girl looked at him with dread.

When he had left the room, his face was gray. Now it was flushed dark red. His eyes, dull and sunken a moment ago, were now prominent and bright. And entering the room with him were sharp fumes the meaning of which not one of them could possibly mistake.

Yet he was steadier. He walked quickly to the lamp, noted the progress of Angus's work, then sorted his sponges and bandages. With hands that fumbled but slightly, he opened one of the cans of ether and got it ready for use. He seemed reluctant to speak and did not so much as glance at the three people in the room.

"I—I'm almost ready to begin," he said at last.

"You want the two women to get out?" Angus asked.

"Presently. No use to send 'em out until the last minute. They want to spend as much time as possible with their dear husband and father."

THE tone, and the words, too, sounded maudlin. Gretchen was not gratified by this sentimentality, but only depressed and terrified. Jannison busied himself with the boiling instruments; she and her mother drew nearer to Konrad's side for what might easily be a farewell word.

The old trader clasped his wife's hand.

"Don't take it too hard," he told her with unfamiliar gentleness. "I think the jig is up—I have a hunch that I'll never survive this so-called operation—but you must make the best of it. I've had a full life. I'm leaving enough to take care of you, mother"—this to his wife—"for the rest of your days. Gretchen is young and strong, and she'll make out."

Gretchen leaned over and kissed his cheek. "You mustn't give up."

"I'm just facing the facts. Unless he can

The Missionary

operate successfully, I'm done for—just as surely as if there was a bullet in my brain. You can't get away from an intestinal perforation. Now, listen and remember. Mother, when spring comes again, I want you to go Outside and spend your life where there's more sunlight, more warmth. I'm sorry I kept you here all these years."

"I don't regret them," his wife answered quietly. "They were with you."

"They were wonderful years, and I could have made them even better, if I had only tried. But this is no place for you alone. Gretchen, you'd better go Outside, too, for a while—at once, and as quick as you can. Mackenzie can take you to the old men's island, and they'll take you the rest of the way. I don't trust Ugruk."

"Angus can handle him, I think," Gretchen said.

"Not without killing him, and there's been enough killing around here. Of course, if he'll take back his pelt and call the deal off, all right."

He paused, gasping for breath, and his wife wept softly.

"You'd better not try to talk any more," Gretchen said.

"Why not? I'm in no great pain, and a few minutes one way or the other make no difference . . . You understand there is no charge against Ugruk. The whole thing was my fault. And I got just what was coming to me for breaking the code I've stood by all these years."

"But you broke it only once," his wife cried.

"Once was enough. As Mackenzie said, I was sailing close to the wind all the time. You can't beat the game—it always gets you. Fate has been laying for me all these years and cornered me at last."

He paused and closed his eyes. The onlookers were afraid he was gone already, but when Gretchen bowed over his breast, she could feel his heart strongly beating. She looked up to speak to Jannison, only to find that he had left the room. All the time Konrad was talking, he had been making trips back and forth to his storeroom.

HE CAME in a moment later, walking briskly. At the first sight of his flushed face Gretchen's hand went to her mouth as if she feared she would scream.

This was a tragic, evil thing. As Jannison headed toward the operating table, he did not keep a straight course. His eyes were glazed, his lips loose, his jaw sagging. He had found courage at last to begin the operation, but only too well she knew from what mocking and treacherous source that courage had come. It was a shock to her hardly less than her father's accident. She felt broken, hopeless, impotent.

"I'm going to begin right now," he told them desperately. "Get out of the room, all of you who don't want to stay and see it. I'm going to anesth—anesthetize him myself, if the skypilot hasn't got the nerve to stay and help me. Where's my instruments? Gi' me my instruments."

He poured the boiling water into the sink, picked up the instruments, and carried them to the operating table. At first, Gretchen followed his movements with wide, horrified eyes. But as the seconds passed, and the revolting truth became more plain, her eyes began to narrow and grow steely bright. Still she did not cry out or attempt to interfere with him. A queer, sinister calm was upon her. Across the room Angus was calm, too; likewise his hazel eyes had a hard shine. They waited to make sure . . .

Jannison reached for a can of ether. Gretchen noticed his hand—the hand that was to plunge to the wrist into her father's mutilated body. It was covered with red stains, a grisly residue from his first examination of Konrad's wound.

"Frank, you haven't washed your hands!" she burst out desperately.

Jannison jerked toward her, dropping the

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Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, . . . who value . . . beautiful hair use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

September 1929 Good Housekeeping

can of ether. "Who's doing this?" he demanded. "Are you the surgeon, or am I? What difference does it make on a hopeless case like this?"

Mrs. Konrad heard him and gazed in bewildered horror. Until now the merciful tears had blinded her eyes, but suddenly she perceived the whole, ugly truth. Breaking down, she bowed her head on her husband's breast, sobbing. But Gretchen did not follow her into futile collapse. Perhaps her grief was not so sharp, and her indignation greater. She stepped to her father's side and seized one of the doctor's scalpels.

"If you touch him, I'll kill you," she told him.

She meant exactly what she said. Jannison's brain was fogged with the fumes of drink, but he did not misunderstand her. Nor did he make the disastrous mistake of taking her lightly. Instead he went into a raving frenzy sickening to hear.

It was the most complete breakdown of a man's nerve any one of them had ever seen. Angus was not only sickened, but ashamed; he felt that excruciating embarrassment which a white man's cowardice always gives to white onlookers. He was glad that Ugruk was not here to see. Gretchen looked at the watering eyes and sagging face-muscles with actual loathing. The thought that she had been in this man's arms and had known his kisses made her shudder.

"It's the blood that got me," he raved. "I can't stand the sight of it, since that mess I was in three years ago. And then to threaten me, Gretchen! You, the girl I intended to marry!"

"Go away." This was all she could say. "Go away."

"Why haven't you a little human sympathy?" His voice got shrill. "You're more heartless than the board, when they had me up and took away my license. I thought you loved me, Gretchen, and trusted me." Then, with eyes reddening with fury: "To the devil with you then! To the devil with you all!"

At this last outburst Angus lost his head. He forgot that Jannison was temporarily insane and therefore unaccountable. His face got fiery red, his freckled fist clenched. Again he forgot his peaceful calling and began to work around the long operating table to get to Jannison. A confused craving for violence was in his brain.

But it came about that he did not arrive in time. Events reached their astounding climax without his participation. With a roar of fury Emil Konrad leaped down from his operating table. Rallying the last of his strength, his big fist swung up and smote the false doctor full in the face.

Jannison staggered back against the wall, stunned, but Konrad himself, heart-stricken, pitched insensible to the floor.

CHAPTER XIV

ON THE tundra back of the village the hip-deep snow was cleared away from a space ten feet square, and a driftwood fire built on the frozen earth. As the gray ice-veins melted away, the Eskimos dug up the thawed ground, until at last the pit was deep enough to take Konrad's clay. Then one bitter afternoon the villagers gathered for the burial rites.

Angus would never forget this picture. On one side of the rude grave the natives stood in a dark, silent group. Their oppressor was gone from them, but they seemed to feel neither joy nor sorrow, only a dull wonderment. After all, it meant little to them. Some other white man would come to take their furs and sell them *kow-kow*. A man lived so long, then died. They could do nothing about it. It was not in their hands. They stood watching with lightless eyes, their faces like old parchment, their arms fore-hung, their bodies leaning forward from their hips.

On the other side of the grave were Konrad's widow and daughter. They watched quietly, without visible tears, and they wondered, too, at the immutable ways of life and

"COMFORT? I never knew real comfort until I got this MATTRESS and SPRING," says

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

A BED ENSEMBLE *in Mrs. Wanamaker's home, as attractive as it is comfortable! The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—already in over 700,000 American homes—is amazingly resilient with strong, upstanding sides. Damask covers, choice of two patterns, six colors. Simmons Ace Box Spring matches Beautyrest in damask covering, integrity of construction, comfort, finish. Mahogany-finished Windsor Bed from Simmons, No. 1590.*

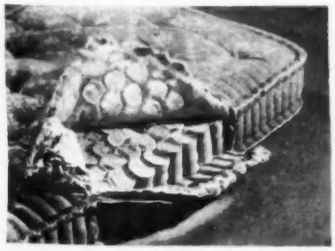
MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III *has all the qualities that make the woman of today so charming, so able; an informal cordiality of manner, keen judgment and the flair for affairs which characterize the famous family into which she married.*

THE HOME of Mrs. John Wanamaker III in Ardmore, an exclusive residential suburb of Philadelphia, has the gracious air of mingled beauty and comfort typical of America's finest homes.

For this lovely bedroom, to match the sturdy dignity of her old Colonial pieces, Mrs. Wanamaker chose a quaint, mahogany-finished Windsor Bed, No. 1590, from Simmons, and wisely fitted it with the mattress and spring which women everywhere are finding so much more comfortable.

Of her Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring Mrs. Wanamaker says, "They're simply matchless—such soft upholstery! And so attractive looking with their trim, upstanding sides. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection."

After years of research the Simmons Company has perfected this marvelous Beautyrest Mattress with an inner coil construction that is extraordinarily resilient, and permits perfect distribution of body weight.



Inside the Beautyrest—the superior inner coil structure makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of finely tempered coils closely packed in separate pockets extend to edges and are stitched firmly in place. Luxurious layers of upholstery cover coils. Damask covers in a choice of six colors and two designs.

The Ace Open Coil Spring—sturdily constructed, low in price. Hundreds of closely placed coils insure marvelous resiliency; special banded border protects sheets.

Their Ace Box Spring, equally buoyant, boasts the same integrity of construction.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00; Windsor Beds, $12.00 to $25.00; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons."

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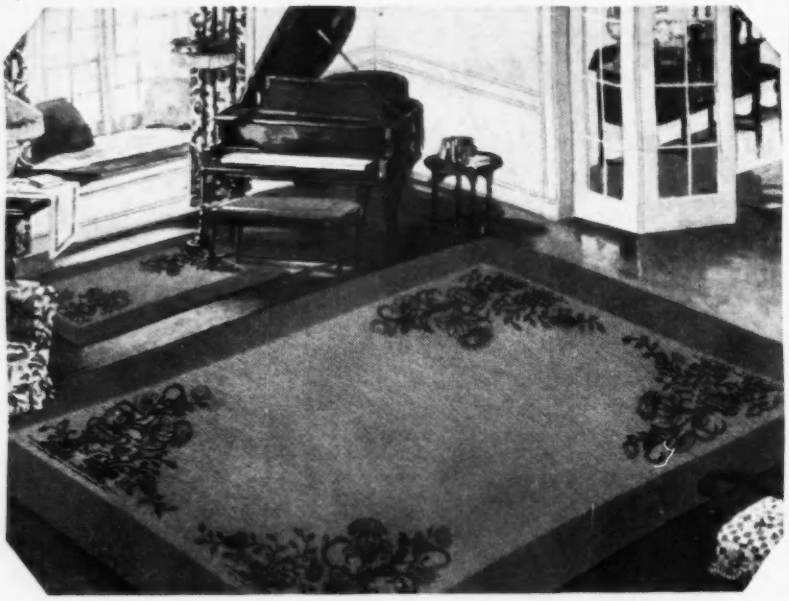

Made in Plain, Two-Tone, Oriental, Moderne and Hooked Patterns—Any Size

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Authority on Home Decorating

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By a wonderful patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and reclaim the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, bleaching and combing. The reclaimed material is then *dyed* any color, and *woven* into extremely good-looking new Duo-Velvety rugs.

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You are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns. Your new rug can be made in any of the charming new shades—Taupe, Grey Green, Mahogany, Mole, Grey Blue, Tete-de-Negre, Beaver Brown, Persian Gold, Rose, or Mulberry—in any of twenty-six rich colors and combinations.

You will be delighted to find these rugs are woven *seamless* and *reversible* with the same close, firm nap on *both* sides to give *double wear*—features hard to find in store rugs.

Here is another very important thing: these rugs can be made to your order in *ANY SHAPE* or *SIZE* in *one week.*

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THE whole thing is so simple. You send in a bundle of old materials. Within 10 days back come your new rugs. To quote from the manufacturer's guarantee: "Subject the rugs to hard everyday wear; compare them with store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material." A mighty strong guarantee and one you can be absolutely sure they will live up to. The manufacturer pays transportation charges on your material from all states as explained in their book. They have branches in the large cities where you can see the rugs.

Write for This Unusual Book

Every home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. I am attaching a coupon for your convenience. Write to Olson Rug Co., Dept. E-23, Laflin St., Chicago.

OLSON RUG CO.,
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The Missionary

death. Doctor Jannison was not with them, nor had he come to the service. Since his collapse, three days before, he had not emerged from his quarters. Gretchen knew that he still lived because of the smoke which at times rose from his chimney, but beyond this no one knew how he fared, and no one really cared. He was no longer a factor in Narwhal Cape affairs. Angus alone had tried to gain admittance to his room, but Jannison had not answered his knock. It seemed probable that he was deep in a debauch such as he had practised during his first weeks in the village.

On all sides of the grave stretched the limitless white. To the north was the sea ice, unbroken, except for deep leads, from Bering Strait to Spitzbergen. To the south was the tundra, glistening white, forlorn, open as the sea, trackless save for the faint prints of animals which the wind almost instantly cut away, and for the long, wandering track of the wind itself. This was the Arctic. It was the borderland between here and hereafter. This was a dream that God had dreamt between sleep and waking.

"*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust*" Even these words, so merciful to the dead and so hopeful to the living, did not hold here. Konrad's earth did not now revert to earth, but would become part of the eternal ice. Century after century would roll by while the moss thickened above his head; and save for some accident of flood or earthquake, his form would endure, unchanged.

AFTER the service Angus walked home with Gretchen and her mother. Bravely they talked of the future. Mrs. Konrad would not leave Narwhal Cape at once, but would stay to close up her husband's affairs. She wanted to live over the dead years that she and Emil had shared, and to move about the rooms full of his shadow. Besides, she had no heart for the long trek across the snow. She would wait till the ice went out and the ships came in.

Wouldn't she need her daughter's company in the lonely weeks to come? Yes, but her daughter's need came first. She herself could make out: she had always made out, one way or another, no matter what happened. It was best that Gretchen leave these scenes for a time. She must go where there was nothing to remind her of Frank Jannison: otherwise the pride-canker might take too long to heal, and leave a permanent scar. Whether she mushed at leisure, or ran in flight, depended on the events of the next few days.

Gretchen, herself, did not know what she wanted to do. She was embittered, baffled, and shaken. Yet even as her tears flowed, there was a feeling in her heart which was not sorrow, but akin to satisfaction. At least, she was lucky to have found Jannison out before too late. Perhaps she was secretly glad, in some roundabout way she could not trace, that her doubts of him had proved sound and that she was free.

"What will happen next, no one knows," Angus told her, as he wished her good-night. "But I think there's going to be a truce."

"You mean, you'll be able to satisfy Ugruk?"

"I dinna mean that. I ha' no idea yet how to handle Ugruk. The truce will not be my doing, or any man's, but will be imposed on us from wi'out—the truce of the storm. Look there."

He pointed to the tattered clouds racing across the sky. There was a queer feel to the air, a whisper and a stir such as might move over a waiting army just before the zero hour. The elemental powers were in array. Once more they would sweep down upon the frozen land, to show their eternal sovereignty and to awe all living things.

Angus had hardly reached his quarters when the gale broke. The wind shrieked like an express train and rocked the frame mission building on its foundations. It banged on the windows and howled in the chimney; it swept up the dry snow in eery clouds, blotting out the village as if it had never been.

COLOR
From Gay-Plumaged Birds

"61" QUICK DRYING ENAMEL

Dries in 4 hours

COLOR that IS color — from gay-plumaged birds — the glorious colors of Nature, in "61" Quick Drying Enamel! Why not on YOUR furniture, floors, woodwork and linoleum? They'll glow with new life and make home the place you've always wanted it to be. And QUICKLY; in 4 hours it's dry! "61" Q D E is an OIL enamel with a nice, clean odor; WITHOUT laps, streaks or brush marks. So easy to apply, no fuss or muss. Last but not least, it stays where you put it — really durable and waterproof. See these enchanting colors at your paint or hardware dealer's and make sure that "61" is on the label. Send for free copy of color chart.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 21 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

In using advertisements see page 6

To Get The Softer New-Type Bathroom Paper

Advised by Health Authorities in 45 States

Ask for "NORTHERN TISSUE"

Doubly-Absorbent—Soft as Linen
Snow-White
20 Times Sterilized in Making

Today at no advance in price you may have a new-type bathroom paper . . . a sterilized, soft, white paper that forever banishes the fear of raw wood irritation traceable to harsh, cheap "toilet papers." To get it you ask for "Northern Tissue."

Modern science has found many menacing disorders are traceable to irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 254 Health Commissioners in 45 states and scores of practicing physicians say: "Use a paper like 'Northern Tissue' instead of cheap, raw ground-wood toilet papers." For "Northern Tissue" is a snow-white, sterilized, linen-like *cellulose* paper—utterly unlike the ground-wood sheets made by grinding wood into what the microscope reveals as a mass of tiny slivers.*

Cooked at 302°

This new-type paper contains only pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

20 Times Sterilized

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by nationally known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed, producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c a Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

***How To Test For Ground-wood In Paper**

The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish-purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—cellulose—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

ASK FOR NORTHERN TISSUE

Dept. 28

Now—Northern Tissue Towels, Too! 20 Times Sterilized In Making

For bathroom, lavatory or modern kitchen, the new sterilized, cloth-like "Northern Tissue" Towels are now offered. Their bright enameled container is a striking bit of color decoration as well. See at most department stores—or write us direct.

© NPM., 1929 **Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin** *230-R*

The Missionary

The last two days had been unusually warm. Now the red column in the thermometer fell in one swoop, as if the bottom had dropped out of it, and did not stop falling till it registered thirty-five below zero. Such cold is deadly. It is far harder to endure than sixty below, because the latter temperature is almost never accompanied with wind. Angus was thankful for his full scuttles of coal.

For four nights and four days the wind held without varying a point. It was one great, shapeless roar that seemed part of the landscape. There was no fresh snow, but the snow-dust swept by in unending, blinding clouds. The Eskimos sat inert in their igloos, while the soot from the oil lamps gathered on the ceiling. On the fifth day the wind slackened a little, and the temperature rose twenty degrees. Angus took advantage of this apparent lull in the storm to grope his way to Ugruk's igloo.

Before he had gone fifty feet he regretted starting. He could hardly keep his feet, so wildly the wind beat, and his body heat seemed to be blowing out of him like smoke from a flue. No amount of exertion could keep him warm. The snow dust stung his face and almost blinded him: he wandered in a white nightmare of sound and violence. Fortunately he had only a little way to go. Otherwise he would be forced to turn back, with the possibility of losing his way and perishing within a quarter of a mile of shelter.

He crawled through the round aperture of Ugruk's igloo and for once in his life was grateful for the stifling heat of the oil lamps. He found his brother and all seven members of Tweegock's family lying in their sleeping robes, but Ugruk got up, slipped on his parka, and sat with Angus before the yellow flame.

THE intense silence of the room startled Angus. Not a gust of wind penetrated this underground lair, and the roar of the gale was only a low murmur beyond the thick walls. But it would be waiting for him outside. He had better come to business and depart as soon as possible to his own more comfortable quarters.

"Ugruk, I told you long ago to put Gretchen out of your mind. It was wrong for an Eskimo to try to marry a white girl, and trouble was bound to come from it. Well, that trouble did come, as ye know."

Ugruk nodded, but without change of expression. "I see'm."

"Konrad is dead, Ye didna like Konrad, yet ye didna want him to die."

"Ugruk no care." The Eskimo shook his head somberly. "Konrad live, Konrad die, no matter to Ugruk."

"It would have mattered to you plenty, if he hadn't fallen on his knife. That knife was aimed at you. He meant to kill you."

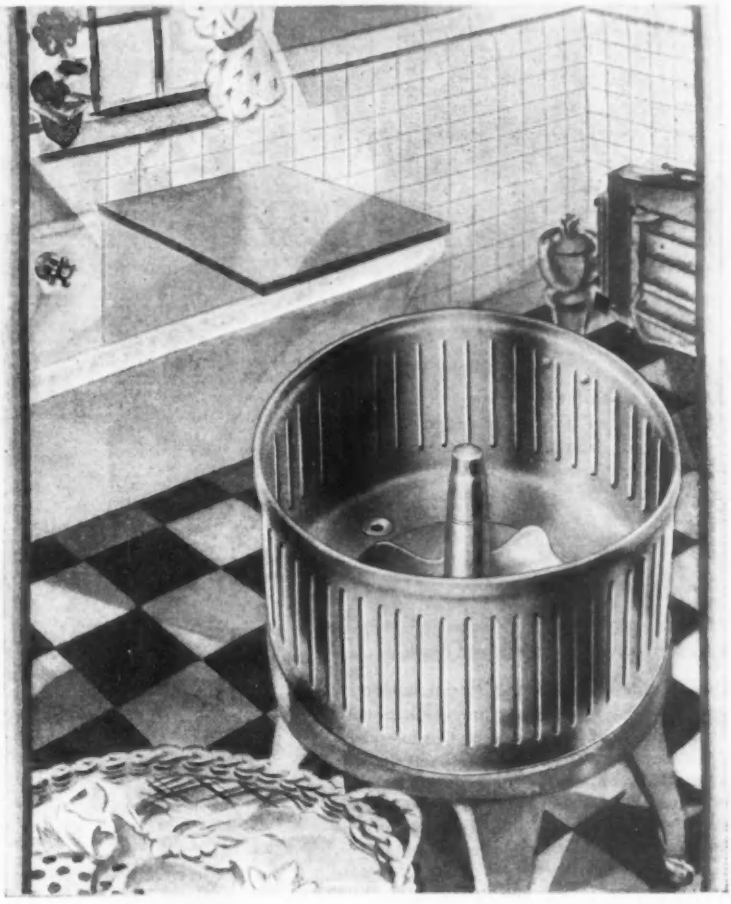
"But he no kill me. I catch his arm. No man move his arm when Ugruk catch it—Ugruk, him strong as white bear." Suddenly the Eskimo stood up and raised his big arms high into the air, a dramatic gesture that made Angus catch his breath. "Ugruk, him strongest man in Narwhal Cape."

Angus stared in amazement. He had never seen such an emotional outburst in an Eskimo. How had Ugruk gained this sudden confidence? What ferment had been working in his alien soul? It might mean trouble.

"Ye had a narrow escape, just the same," Angus said, without getting up. "Ye might ha' been killed—all because ye tried to get something not meant for you to have. Ye see, Ugruk, ye can't have Gretchen. She is a white girl and can't marry an Eskimo. The more ye try to get her, the more trouble ye'll get into, and the more lives will be lost."

The Eskimo stared a long time into the flame. "If Ugruk lose his life, he not know it," he answered at last. "Eyes, they shut so he no see; fingers stiff, so he no feel. He dead like whale cast up by sea. But if he lose Gretchen, he know that plenty well. He see empty ground where he plan to build igloo. He see empty

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW



Careful People

will want this new machine that washes fine things gently

NOW-A-DAYS, commercial laundries use Monel Metal washing machines to protect, as well as to clean, the most delicate fabrics. With Monel Metal washing machines in the home, thousands of women will secure this same protection for their most precious things.

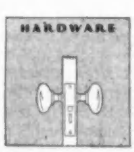
For Monel Metal is a lustrous Nickel alloy that never rusts. It resists the corrosive action of soaps and washing compounds. It stays bright and clean no matter how little or how much you use it. With a silvery surface, smooth as glass, it has no rough edges to harm the most fragile thread. And Monel Metal has no coating to chip, crack or wear off.

Improved washing machines are only one example of the many ways in which modern science and manufacturing skill employ Monel Metal to make good housekeeping easier. Monel Metal is used for laundry equipment, kitchen sinks, drainboards, table tops, cabinet tops and hardware.

In your home you'll find Monel Metal a lifetime metal. Its rich lustre is equalled only by the mellow beauty of fine old silver. Monel Metal equipment will never need replacement — you will want none.

If you plan to build a new home, or remodel your present home, discuss Monel Metal with your architect or sheet metal worker. Mail the coupon for booklet and free sample.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.



Monel Metal is a technically controlled Nickel-Copper alloy of high Nickel content. It is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark.

INCO MONEL METAL

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please send me further information about Monel Metal washing machines. Also send a sample of Monel Metal and the booklet, "Good Housekeeping Made Easier".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____

G. H. 9-29

In using advertisements see page 6

What has become of the "MIDDLE-AGED" woman?

To the so-called "middle-aged" woman the selection of a foundation garment is of extreme importance. The mature proportions of her figure must be adjusted to the requirements of youthful modes in dress. Her active life demands unhampered movement, necessitates a garment that gives firm support and can be worn continuously, without discomfort of any kind . . .

In CHARIS the mature woman finds exactly the features which satisfy her needs.

This unique foundation garment can be adjusted, by the wearer, to correct ungraceful development of waist, hips or thighs—creating a smooth, youthful contour, from bust to knees. And, since this result is secured by natural redistribution of excess flesh, there is no restriction of movement, no discomfort from tightness or pressure.

An important feature of CHARIS is the inner belt which lifts and supports the abdomen in normal position. The effect of this belt is to strengthen the abdominal wall, to guard against strain and to prevent extreme fatigue.

CHARIS is light and cool, dainty in appearance, beautifully made throughout.

You will never see CHARIS on sale in stores. It will be brought, for examination, to the home of any interested woman, by a representative of this company. A personal demonstration can be had, without obligation . . . If you would like to know more about this superior foundation garment, please telephone the nearest CHARIS Service Office or write to the CHARIS CORPORATION, Allentown, Penna.

CHARIS is sold at prices ranging from $6.75 up. The garment illustrated contains the new Midway Opening.

The CHARIS Abdominal Belt is adjustable, in position and tension, from the outside. All adjustable features of CHARIS are patented.

COPR. 1929, CHARIS CORPORATION

CHARIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CHARIS CORPORATION - - ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Missionary

robe where he want her plenty. He feel Eskimo skin—dark, ugly, not soft white skin. So you no scare Ugruk out. He keep on try to get Gretchen."

"But ye can't have her. Ye're batting your head against a stone wall. Don't ye believe me?"

"I no believe you. You think you tell truth, but Ugruk think you tell lie. Ugruk, he buy Gretchen. He pay fair price. She mine now, and Ugruk take her."

"I've come to talk to you about that deal ye made wi' Konrad. Before he died, he said to gi' you back your fox skin. So ye can have it any time ye come to the trading store after it, or else I'll get it and bring it to you, when the storm's over. And ye can have the credit Konrad allowed you besides."

Ugruk continued to gaze into the flame. "*Namick.*"

"Ye mean ye won't take the skin back?"

"*Namick, namick.* I no want skin. I want Gretchen."

"But ye can sell it again."

"Ugruk sell it once, he no go back on deal. He keep what he buy, no take back."

Angus got up and put his hand on his brother's arm. "Then what do ye mean to do? Take the girl by force?"

"She mine, she mine!" The strange eyes glowed. "When storm she blow out, Ugruk go to Konrad's house, take home what he buy. If girl she fight, Ugruk hold her tight like she new dog; take her home anyway, keep her for squaw. Job plenty easy now. Konrad he dead, talk-talk old men they gone to island, doctor he go bad, lie drunk in house. No white men left to say, 'No, Ugruk, you can't have Gretchen.'"

Angus's hand closed tighter on Ugruk's big forearm. "There's one white man in the village whom ye haven't mentioned," he said quietly.

"You?"

"Yes. I'm still here and able to stand between you and the girl. And I tell you, 'No, Ugruk.' I tell you, '*You can't have Gretchen.*'"

The Eskimo turned his head and met the white man's eyes. "You say no all you dam' please. Ugruk take girl just the same, no get in trouble. You no try to kill *me*. You my brother."

A sinister voice that Angus hardly recognized as his own spoke through his lips. "Ye ha' better not count too much on that."

"So you try to kill Ugruk too, eh? Then Ugruk, he die, no can think about Gretchen any more. But if Ugruk live, he take Gretchen!"

Then, with a solemnity that caught Angus up, the words falling like waves on a rocky coast:

"When—storm—blow by, Ugruk—take—Gretchen—be—Ugruk's squaw. She—mine. She—mine."

AS ANGUS crept through the dark passage of Ugruk's igloo, he was reminded of the storm outside. He heard it roaring, ready to pounce on him in insensate fury, and he dreaded to face it. This hour with Ugruk had depressed and disheartened him. Yet when he passed through the outer door, he looked up with kindling eyes.

The sky was considerably lighter than when he entered. The wind still blew violently, but in long gusts rather than in one resistless surge. If the air in his nostrils told him true, the temperature had risen several degrees. This was apparently the tail of the storm—and the situation offered exciting possibilities. He did not head toward his own quarters, but struck off across the village to see Gretchen.

He paused in the outer hall and looked at Konrad's barometer. It was rising rapidly. When he faced Gretchen, she sprang up from her chair. His face was flushed, not with cold, and his eyes were shining with excitement.

"What has happened?" the girl asked.

"Nothing yet. And nothing must be allowed to happen, until we know just how we stand.

The Missionary

We've got to approach this thing wi' care. Gretchen, ha' ye noticed that the storm is blowing out?"

"It seems to me it isn't making quite so much noise."

"The clouds are breaking away. I think it will be a clear night, moderately cold. What time does the moon rise?"

"I don't know exactly. I think just after midnight. What are you getting at?"

"If the wind dies down a little more, and the moon comes out, do ye think it would be safe to travel?"

"It depends on where you want to go. I think I'd chance it, if it were important. Likely there'll be fine weather tomorrow—we always count on it, after a storm like this—and the snow will have a wonderful wind-crust."

She approached him and peered intently into his luminous eyes.

"Angus, do you mean that we might slip away from Ugruk tonight?"

"It's a chance." He paced up and down the room. "Maybe it's our best chance. But we must not take too great risk. I can protect you from Ugruk, ye ken, if worst comes to worst."

"By force, you mean?" She spoke grimly.

"Force would be the last resort. I dinna want to think o' that. Ugruk is my brother—I canna get away from it, no matter how hard I try."

"Then face the facts, Angus. Has Ugruk refused to take back the skin?"

"Aye."

"He says he's going ahead with his bargain?"

"Aye."

"Then how is any one going to stop him except with force? You can't argue with him, and you know it. It's like arguing with the ice-pack. If we stay here, one of us will have to kill him, and that's all there is to it. Do you want to face a proposition like that?"

"My God, Gretchen!" Angus stopped his pacing and confronted her. "I ha' lived wi' that prospect for four days and four nights. Just now I heard it on his own lips. And that's why I've come to you."

"I don't want to kill him, any more than you do," the girl said. "I'd take almost any kind of risk to avoid trouble." She listened a moment to the long gusts of the wind. "He'd never dream that we'd try to steal away tonight."

"I dinna think so either. We could steal a march on him easily."

"And he couldn't overtake us without dogs."

"Not if we rode the sled and let the team run. By cutting straight across the bays we'd be in the old men's cabin in forty-eight hours."

GRETCHEN'S face brightened. "Why, it's the way out! There's nothing to it. The storm is moderating. We wouldn't have to weigh down the sled with supplies, but just take enough to last us through to the cabin. Bill and Charley have plenty of stores and can stake me for the rest of the trip."

"We'd want an extra supply, just the same," Angus cautioned. "We dinna want to figure too close. We might get held up for a couple o' days on the trail."

"We can take plenty and still not weigh down the sled. Angus, it's a wonderful plan. If you won't attempt it, I'll go alone."

"I think I ha' better go wi' you. If something should happen, and Ugruk overtake you on the trail, ye might feel better to ha' me along. I can turn you over to the old men and come back."

So it was decided. They called in Mrs. Konrad and told her of their plan. She approved at once: she, too, knew that Ugruk's mad desire was no longer to be restrained. At once they began preparations for departure.

Angus's weather predictions came true. The clouds blew away; the Great Bear blazed overhead. While the old moon rose, while the village lay silent as the burrows of the dead, while the wind raved and sobbed, the malumutes were hitched to the sled, and the travelers stole away.

No one but Gretchen's mother saw them go. Bravely she watched until the shadows hid them, and their last backward glance showed her standing in the doorway, gazing into the gloom. It was a scene Gretchen would never forget. It symbolized the deathless spirit of motherhood. Renunciation. Tears. Love that gives everything and asks nothing in return.

With her pocket compass Gretchen charted the course. They would strike straight across the bays to the island where the old men had their cabin. Under ordinary conditions this would have been impossible. Usually these shoals were one frozen torment, an impenetrable wilderness of ice. There would be mounds, hills, and mountain ranges of ice; hollows, swales, pits, and ravines; moated castles, buttresses, and walled ramparts. But this year the bay-ice had never broken up. On the night of the first big freeze the inshore wind had forced the ice-pack in against the village, but the bays beyond had been sheltered, due to their particular contour, and the dead water froze as smooth as a skating-rink. Before the wind could swing around to enter the bays, the ice had thickened enough to resist the onslaughts of the pack. Now the snow covered it in an even sheet, hard-crushed by the wind.

The travelers could well feel grateful for these unusual conditions. If they had to follow the shore, their journey would be twice or three times as long. Moreover, they would never find such smooth going. As soon as they crossed the cape onto the first of the level bays, they both mounted the sled and let the dogs out. They darted forward in full cry.

There is something indescribably exhilarating in sleighing behind fast dogs. This powerful team ran like a pack of wolves—effortless, smooth, and swift. The wind was behind them, and seemed to give them wings. The night was a miracle in blue crystal. The moon was bright as a polished shield; the snow, steel-gray. Gretchen was cheered in spite of herself. Her father's death and all her other grief seemed long ago and far away; she felt she was entering into a new life.

Wrapped in her deerskin sleeping robe, she hardly felt the cold. Besides, Angus's body was close to hers, pressing hers, and she felt its warm, strong currents. She spoke to him only at long intervals. Words seemed unnecessary. Occasionally she consulted her compass in the light of her electric flash.

The night paled. The dawn began to glimmer on the sky line. At last the morning came out bright and full, and the world was one great glitter as far as they could see. Still they sped on, with only an occasional brief rest.

Shortly before noon they halted at a nameless island lying off from the mouth of a great river. There was a deserted igloo here, largely broken down, yet it gave them an hour's rest and shelter from the wind. They warmed their food over their oil-lamp, ate lightly, and sped on.

TWILIGHT found them outside the reefs, more than half-way to the old men's island. On the open ice they built their night's shelter—a low-walled dome of snow blocks, which is the immemorial rest-house of the Eskimos. Gretchen lighted the lamp and thawed out meat for the dogs. She fed them generously, for this was to be their last meal until they reached the cabin. Such food as remained must be hoarded for her own and her companion's need.

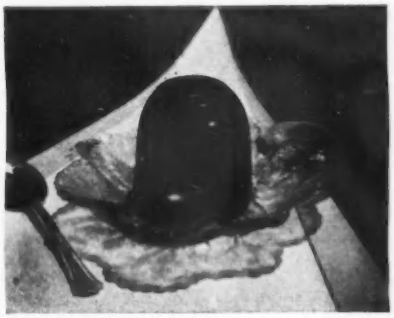
She and Angus made their meal, then lay down, side by side, in their deerskin robes. The Arctic night came down, mysterious as death. The only sound or suggestion of sound was the hiss-hiss-hiss of the wind on the snow, and the soft whisper of their breathing.

Angus slept at last, and in his dreams it seemed that the North had betrayed them, and all was not well with their trip. Not until dawn, however, did his fears take

Minute Jel

You make it . . . to spread on bread

Quick *Just boil it 5 minutes and pour it in glasses to cool*



Sure *In about an hour, it will always be firm . . . tender . . . delicious*

IMAGINE! Now you can actually make two glasses of old-fashioned jelly in five minutes. It's as easy as boiling an egg. And you don't have to prepare any fruits, for Minute Jel combines, in a marvelous way, concentrated juices with enough fruit pectin to make them jell. Add a cup of sugar and water to a bottle of your favorite flavor. Then boil it five minutes. That's all.

ASK YOUR GROCER for Minute Jel to try right away. If he hasn't received his supply, send us the coupon below with 25c for two bottles. Each bottle makes two generous glasses.

Minute ★ **Jel**

You make it . . . to spread on bread

SPECIAL OFFER

Approved and Endorsed by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of Good Housekeeping Magazine

MINUTE JELLY, Inc. Dept. 22
420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. C.

Enclosed find 25c (stamps or coin). Send me—postage paid—two bottles of Minute Jel and recipe book.

Mint ..... *Raspberry* ..... *Strawberry* .....

Grape ..... *Currant* ..... *Blackberry* .....

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Grocer's Name .....

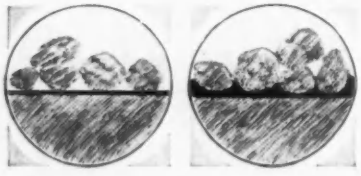
In using advertisements see page 6

NEWS for women

Notice the difference between the two dust cloths in this actual photograph. One shows the "oily dust" that sticks to ordinary furniture polish. The other cloth used on a waxed surface is practically clean.

"Just look at the difference!"
"Mercy, Katie! We had better wax all the furniture from now on."

Science proves that dust on furniture is reduced ½ by Wax Polish



The powerful magnifying lens proves how hard and dry is the Johnson's Wax Polish film. See how the little dust that lingers stays on top where it is easily whisked away.

Under the microscope, the oily film (shown in black) left by ordinary furniture polishes looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Notice how the dust sinks in, how it is caught and held.

A NEW and marvelous discovery has been made about wax polish. For generations, women have cherished the beauty of its sheen on floors and furniture. Almost everyone knows how it protects against scratches and scars. But who has guessed what Henry W. Banks III, eminent New York chemist, has now proved?

After months of experiment, he makes this startling announcement: "Dust cannot cling to furniture polished with liquid wax. My tests show that the dust which accumulates on a waxed surface is less than half of that which clings to furniture polished with oily polishes."

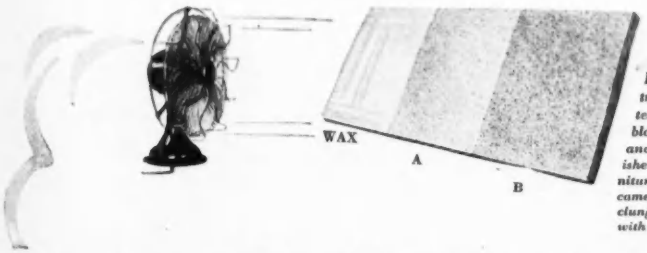
Why? The microscope quickly shows the reason. (See illustrations at left.) Ordinary furniture polishes leave an oily film that, powerfully magnified, looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Dust particles sink down into this film, are caught and held like flies on fly paper. Only hard rubbing with a dust cloth removes them.

Proof! that dust doesn't stick to wax

How different the waxed surface! Hard, smooth, dry, and not the least bit sticky, dust cannot cling. The little that lingers stays on top where it is easily whisked away.

With an interesting test, chemist Banks proved the advantages of the microscope's revelation.

who hate dust and dusting



Photograph showing true results of "blow test". Before a fan, blowing dust, panels A and B, which were polished with ordinary furniture polishes, soon became filthy. Hardly a speck clung to the panel polished with Johnson's Wax.

A white panel of wood was divided into three sections which were polished with furniture polishes A, B, and Johnson's Wax. An electric fan, turned toward these panels, duplicated the breeze that blows through your windows, scattering dust everywhere. Then a lot of dust was raised in the air.

Just look at the actual photographs above and see what happened with your own eyes. Hardly a speck of dust clung to the waxed section. The other two were soon filthy.

Would you be further convinced that Johnson's Wax will cut your dusting in half? Then try this simplest test, yourself, in your own home:

Make This Amazing "Dust Cloth" Test Yourself

Select any two similar pieces of furniture, two table tops or a buffet and a cabinet, for instance. Polish one with any ordinary furniture polish. Polish the other with Johnson's Wax. Then leave both surfaces untouched for a day or two.

You will need no microscope to see the difference in dustiness. Now use a clean dust cloth on each. Notice how easily the waxed surface is dusted. *Then look at the dust cloths.* The one used on the wax will be almost clean, the other will be black. The dust soaked in the oil of the polish will stick to it as it clung to your furniture. There in your own hands, you will have proof positive that your tedious dusting is ended.

You will be delighted with the soft, satiny glow of the waxed surface. And, as days go by, you will discover that wax not only keeps dust away, but also protects your furniture from scars and blemishes. For this marvelous Johnson's Wax Polish is the very same that has protected beautiful floors from generations of tramping feet.

Why put up with dust another day? Mail the coupon and we will send you a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a beautiful booklet on the many ways that it saves you work, all for our bare mailing cost, 10c. Mail it now.

Either in paste or liquid form

This wonderful furniture polish is the same Johnson's Wax, famous for floors

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"

(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)

Waxes, Varnishes
Enamels, Wood Dyes
Fillers, Wood Finishes

Another great housekeeping problem solved! *Just walk behind the Johnson Electric Polisher and watch it burnish your floors to glowing beauty. No stooping. No pushing. Rent one at small cost from your neighborhood store . . . try it . . . then you will want to own your own at the phenomenal price of $29.50 complete with wax-applying mop and ½ gal. of Johnson's Wax.*

. . . . . 25¢ Can of Wax and FREE booklet for 10¢ . . . Mail the coupon

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. G9, Racine, Wisconsin
Send me a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

Johnson's Wax *Polish*

FOR FLOORS AND FURNITURE

In using advertisements see page 6

The WORLD OVER·

BRILLO

Cleans

Quicker··easier
better··cheaper

Brillo leaves every surface gleaming . . . cleans every substance with safety . . . saves time, work, hands, money! It makes *Aluminum* sparkle . . . cleans agate, wood or glass.

Brillo—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap — leaves hands white and dainty. Is easy to apply —makes the kitchen fairly glisten. No rust, stain or grease can withstand it. And each Brillo pad may be used again and again! Try Brillo on china, glassware, stoves, tubs, sinks, mirrors, tiling, linoleum . . . anywhere. Endorsed by millions of housewives—*you'll* like it.

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10¢ and 25¢ stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores.

Generous trial package . . . 10¢
. . . write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10c.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap **10¢**

G.H.9-29

The Missionary

concrete form. He wakened to find that the faint hiss-hiss-hiss of the wind had increased to a hoarse whistle. He slipped on his mukluks, broke away a block of snow, and peered out.

Conditions were not so favorable. Clouds crept up over the horizon, deployed, formed uneasy masses, and charged across the sky. The wind had grown to a giant almost impossible to combat.

Was this the last burst of the five-day gale, or was it a second gale driving hard upon the first? The answer to this question might actually mean life and death. With the present weather and fair luck they could reach the old men's cabin at dusk tonight.

Listening to the wind, Angus thought he heard a muffled booming and knocking, far away to the North. It was so faint that when he pulled up the hood of his parka he could not even imagine it. It might be merely the pulse of his blood in his eardrums, so he decided to say nothing about it.

The team was harnessed, and the travelers started on. The dogs ran well—with a desperate haste that puzzled Gretchen—and required almost no attention. Yet the ride was cold and long. The snow dust swept over them, hissing, stinging, and blinding, in cloud after cloud of ghostly white. And the wind got in under their robes, chilling them to the bone.

The gods of the Arctic were abroad today. The travelers could almost see them through the veil of snow dust. And, attendant upon these gods, was a grim camp-follower. Neither Gretchen nor Angus spoke of him, yet they knew that he was never far away, and by a slight mishap, a little ill-fortune, he might seize them both. His name was Death.

(To be continued)

How Shall I Build My Roof?

(Continued from page 64)

free from upkeep expense with one that will depreciate and require eventual renewals.

On this same point no roof is better than its nails, for it will be doomed if these show a tendency to rust. There is no economy more absurd than in the material and quality of the roofing nails, the cost of which is so small a percentage of the cost of the roof that it can hardly be figured; they should invariably be of non-rusting metal, or so heavily coated that rusting is practically impossible.

In the past, roofs were commonly covered with wood shingles, slate or tin; but new materials have been introduced until today a bewildering number of roofings is offered. They run the gamut of coloring and texture and are of various degrees of permanence; they may combine the most desirable qualities or feature one of the subordination of others, while in price range they cover the entire scale.

The traditional and most widely used American roof is of wood shingles, which for Colonial designs are considered the most appropriate. Wood shingles were originally hand split, and by their thickness gave long service. The modern machine-made shingles are thin, and being sawn instead of split have not the same natural resistance to time and to weather. Used as roofing they are likely to curl and otherwise to cause leaks, and in 12 to 15 years usually require replacement. Curling can be prevented, and the life increased, by treating the shingles with preservative, which is best applied during manufacture. To paint or to stain wood shingles after they are laid is not so satisfactory, for the absorption of moisture by their bare under sides may lead to curling and splitting.

It is usual for wood shingles to be laid on slats nailed to the rafters, the under sides of the shingles being visible from the attic. The theory of this is that the shingles will last longer when there is free air beneath them to keep them dry; but this is disputed by authorities who advocate the laying of shingles on a tight board foundation. When shingles are treated to prevent curling there are advantages in this heavier construction, for not only will the boarding stiffen the house, but it will resist the passage of heat. All other roofings are laid on tight boarding and usually over roofing felt.

Bare wood shingles cost less than other roofing materials, and as shingles laid on slats is the cheapest form of construction, a roof of that type is the lowest in price; as can be seen, however, repair and repainting costs are to be expected, and eventual replacement must be provided for.

Besides wood shingles, the only natural material used for roofing is slate, and properly made, a slate roof of good quality is as permanent as the rocks from which it came. There is a wide range in price, as the slate is thin and in plain tones or thick and more brightly tinted. Thin and of common quality, slate will cost about the same as high-grade wood shingles, the price increasing with size, rare colorings, and effects requiring additional labor.

Roofings of manufactured materials vary from those of low cost and doubtful service to hand-made creations of the cost of any other unique possession. One group is made of Portland cement and asbestos fibers. Originally thin, smooth, sharply rectangular, and of the light and monotonous gray of cement, these now meet the modern demand for color, texture, irregularity of edge, and a thickness that casts shadows. Their unchanging proofness against age, fire and weather is unquestioned. The common grades of asbestos shingles are the cheapest of fireproof roofing materials, while in their best grades they compare in price with good quality slate.

A larger group is the asphalt or so-called "prepared" roofings, in which a coarse felt base is soaked with asphalt and surfaced with crushed slate or other mineral that protects against weather and supplies color and texture. In their ordinary forms they lie flat and cast little shadow, and being cut with straight edges and exact angles, the escape from monotony will be through variegated colorings. The cheap grades are suitable only for temporary construction, while the best qualities will give longer service than wood shingles at slightly higher first cost.

Clay tile roofs are among the most expensive, not only in the cost of the tiles themselves, but because their greater weight requires heavier frame construction. They are distinctive in form, texture and color, and are usually associated with special designs. Cement tiles have been perfected and can be had in several simple colors; being permanent, inexpensive and of relatively light weight, they should come into wide use.

Of metal roofings, copper and zinc are available in sheet form and in shingles, and give indefinitely long service at no upkeep expense; in first cost they compare with high-grade slate, although the final cost of the roof will be reduced by their light weight.

One of the important details of a roof is the sheet metal that covers the joints around chimneys, dormers, and other breaks, and that protects those parts not covered with roofing. These "flashings"—so-called—were formerly of tin, which would rust and eventually leak even with frequent paintings. Copper and zinc are today's accepted metals for flashings, for while they may cost about twice as much as ordinary galvanized iron or steel, they will give life-long service without expense for maintenance and upkeep.

Now Breakfast Breads are Interestingly Varied

The head of the family is as enthusiastic as the youngest member when CINNAMON BUNS *are served for breakfast*

THE PERFECT BREAKFAST is never the same two mornings in succession!

The menu that is utterly delightful today may seem trite and dull tomorrow for the very essence of perfection at breakfast time is *variety*.

Try toasted Raisin Buns some morning and see how good they taste with scrambled eggs and bacon. Or, serve milk-toast instead of cereal, occasionally.

At your baker's or at the bakery counter at your grocer's you can always get one or several delicious breads to serve for every occasion

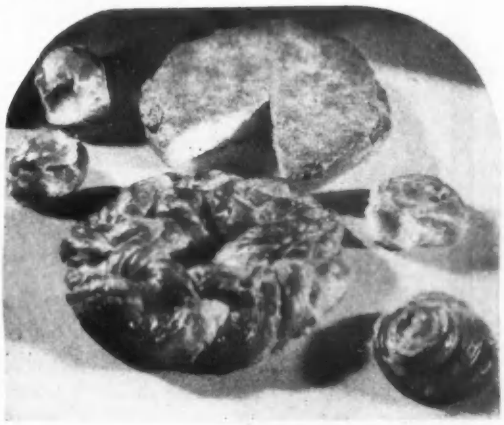
If you are accustomed to a light breakfast, you will enjoy Braided Coffee Ring or Honey Coffee Cake or Cinnamon Buns with your coffee and fruit. But, not even Cinnamon Buns should be served two days in succession.

Nowadays your baker offers you a choice of dozens of fascinating varieties of bread. He makes dainty, crusty brown rolls, as well as beautifully baked loaves of Whole Wheat, Raisin, Rye and White Bread. His sweetened buns are varied by nuts, raisins, jam or jelly; and his coffee cakes are particularly rich and tempting. All of his breads look so attractive and have such an appetizing aroma you will probably be tempted to serve several different kinds at every meal.

Your Baker and Your Grocer both offer "Specials"

Every community today has its up-to-date bakeries, shining with cleanliness, where skillful bakers make breads in interesting variety. They are made of fine ingredients and are always beautifully baked.

Ask your baker or your grocer for their "specials." Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

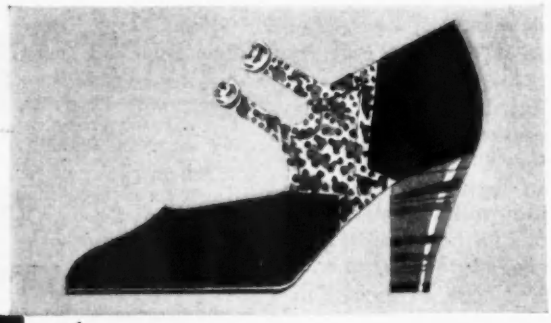


Plump, juicy, luscious raisins are selected for your baker's RAISIN BUNS. HONEY COFFEE CAKE *spread with honey, butter and ground almonds is a great favorite.* BRAIDED COFFEE RING *gleams richly brown through dainty vanilla icing. Wouldn't you like a spicy, delicately frosted* CINNAMON BUN *with your morning coffee?*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

In using advertisements see page 6

Velvetta
SUEDE CALF



AS PARIS SEES IT

This original Marcel Rochas costume of brown and white flecked tweed — one of the smartest costumes shown at the mid-seasons — is perfectly complemented by Velvetta Suede calf in shoes, bag and belt. Velvetta Suede dominates the style picture for fine footwear because of its superior finish, better wearing qualities and because *it will not crock*. Insist on *Velvetta* in your suede shoes. If your dealer does not show them, write us. Send for our free style booklet.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
108 BEACH STREET :: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

velvetta suede will not crock

Personality in the Garden

(*Continued from page 65*)

of the vigorous-growing annuals, such as tall African marigolds, will complete the succession.

In planning for succession of bloom, color combinations must be kept in mind also. One year near my water-lily I planted some cardinal flower, one of the most brilliant colors in the garden. It came into bloom at the same time as a red hibiscus just back of it and made the hibiscus look rather sickly. After moving the cardinal flower to the other side of the pool, both of them showed up much better. Another plant that clashes with almost everything, though beautiful in itself, is the orange-apricot oriental poppy. One gardener I know moved hers out of the border and planted it on the other side of the yard, using lavender sweet rocket for company and hollyhocks back of it. The hollyhocks do not bloom till after the poppy is gone, so they do not clash, and they extend the season of color at that point.

There are countless delightful color combinations that may be worked out in planning our borders, but if the effect is to be good, the succession of bloom must constantly be kept in mind. There should not be any extensive sections of the border planted in a group of flowers blooming at any one time, because both before and after, that section will be devoid of color.

Also the planting should be well balanced: The sections devoted to spring, summer or fall blooming flowers should be so arranged that as far as possible every part of the border will have some color throughout the growing season. The little sketch on page 65 gives some idea as to the effect to work for. It is intended that the spaces within the solid lines be devoted to combinations of flowers arranged by the seasons. The broken lines suggest how they may be grouped together.

The shrubs that form the background should also be considered in planning combinations and succession of bloom. Where spring-flowering shrubs produce their glorious masses of bloom, the main portion of the border in front of them may be devoted to things that bloom later. Of course, combinations of flowers with the shrubs are good. Pink tulip Clara Butt with purple lilac is excellent, and there are countless others. A wide variety of flowering shrubs may be used for background purposes, blooming early and late. Forsythia comes early, and hydrangea Pee Gee late. The latter is rather coarse, but in the right location it is highly effective. Vines and climbing roses may be utilized not only as backgrounds, but in creating pleasing color combinations and to help out in succession of bloom. Roses are particularly valuable but they must have care as to feeding, spraying, and pruning if they are to be satisfactory.

Borders in a Single Color

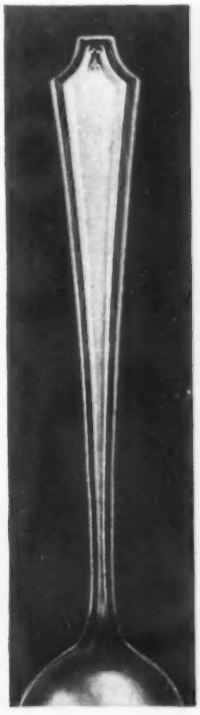
Many special borders may be worked out. One gardener developed a section she called her sunshine border, made up almost entirely of yellow flowers. They must be combined carefully if the effect is to be good. Combinations not carefully thought out would be likely to result in a drab, washed-out effect. Blue borders have been tried many times, and they, too, may be truly delightful or miserable failures. It is surprising how few true blue flowers there are, and how they affect each other in the border. Successful blue borders generally include some white and yellow flowers. Moonlight borders made up largely of white and other light colors are delightful if one's garden is located where it may be visited at night. These especially should include flowering tobacco (Nicotiana), because it will scent the entire garden with its wonderful fragrance just about dusk and during the evening.

There are some situations that may at first seem difficult, such as shady borders or spots too moist for ordinary things. A careful study of your conditions will prove that there are varieties of shrubs and flowers to fit in almost anywhere. Most of the better

One of this Year's Very Distinguished Brides

Mrs. John Hering OF PORTLAND

chose her wedding silver in the smart King Albert pattern



Six teaspoons in this graceful King Albert pattern of Mrs. Hering's choice may be had for $9.50.

Mrs. John Hering in her wedding gown of ivory satin, with veil of tulle and a cap of Alençon lace. Mrs. Hering's wedding in Trinity Episcopal Church was a brilliant event of the year.

SHE swims, dances, rides . . . she plays tennis and golf . . . she speaks several languages . . . drives her own car . . . plans charming interiors for her own home.

An altogether modern, somewhat amazing, completely adorable young American woman.

Lovely Mrs. John Hering, the former Miss Anita MacGregor, is one of America's most delightful young hostesses. Her home in Portland, Oregon, is a center of bright and gracious living. For beneath her gayety she maintains a constant concern for the pleasure of her friends, the perfection of her establishment.

To her selection of silver for her new home Mrs. Hering gave much study and thought — and her choice was Gorham Sterling in this graceful King Albert pattern. "To me," she says, "this King Albert pattern is the true aristocrat of patterns — distinctive in its simplicity and charming in design."

Gorham designs are the work of rarely gifted artists who share the creed of Michael Angelo that "trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." Each lovely Gorham piece bears the mark of their genius and infinite care.

Gorham Sterling can be purchased on convenient terms through the Sterling Silversmith's Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain to you the details of this plan.

Engraved goblets of rock crystal . . . a cloth of golden damask . . . and flat silver in the aristocratic King Albert pattern of Gorham Sterling! The silver Mrs. Hering has chosen is the perfect complement to such exquisite things as these.

The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., Dept. A-1,

Please send me your new illustrated book "The Art of Table Setting" by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment. I enclose 25¢ to partially cover costs.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

In using advertisements see page 0

They're out of the nursery now!

Keds "Gladiator"

A medium price, sturdy shoe for all-round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special anti-skid sole, *and Keds' cool canvas upper.*

Keds "Conquest"
(BROWN)

Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe cap reinforcement that will let them scuff to their heart's content. "Feltex" insole, *and Keds' cool canvas upper.*

Keds "Diana"

A very popular lace-to-toe shoe. It is much in demand for girls' gymnasium classes. Made in all white and all black. The corrugated sole is flexible and durable—two very necessary characteristics for gymnastic shoes.

. . . with a suddenly tightening heart, you realize that your baby has grown up. Now new lives are rapidly unfolding—new interests—new games—*action, action, and plenty of it!* And the clothes and shoes you buy must meet new tests.

Leading physicians and gymnasts endorse Keds because Keds' health-help last gives snug foot-fitting qualities. Because Keds' soles are specially designed to grip the smoothest surfaces, thus preventing dangerous falls and bruises.

Keds are made by the oldest and largest specialists in canvas, rubber-soled shoes. *They show it!* Note the correct design, superior materials, and smooth inside finish. Always look for the name "Keds" stamped plainly on each shoe. None are genuine Keds without the name.

You will find a complete variety of Keds' models available in more than 30 different styles—for every boy, girl and adult. The prices range from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 to $4.00. You will find Keds in the best shoe stores in town.

Write for our new free booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. KG-99, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Makers of "U. S." Raynster raincoats, "U. S." Giant Chain bicycle tires, "U. S." Spring-Step heels, as well as

Keds

REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

The more you pay, the more you get —but full value whatever you spend.

Personality in the Garden

plant and nursery catalogues provide lists of material for just such places.

Borders may be developed as rock gardens, but this is another type of gardening altogether. To build a rock garden right is no simple matter, and before attempting one the entire subject should be gone into carefully.

Borders of a Single Flower

Borders may be devoted principally to one flower, where there are several kinds of borders. In this case there is generally a sprinkling of a few other things to extend the season. Peony borders are a good example of this. If you develop a mania for peonies, as many fans do, you will wish to plant borders that are mainly this one flower. The peony plants must be placed three or four feet apart, and as their roots grow deep companion planting may be practised without injury to them. A pleasing combination for early color would be liberal groups of golden yellow narcissus and with them the delicate china-blue of the Glory-of-the-Snow. These, together with the crimson shafts of the young peony shoots, will produce a long-to-be-remembered picture. These bulbs would of course remain in the ground for several years. For later bloom clumps of strong-growing gladiolus and galtonia (Hyacinthus Candicans) will be ideal. The latter may be left in the ground where the frost does not penetrate deeply. To these at the rear of the border may be added some lilies. Many varieties may be used, some for fall and some for spring planting.

In selecting the varieties of plants there is a long list from which to choose. No two gardeners will desire the same combinations. Here there is an unlimited field for creative planting. If you are not familiar with a large variety of plants, you have much pleasure before you in learning their habits and needs. A careful study of the catalogues will help materially. You will learn that some plants such as Canterbury bells, are biennials and are not permanent in the borders. They are beautiful, but you must plan to replace them each year, as you do the annuals. Bulbs and annuals are indispensable in the hardy border. The bulbs, especially the spring-flowering varieties, can be planted in great masses or drifts. Twenty-five, one hundred, or more are not too many. Most of them may remain in the ground for several years, and after their flowering season is over plants of annuals may be set right over and among them. Thus two seasons of bloom are obtained from the same space. Annuals should be used by the hundred. They fill the gaps and cover bare places as nothing else will. Extra quantities of some of the annuals should be kept on hand, either in pots or the nursery row, to be used later in the season where needed. From time to time you will find opportunities to try out various combinations.

The dimensions of your border will have much to do with the ultimate result. Narrow borders are more difficult to secure satisfactory effects in. The selection of material is limited, and succession of bloom is hard to arrange. A width of six to ten feet is ideal, though where space permits twelve to fourteen feet is none too wide. Short borders present more of a problem, though if wide enough, they may be pleasing. A border should be arranged with the low-growing things to the front and working up to the tallest plants in the rear. This rule need not be followed too religiously. There should be no regularity in the layout. Nature does not plant in straight lines or geometrical patterns. Let the different varieties sort or drift into each other. Here and there some of the taller growing ones may be planted out toward the front, and likewise the dwarf things extend in deeper. Strive to avoid any stiffness or formality. As a general rule, avoid planting single specimens; groups of three, five, or a dozen make much better pictures. Borders that are to be viewed from both sides should have the tall varieties in the center. Here, especially, narrow borders are difficult.

If possible, the soil where a border is to be

Personality in the Garden

should be prepared some time in advance of planting. This will allow it to settle well. At least three days or more should elapse between the soil preparation and planting. Careful and thorough soil preparation will result in better flowers in the years to come. A border is more or less permanent, and the time to provide for the future is before planting. The average garden soil will grow fair flowers, but if you want the best results, then your preparation must be attended to carefully. Spade deeply; one and one-half feet of well-prepared soil after it has settled is not too much. Heavy soils will be benefited by the addition of sand, sifted coal ashes, or compost. Light soils need some clay loam and compost well worked in. Seldom is there a soil so poor that it can not be made to grow a creditable border. But do not forget, the time to prepare the soil is before the planting is in. If well-rotted barnyard manure is available, work it in liberally, down deep where the roots may go after it, but do not allow manure to come in contact with the roots of the plants or with bulbs at planting time. Bone meal may be used around almost everything to give a good start. For immediate results use steamed bone meal. Raw bone meal does not begin to aid much for several months.

The general care of a border is simple. When the plants become established, there is little ground to be seen. The low-growing things will cover the surface and aid in preventing too great evaporation. When the plants are small, a light mulch will help in this respect. The borders should be kept free of weeds. If you expect good flowers, you will cultivate. You would not expect to grow good potatoes without cultivation, and still many gardeners go through their borders only once or twice a year.

One of the most delightful things about a border is that it is never finished. We always have something to add, improvements to be made somewhere. Always there are better effects to be had next year. The true gardener never loses faith. The failures and disappointments of one year are simply a spur to greater efforts next season.

Planning Your Plumbing

(*Continued from page 66*)

done in such a pantry, a dishwasher sink should be considered as part of the equipment. Of course, if such a sink is installed, the sink in the kitchen then may be of the usual type, but preferably with two drainboards.

Not so many years ago kitchen sinks were installed so low that working at the sink was a source of backaches which many women still remember. There is no excuse for such a condition, and now kitchen sinks are hung at a height more suited to comfort and efficient working. The sink should not be hung lower than 36 inches from the rim to the floor. Many women will find a still higher sink more comfortable—even as high as 39 inches. If you are building your own home, there is no reason why the sink should not be placed at the best height for those who will work at it.

In many homes the laundry has been neglected. Frequently it is a dark, damp room, poorly equipped and certainly not in keeping with the rest of the house. The mental hazard involved in working in such a room is enough to make any woman dislike to do any laundry work whatsoever. There is no reason why the laundry should not be on the same floor with the kitchen, and adjacent to it if the floor plan will permit and if the expense is not too great. However, if this location is not feasible, make the laundry a finished room in your modern, clean basement. If consideration is given to it in the plan, adequate daylight and ventilation can be provided, and of course suitable artificial light for dull days. It is surprising how relatively little space is needed for an adequate laundry in the average home. In a room only eight feet six inches by twelve feet, a complete laundry can be installed, including a single

Tomato Surprise

try this new recipe

You will be surprised — perhaps it would be better to say "delighted" — And it's easy as can be—

Select only ripe, firm tomatoes and chill them thoroughly. Now to get the filling ready. For this you can use your favorite salad mixture—potato, chicken, shrimp or Waldorf salad. But a quick, easy filling and a delicious one is made this way: Chop up lettuce, celery, onion, sweet pickle, stuffed olive, hard-boiled egg — just a wee bit of each. These should all be good and cold, because that's a first principle in salad-making. Scoop out a deep bed from the stem end of each tomato and fill with the mixture. Now

comes the REAL SURPRISE of this recipe — the dressing: Mix two tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard with two tablespoons of evaporated milk and 1 teaspoon sugar. The French's Mustard blends *instantly*, making a rich, creamy, delicious salad dressing. Pour about a tablespoon over the filled bed of each tomato, and serve.

But don't for one moment think that any prepared mustard will give the expected result—only French's Prepared Mustard will do it. Because only French's, so carefully blended of finest mustard seed and certain savory condiments, gives you that wonderful "flavor called French."

FREE

Printed on cards, handy to use — and 12 or more new recipes offered each month.

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Sent FREE—Just print your name and address on the coupon and mail to us.

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THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Housewives' Service Dept.*, 3-33 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

FRENCH'S MUSTARD★

In using advertisements see page 6

These photographs show

exactly how the world's MOST *completely automatic toaster The Toastmaster .. works*

The photographs below are published to save you from confusion when buying a toaster. They show the operation of the MOST completely automatic toaster in the world—the Toastmaster. It is a revelation in speedy toasting. This device—rigidly protected under U. S. Patent Laws—banishes all turning and watching of toast. It eliminates all burning of toast. *It does everything automatically*, down to the point of discharging the toast and turning off the current. That cannot be said of any other toaster made.

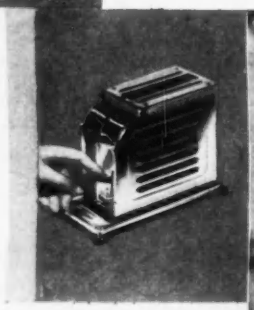
No Other "Like" It

You simply put in a piece of bread, set a lever at the exact shade of toast you want—and forget it; leave the room if you like. In a few seconds, there's a POP!—and out comes the toast, just as you ordered it.

Both sides are toasted at once; thus the toast made this way is superlative—moist and tender inside, crisp, crunchy outside; the flavor sealed in.

In the last two years, the fully automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less-modern toasters in many thousands of homes. So it must be everything people claim for it. In fairness to yourself, see a Toastmaster work *before* you buy any other toaster, either for yourself or as a gift. On sale at all stores in the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 North Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
A Division of the McGraw Electric Company



1 *Just drop bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.*

2 *Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*

3 *Pop! and it's done. The exact shade of toast you ordered, perfectly toasted on both sides—and current cuts off automatically.*

Tested and Approved 1910 Good Housekeeping Institute Good Housekeeping Magazine

NO TURNING
NO WATCHING
NO BURNT TOAST

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

Planning Your Plumbing

laundry tray, a small-size, electrically-heated ironing machine, a gas hot-plate, and a cabinet for supplies. With all this equipment there is still room for an ironing board and a suitable rack to hang damp or ironed clothes on. A room of just this size has been in operation for over a year at Good Housekeeping Institute and proves entirely adequate.

Laundry trays may now be had in colors, and the laundry can be a colorful room with wall surfaces to harmonize or contrast. Where a washing machine is to be used a single laundry tray is adequate, and this should be set so that the rim is 36 inches above the floor. An extra combination faucet to which a hose may be attached for filling the washing machine will prove very convenient. If it is feasible, a trapped floor drain should be provided for use with the washing machine.

The piping is an essential part of any plumbing system, and because it goes in the walls and is concealed and can not be got at readily, it should be of the best. It will pay to install non-rusting piping as an insurance against leaks from corrosion and "red water," which is such a bane to the housewife.

Plumbing fixtures of the better makes have been improved, not only in appearance but in design of utility features. For example, kitchen sinks can now be had in acid-resisting enamels which do not stain or show marks from fruit and other food acids, and which consequently retain their high gloss. Kitchen sinks now come with combination faucets and with spraying attachments which are useful for cleaning vegetables and for rinsing dishes if a dishwasher is not installed. Chromium plating on fixtures has solved one of the housewife's problems and may be had on all types of plumbing fixtures. Chromium requires practically no care, for it retains its brilliant finish without polishing. And of all the visible indications of the modernizing of plumbing fixtures perhaps the thing that will get the most attention of the casual observer is color. Plumbing fixtures may be had in the most beautiful colors, and as wide selections are offered there is made possible an almost unlimited variety in color schemes for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries in which the plumbing fixtures will harmonize or properly contrast. In fact, so many interesting things are available in plumbing fixtures that the person who is planning a house can well afford to give careful attention and adequate time to the selection of plumbing equipment.

Children's Clothes

(Continued from page 83)

Underwear has its points also: The Duofold union suit, of a two-thin-layers fabric, combines worsted and cotton in the outer layer with a mercerized stripe, and a lisle cotton inner layer, while the Mérode model is of cotton knit for the mothers who prefer all-cotton. The VantaVest of silk, wool, and cotton ties at side and is double over the chest and abdomen where warmth is required. A practical bib is Kleinert's, of cotton toweling lined in flesh rubber. Pant-Ease is a comfortable and easily-laundered, side-pinning diaper consisting of a tubular piece of knitted cotton material purled at each end.

Any of the arctics meet stormy weather. Of heather mixed jersey and rubber are the Firestone and Goodrich galoshes, and the U. S. Gaytees, whereas the Ball-Band is of flowered rubber. The infant's smoked-elk Bass Wee Moc has a flexible leather sole, and the Comfy bedroom slipper of blue leather is lined in banana felt. A nice party shoe is the Acrobat four-eyelet, black-patent tie, whereas the Kinder-Garten two-eyelet tie is of kid.

Either the Gordon or Randolph Cuties novelty wool golf stockings will give practical wear. The American Baby Hose is a novelty wool anklet, and the McCallum sock is of fine quality silk.

Hotels Need Trained Women

THOUSANDS of high-salaried positions open. Shortage acute. Previous experience unnecessary. We placed 4,752 Lewis Students in touch with well-paid positions in 6 MONTHS. "Thank you for helping me secure this position as Assistant Manager," writes Nannie Page Burrus. YOU have the same opportunity!

MANAGE AN APARTMENT HOTEL

Managers needed for $200,000,000 worth of apartment hotels now being built. Interesting work, big pay. This is YOUR opportunity!

MARY CATHERINE LEWIS
Vice-President
Lewis Hotel Training Schools

Having a lifetime of hotel experience, Mrs. Lewis personally supervises the training of Lewis Students and has helped thousands of women to qualify for success in the hotel and institutional field.

These Women "Made Good"

Thru Mrs. Lewis' efforts a Lewis Student was appointed Executive Housekeeper in a State Governor's Mansion. Another, without previous experience, became Manager of a large Apartment House—even before she completed the Lewis Course! A Lewis Trained woman is a Housekeeper in the finest hotel in Detroit, Mich., while another, who manages a $2,000,000 Apartment Hotel in Florida, has a 4-room apartment, a maid and earns a salary which has justified her buying an expensive car. YOU have the same opportunity!

TWO things make the need for trained women in hotels, schools, colleges, and institutions greater than ever before—the desire for better food and accommodations and the great change automobiles made in the American people's habits. Whole families now travel thousands of miles in their automobiles—that's why 50 hotels, restaurants and cafeterias flourish today where one existed before.

Previous Experience Unnecessary!

We quickly train you for one of these big-pay positions that mean fascinating work, luxurious surroundings, colorful social activity—unlimited chances for advancement. Totally unacquainted with hotel work before taking the Lewis Course, Miss Ila Bearden is now Manager of a beautiful resort hotel.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Hotels, clubs, apartments everywhere are calling for hostesses, managers, etc. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings!

FREE BOOK
Gives Full Details

OUR illustrated Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY", tells how, with the Lewis Simplified Home Study Plan, you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position, and explains how our National Employment Bureau puts you in touch with opportunities everywhere. Send for it TODAY!

Lewis Hotel Training Schools
Room BR—2415 Washington, D. C.
Member National Home Study Council

MAIL COUPON NOW!

OPPORTUNITY COUPON

Lewis Hotel Training Schools,
Room BR—2415, Washington, D. C.

Please send me without obligation, a copy of the Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY" and details about the Opportunities open to women in the hotel and institutional field.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

HEATS ANYTHING

SPECIAL STERNO COOK STOVE 10¢

★ *Cooks Delicious Dishes*

WARMS BABY'S MILK

THIS handy little stove *quickly* boils, broils, fries everything from eggs to steaks. Heats coffee—water for shaving—curling irons—baby's milk. Makes toast, candy. Has hundreds of uses. Sterno Stove fine for camping, hiking. In hotels, offices, schools. Sterno fuel, *safe*. Burns solid. No smoke, sparks, cinders. See full line Sterno Cooking Utensils at local dealer. Send 10c today for special Sterno Stove and Cook Book!
Dept. H-9, Sterno Corp., (Est. 1887) 9 E. 37th St., N. Y. C.

STERNO CANNED HEAT

Licensed by U. S. Gov't for use only as fuel

ICED TEA

made with

INDIA TEA

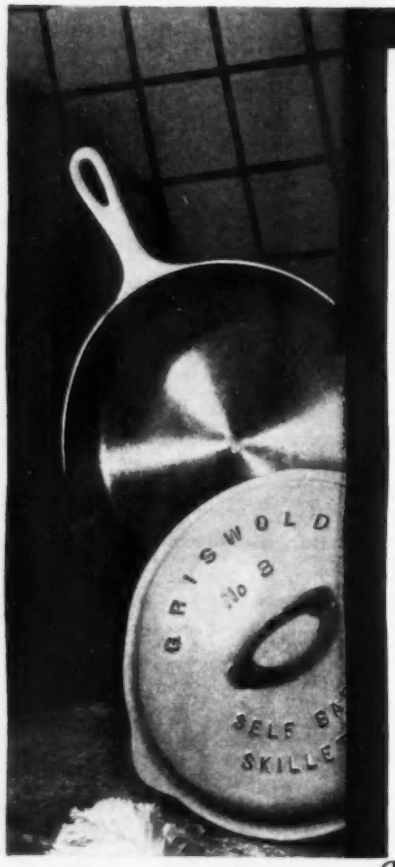
is the new and different drink so popular at leading clubs, hotels and restaurants these hot days.

Your grocer has India Tea in stock. It can be identified by this map of India on the label. Buy a package today. Treat your family by serving Iced India Tea.

This map of India is the official emblem of the Growers of India Tea.

In using advertisements see page 6

GRISWOLD ★



Reg. U. S. GRISWOLD Pat. Off.

No matter how remarkable one Griswold Cast Iron Skillet is, one isn't enough. There needs to be a larger, a smaller. . . . Any size Griswold Cast Iron Skillet you buy can have a self-basting cover! Any size can be just the superior cast iron. Or it can be "silverlike"—with a white nickel finish, a clean bright beauty you will like. Or it can be "chinalike" — enameled in jade green, turquoise blue, canary yellow, mandarin red. And the skillets are just thick enough for perfect cooking. Obtain in your local hardware, house-furnishing or department store. Write us for "Aunt Ellen's" cleverest skillet recipe and the "Aunt Ellen Booklet on Waterless Cooking." The Griswold Kitchen, Dept. R, Erie, Pennsylvania.

FRIENDLY GIFTS *that please*

From the Foothills of the Berkshires

Brought from all the world to the Quaint Shop for you. Lovely, bright, out-of-the-ordinary gifts—for all the family at big savings.

Here are three of many hundred items. *Nut cracker*, powerful screw pressure, Duco colors, 50 cents; *Batharema de Guimet*, powder, and twelve bath-salt torpedoes in colors, $1.29; *Dainty Lingerie Ribbon*, six rolls, two colors each, with bone needle, $1.00. All are attractively boxed. Sent postpaid on receipt of check or money order.

Other gifts—new and novel, in our Gift Book—crammed full of gift suggestions. Makes shopping easy—right at home—and saves you money, too. Send FREE on request.

WHITE'S Quaint Shop
Westfield, Mass.

CATALOG FREE—MAIL COUPON

White's Quaint Shop, Westfield, Mass.
Send FREE Book to:

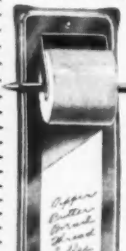
Name _____

Address _____

GH-1 _____

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME Operating ORIGINAL "Specialty Candy Factory;" begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent—unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE Drawer 66 East Orange, N. J.

This New, Convenient
BURGESS KITCHEN MEMORANDA *in Beautiful Colors*



PAPER and pencil handy all the time. Hang it on the wall or kitchen cabinet. Size 4" x 12". Comes complete with beautiful enameled base, pencil and 2 rolls of memo paper, enough for 18 months' use. Your choice of 6 rich colors—Apple Green, China Blue, White, Orange, Red or Yellow.

***Only* $1.00** POST PAID anywhere in the U.S.A.

A DOZEN DAILY USES

Jot down memos as you think of them. Recipes, shopping and store lists, phone calls, notes for the household. Ideal as a card prize and shower gift. The handiest convenience in your kitchen.

SEND FOR YOURS—TODAY

Mailed complete, postpaid anywhere in the U. S. for $1—bill, stamps, money order or check. Mention color desired. Guaranteed—money back if not satisfied.

BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. G-6 BEAVER FALLS, PA.

Comeback

(Continued from page 45)

she never got used to his being away. She got awful worried. She'd go out and look and look and look for his vessel, and one time she stayed out through a gale lookin'. She got penumonia, and no one knew it. When they came to the house, she was laying there dead, an' a day later m'uncle Dave came back, and then he came to live with us. He never did get married any more. He sailed off the Pacific Coast for a while after that. Yeah, until he got spilled from his whale-boat. He thought he was going to have his leg chewed off like in 'Moby Dick'!"

A man was walking down the road, before whom ran an Irish terrier. He carried a hoe in his hand.

"Hey! Uncle Dave!" the boy called. "Hey! Thar she blows, Uncle Dave!"

"What you want?" a shout came back. It was not loud, but it had the carrying quality of a bronze bell. A memorable voice.

Lucy thought, "I'd know that voice again anywhere."

"Hey, I got a lady that wants to buy Grandma Winslow's house."

"What!" came the shout. "Wants to WHAT? No, she don't! Not when I tell her about it, she won't!" He turned and walked toward them.

Now Lucy was looking into gray eyes that had the same quality of innocence and trust as the boy's. At the same time they were wise eyes, which had the odd, far-sighted look men have who are accustomed to look out over great distances. His hair was red, and he had a boyish, flashing grin, and though he was not very tall, he carried, so unostentatiously one would scarcely notice it, an indefinable air of command. He used it now, as he said ever so gently:

"Ma'am, you can't buy that house, not if you're aimin' to live in it. That house's ha'nted."

"I just thought—" Lucy hesitated, because it all seemed so extraordinarily foolish, considering she had exactly fifteen hundred dollars in the world and that she was to live on this for a year—"I just thought I would like to know the price."

"The price is twelve hundred—it's awful cheap for any house," he said, "but the folks will take 'most anything to get it off their hands. It's been setting there five years now. And they're poor folks—hate to keep payin' the taxes. But what's the use of talking? I won't sell it to you."

AT THIS unexpected opposition Lucy realized that she had intended all along to buy the little house! When she had come into it, it had said to her:

"I am your home for which you have been waiting so long. You're tired. Stay here and rest for a while. You've been foolish. Stay right here and live."

She was panic-stricken, fairly, at the calm decision in Captan Whorf's eyes. She tried argument—she was not afraid of ghosts and didn't believe in them, she said. But she felt his will settling into unalterable decision even as she spoke. At that her desire for the house grew to a passion that was not to be gainsaid.

It became a contest of wills between them, and all the forces of both were marshaled up for conflict. Lucy tried beguilements and cajolery, all to no avail. At last she cried to him with exasperation,

"You're a funny kind of real estate agent not to *want* to sell your house."

"I'd be a funny kind of *man*," he said, "if I was going to sell it to some one who was ready to put their last cent in it and who wouldn't take any comfort in it."

Lucy's resolution weakened. She was tired. Tired all over, and she had used her charm and her wit to no avail. "Oh, dear," she said. "Oh, dear—"

And her lip quivered ever so little, and she

Nothin' else like it!

BREAKFAST isn't a matter of coaxing or cajoling when Shredded Wheat comes in. Eyes sparkle in eager anticipation. Ummmm . . . Ummmm . . . crispy shreds baked to a tinge of golden brown.

Brimful of taste. Delicious any way you serve them . . . . with peaches, berries, and cool milk or cream.

Those crispy shreds give teeth and glands their needed daily dozen. And too, they contain just the right amount of bran required to maintain regular habit.

12 ounces — 12 full-size biscuits. Sold *only* in the package pictured above showing the famous Home of Shredded Wheat.

Shredded Wheat

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Oakland, California — Niagara Falls, Canada — Welwyn Garden City, England

VISITORS WELCOME AT ALL FACTORIES

To keep cutlery shining bright...

Use Sapolio to clean, scour and polish kitchen pots, pans and cutlery. It's standard among all-round cleaners to keep cooking utensils *really clean* and wholesome. Sapolio is safe to use for cleaning in any room in the house. No disagreeable dust or odor.

Made only by Enoch Morgan's Sons Co. New York

SAPOLIO

1869 - SIXTY YEARS OF GOOD SERVICE - 1929

This is the Butcher
of Spotless Town.
Whose tools are bright
as his renown.
To leave them stained
were indiscreet.
For folks would then
abstain from meat.
And so he brightens trade,
you know.
By polishing with SAPOLIO.

SPOTLESS TOWN SERIES # 3

IRON GLUE

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles. McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

DISH TOWELS

RED OR BLUE BORDERS

SEND *for this* WITT GARBAGE PAIL BRUSH

Scours the hard to reach places. Long, painted handle. Stiff, hard wearing bristles. Mailed postpaid for 50c, coin or stamps.

Dispose of ashes and trash the Safe Sanitary way. WITT CANS supply this fire and health protection at lowest cost. *Guaranteed to Outlast 3 to 5 Ordinary Cans.*

Made of extra heavy gauge steel, banded top and bottom. Riveted (not spot welded). Locked seams. Hot dip galvanized with heavy, rust-resisting zinc coating. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Priscilla Proving Plant.

Sold by Hardware and Department stores. Free booklet mailed upon request.

THE WITT CORNICE CO.

Can Specialists Since 1899

2119 Patterson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

WITT Cans and Pails

Comeback

turned her head away to hide from Ed and his Uncle Dave that her eyes were full of tears. So full of tears that one large one slid betrayingly down the oval of her cheek.

"Oh, I wanted a home so much," she wailed. "I've just got to have a home! I felt that little house had just been waiting for me, and now you won't let me have it."

The boy had been watching the contest. He gave Lucy a swift glance. No, it had not occurred to her that it was possible to betray him. He took a deep breath. It had to be done.

"Uncle Dave—" he began, but what all Lucy's cunning could not accomplish, her tears had.

"Say," said Captain Whorf, "if you want that house that bad, I don't see how I'm going to keep it from you!"

For the second time Lucy's knees felt weak and the color left her face. The boy noticed it first. He pulled his uncle's sleeve.

"She's been sick, Uncle Dave," he said. "Let's have her come right into Ma's."

In a moment Lucy was lying down in the Whorf's sitting-room with Mrs. Whorf clucking over her sympathetically. May Emma, a honey-colored girl, bringing her water and smelling salts, and Thad, a dark, towering, silent boy in the midst of this red-haired family, peering in commiseratingly, while Mrs. Whorf proclaimed that Lucy was not to take a single step farther to find a room, and Ed would go right up to Morella Nickerson's and get her things.

THE next day Mrs. Whorf, Ed, Thad and a tall, horny-handed Portuguese woman called Mrs. Enos, descended upon the yellow house. Windows were opened, water was boiled, and a terrific orgy of scrubbing and cleaning began. There was no smell anywhere except that of brown soap.

Lucy sat back enveloped in content. For the first time in many tumultuous years she was part of a family. She sank back upon it, with a feeling of never having rested before. Mrs. Whorf, mighty and serene, treated her like an ailing younger sister, while Thad and Ed treated her like a sick older sister, and Captain Dave Whorf and his brother Dan gave her the comforting feeling of having men folks of her own. As for May Emma, she adopted Lucy for a girl friend and made no difference of age between them.

Lucy had not been in the house a day before she was taken in to see May Emma's wedding things. Resting in her room, there came suddenly to her the delightful thought, "I'll make her something really lovely." How heavenly May Emma would look in the palest green like that of the young silver maple leaves, for she was a girl who looked as if spring had been made especially for her adornment!

Lucy telegraphed to town for material, and when every one was out, she went to the sewing-room ready to create a masterpiece.

Then an awful thing happened. She began to tremble. A horrible pain crawled up the back of her neck. The shears fell clattering to the floor. Her eyes blurred. The sheer green stuff wavered before her like mirage. All ideas of dresses vanished. A desire for flight, a panic nightmare, seized her. She could not design. She could not sew. She gathered up the lovely, sheer material and hid it in her trunk. Then she fled out into the spring sunshine.

It was long after dinnertime when Captain Dave Whorf found her in the bayberry bushes on top of the dune behind the little yellow house. She looked shriveled, as if some blight had passed over her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I can't work," she said. "It's like having an arm cut off."

She told him what had happened.

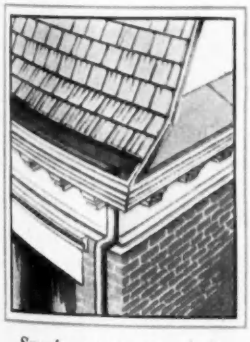
"Lost your nerve," he commented. "I 'most lost mine in the Ar'tic once. How did it happen to you? You tell me about it. Go on."

He spoke to her so gently and so persuasively

You can identify the ARMCO *Ingot Iron Shop in your community by the sign shown here. It is the sign of conscientious workmanship, as well as enduring metal.*

ARMCO INGOT-IRON
— SHOP —
"Quality Work with Quality Iron"

They use rust-resisting PURE IRON



Seventeen years ago, J. L. Thompson, of Gas City, Indiana, installed cornices, gutters, downspouts and flashings of ARMCO *Ingot Iron on his home. No replacements have been necessary. They will probably last as long as the building stands.*

The shops that display the sign shown above are good places to know when there's sheet metal work to be done.

These shops use ARMCO Ingot Iron . . . unequalled for resisting rust because it is the purest iron made. More expensive metals are unnecessary; less enduring ones are false economies.

So when you have the job done with ARMCO Ingot Iron, you can be sure of years of carefree, low-cost service.

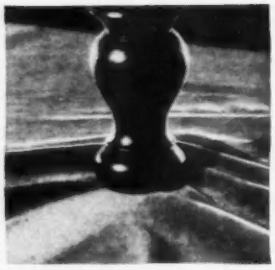
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Middletown, Ohio
Export: The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

Rust-resisting ARMCO *Ingot Iron has long been used for furnace casings and pipes. And now manufacturers are making the furnaces themselves of* ARMCO *Ingot Iron plates. They conduct heat better and do not scale or crack as readily as the old style castings.*

THE ARMCO INGOT IRON SHOPS

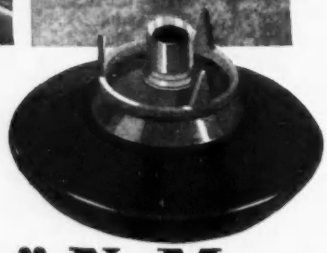
In using advertisements see page 6

They make furniture moving so much easier



. . . *and*

what a difference they *do* make in the life of carpets, linoleums, fine floors!



The new

"Drive-on" NoMars

the modern furniture rests

GONE! The tearing of carpets . . . gouging of linoleums . . . scratching of polished hardwood! Gone too, the ugly spotting of rugs where heavy furniture has stood.

NoMars . . . the new furniture rests . . . are ending the havoc that unguarded furniture legs once caused. They glide so smoothly —leaving never a trace of their passing. Their round-edged bases of unobtrusive brown spread the weight of heavy tables, divans, set pieces.

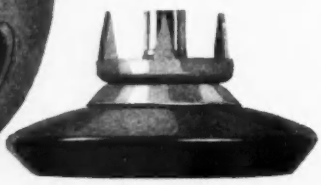
Here's welcome news

And now you can get NoMars for *furniture* not bored with holes for casters. "Drive-ons," they're called. They can be applied in a minute or so, . . . and once on they're on to stay,—unbreakable,—sure-footed,—a thing of beauty till the chair or sideboard is an heirloom.

Do try them

Get a few sets. See what a difference they make, in the preservation of floors,—in lightening housework. For a trifling cost you can make the test, . . . a cost that will be many times repaid in the saving of rugs, linoleums, hardwood.

Stop at your nearest dealer and ask for NoMars. (Say "*Drive-on*" NoMars if your furniture hasn't caster socket-holes.) If you can't get them nearby, let us know. We'll see that you are supplied. If you'd like a copy of the helpful Floor Protection booklet, about NoMars and Bassick Casters, just clip the coupon and send it. One way or another, do prove to yourself what a difference NoMars make.



Bassick Casters, NoMar furniture rests and Bassick Period Hardware are the finishing touches of excellence for fine furniture.

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

Drive-on NoMars are packed 4 to a set with the handy driving tool included in each set.

BASSICK

The sizes and prices are:

No.	
10—1¼"	$.50 per set
20—1½"	$.60 per set
30—2"	$.70 per set
40—2½"	$1 per set

NO MAR RESTS CASTERS

THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

1. Send me a copy of the NoMar booklet to help me select the right furniture rests.
2. Send me . . . sets of . . . inch Drive-on NoMars for which I enclose $ . . .

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* GH-4

Comeback

that the whole story came tumbling out. How she had worked all day and played all night until the crash came. And then she told him what no one but her doctor knew. When she had got well and realized that there was no money, she had thought: "Well, I can design anyway. I can take a job again." She couldn't. When she thought of dresses, her mind went blank, or whirled around at a terrific rate while she shook as with ague. For a moment she had forgotten: for a moment she had thought she could design a dress for a gift. Impossible. She was still sick—her profession gone.

He listened intently to every word, and finally he said in a tone of absolute conviction, "You'll get your nerve back soon's you're well."

At his words the awful lost feeling that she had had passed from her, and she had never been so safe and taken care of before.

THE little house was ready at last. The time had come for Lucy to move in. Mrs. Whorf announced with decision:

"I'm just not going to let you go and sleep alone in that haunted house. Ed and Thaddeus can go with you, so if the ghost does come, one can stay with you, and the other can run and get help."

So with Ed on one hand and Thaddeus on the other, Lucy went over to her little house, which was scrubbed and clean as any little house could have been after its years of neglect. The boys went to bed, but Lucy was too happy to sleep. Moonlight flooded her window.

She peered out and beheld some one come silently up the brick path. It was a man who paused to look around in a watchful sort of way. It was Captain Dave Whorf.

He came quietly up on the kitchen porch and sat down in the battered rocker. There was something in his pose that made Lucy realize he would sit there as watchful as ever he had been on his own vessel. All night long he would sit there and see that no harm came to her. He was going to see to it himself that neither specter nor human disturbed Lucy Ives.

The next morning he sauntered in as fresh as though he had not been up all night. He brought with him a spade and some light gardening tools.

"I brought you these," he said. "That's all right—no need thanking me. I just had 'em layin' around. I knew likely you'd never get to buyin' a spade and wouldn't know a decent one if you saw one. How much of a garden you thinkin' of doin'?"

Lucy wrinkled her small nose and reflected. "I want sweet peas," she said, "and marigolds —great big ones—and pansies and bachelor buttons and Canterbury bells—"

"You'd better spill a little wind!" he said. "It was back there Grandma Winslow had her sweet peas. They should'av' been started long ago. How do you do, Mis' Mayo?"

For lumbering up the brick walk came a vast woman, and she held in her hand a market basket.

"I just thought I'd run over," she said, "and bring you some of the pinks that Grandma used to have going down each side of her brick walk. Candytuft and pinks was what she had to start her border with, and she had it filled in with bachelor buttons and poppies. And I got some of that phlox—Dave, you know that wine-colored phlox that goes magenta so quick if you don't watch out? And pure white. Down to the left toward the barn fence was where she had those phloxes. I shouldn't wonder if there was some left yet, gone wild. Hey! Mrs. Hallett!" Mrs. Mayo called. "Where was it Grandma had her phloxes?"

A spare woman in a gray calico dress, with visionary blue eyes, joined them.

"Her dahlias was right along the fence," she said. "I've got a heap of them."

"Mr. Dennis," Mis' Susan Mayo's hail sounded again, "you used to give Grandma

Comeback

Winslow a hand. Where was it she had her hollyhocks?"

A fabulously wrinkled, little old Portuguese man joined them.

"Hollyhocks against her barn."

"Who's going to do the spading?" asked Mrs. Hallett.

"I'm going to spade," said Dave Whorf. "I'm going to fix the two flower beds and the flower strips around the fences, and I'm going to dig the trench for the sweet peas."

Together the four reconstructed the garden. Here had been cosmos, and here pansies, and here spired Canterbury bells and foxglove. Mignonette in another place, and rose geranium and scented verbena here. Mint and thyme she had also. All sweet-smelling things she had loved, for over the front door and the back and by the barn rambled honeysuckle vines.

Then, as the picture of the garden grew, so did Lucy's knowledge of the former owner of the house. Grandma Winslow became alive before her eyes and moved serene and white-haired among her flowers. She had lived to be very old, so old she had outlived her children, but there were always other people's children, and in her old age she had cultivated her garden and left the memories of it alive behind her. She had made jellies and put up the fruit from her fruit trees, and she had baked good bread and kept a jar of cookies for the youngsters. This was life. This was leaving something behind when all the people of your neighborhood could remember how you planted your garden, because each one had some little portion of it.

A few days later, Lucy looked down at tiny, green specks. Things growing that she had planted. A shock of delight passed through her. She could make things grow. A little later she gazed upon authentic leaves of small green things. Now the garden began to unfold, and its delights blotted from her mind that she could not work and that the thought of a design made her burst into tears.

MIDSUMMER came and passed. Lucy had seen things sprout and bud and flower and bloom. She had gardened. She had put up fruit according to the season. Lucy was sitting on her porch looking over her garden. Blood-red of poppies spattered everywhere. The sweet peas were in bloom. Captain Dave came up the brick walk with a fish in his hand.

"Looks pretty swell. Looks just about the way it did in Grandma Winslow's time." He paused a minute. "What you going to do this evening? Want to come to the movies?"

"I'd love to," said Lucy.

"All right, I'll be around after supper."

How lovely life was! How nice to sit on your porch and have Dave bring a fish! She smiled, as she thought of his presents down through the summer. Sweet presents for a lady. A hammer. Assorted nails, from tacks to long wire ones. A proper screw-driver. A new nozzle for the hose. Putty and a putty knife and puttying the windows. Dory-colored paint and a paint brush and the kitchen floor painted. Fish fertilizer. She thought of other gifts she had received in that other life of hers, and she chuckled from sheer content.

A boy came to sell currants. Another came with early crabapples. She bought both. Currants and crabapples already. That meant fall. Her mind went back to that other life. Speed. Noise. You went somewhere every night. You danced your heels off after a theatre. She had thought she had liked it. It was not living. It was not living at all.

Here, sweet evenings on the water. Friends. When you went to bed, sleep pouring over you in a silent flood. Things to eat from one's garden. The dignity and significance of the details of living. Days that had faces. Weather, storms and fair days, mirrored against the sea. She stretched out her arms in the delight of it.

Now the humming of the garden was broken by discreet tom-tomming. It throbbed out,

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In using advertisements see page 6

"Love Doesn't Fly Out of the Window, When People Are Well!"

Many a story of happiness and successful married life springs out of health and regularity. If you have found this true, tell us your story!

There would be fewer divorces—fewer breaks in married happiness—if all husbands and wives kept themselves in good health. When love flies out the window it isn't because poverty has come in the front door, as the old saying has it. More likely it's because one or the other continually has the blues, or the grumps, is down in the mouth, "doesn't feel like going out"—and then the trouble begins.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which is as valuable to the human body as to any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, poor in our work, "down in the mouth" generally. The most world famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it, you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly — but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

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wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, to success, to good looks, to seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularity prior to the opening of this contest, we offer 110 prizes as follows:

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Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November1, 1929. Address:

Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories
Dept. 11-A, 2 Park Ave., New York City

Comeback

melancholy and insistent and secret. Lucy walked to the barn. It was Ed, abating his sorrows. When life pressed hard on him, he retired to his barn loft and tom-tommed savage rhythms to himself.

Lucy stuck her head through the gloom of the barn loft. "What's the matter, Ed?" she asked.

"Oh, everything's wet over to our house," he said.

"What's the matter?" she asked again.

"Wimmin," he muttered with disgust. "The dressmaker's sick. May Emma and Ma are havin' fits! Now she won't have any trousseau! She don't know what she's goin' to do. She can't get anybody. You'd think she wasn't goin' to get married, to hear her go on!" He tapped a long, melancholy rhythm.

"You mean they can't get any one anywhere?" cried Lucy.

"No. They phoned and they phoned. They been phonin' for a day. Where you goin', Lucy?"

But Lucy had disappeared. She was flying as fast as her feet could carry her to the big, square house of the Whorfs. There had blossomed in her mind a vision of a trousseau that would melt in one's mouth. It was as though the seeds of the trousseau had been planted the week she had spent in the Whorfs' house in the spring, like the seeds of her garden, and these seeds had been growing behind Lucy's back.

She knew exactly what May Emma ought to have. Just exactly as if she had done nothing else but design dresses all summer long. Her brain foamed with lovely ideas. She went into the house of gloom and despair and performed a miracle. She dug up Portuguese women who could do beautiful embroideries and other women who could do fine sewing. From her trunk emerged the pale green stuff, and before night May Emma was dressed in the most beautiful creation that any girl in that town had ever worn.

It was not until that evening, when Captain Dave Whorf came home, that Lucy Ives came to. She looked at him with round, astonished eyes.

"Why," she said, "I've been working! Do you know what that means? I've been *designing!* I could earn my living again! I've got my living back!"

And she looked so much like a perfectly delighted little girl that later he considered it a miracle that he did not kiss her. But her words, "Do you know what that means?" had struck a chill note in his heart. Indeed, he knew what that meant. It meant his little neighbor, Lucy Ives, might turn into Madame Lucille at any moment. It meant that she could have again her smart, expensive little flat in town and her fashionable little roadster. It meant that she was going to go away!

BY THE end of the week the trousseau had begun to materialize miraculously, it seemed. There were canary-colored dresses for May Emma. There were exquisite sports dresses of crêpe de Chine, and every stitch upon them was done by hand. And not in Cannes or Nice would one have found anything one bit more subtly sophisticated.

What dinner dresses Lucy invented! May Emma's golden head and young throat springing from them was almost too beautiful. It was as though the long months of rest had matured Lucy, made her more sensitive; and now, having this pretty child to dress for her wedding made her design such frocks as she never had designed before.

When, after a month of work, the trousseau was finished, and the wedding dress spread out in its immaculate whiteness, Lucy drew a long breath. She hadn't been home in the daytime for days. Now she sat relaxed, looking at the fall garden. Marigolds and cosmos, dahlias, golden glow and hollyhocks, all at their height. Zinnias made patterns.

Lucy watched the garden luxuriously. Then

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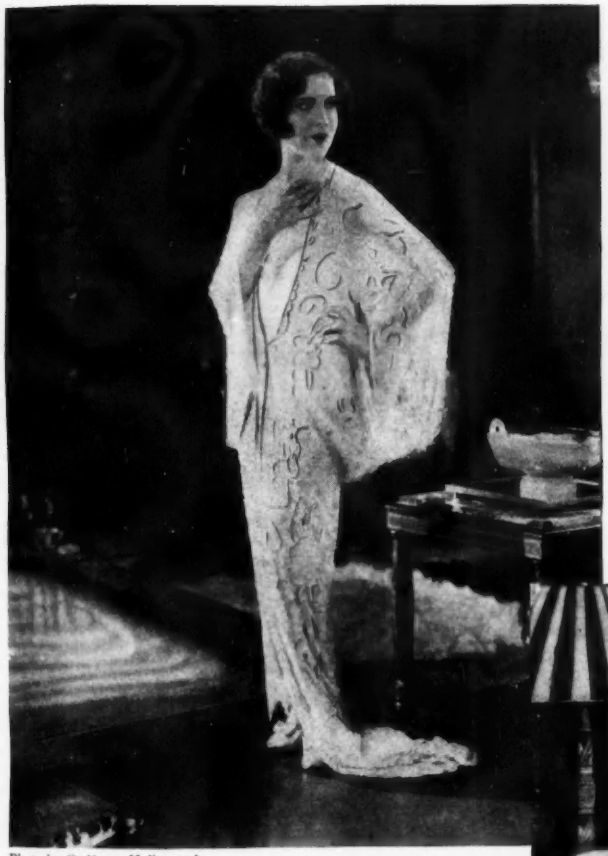

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, *Paramount*—*"The charm of a perfect skin is a business necessity to a star. Lux Toilet Soap keeps smooth 'studio skin' in perfect condition."*

Mary Brian

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous and fascinating star, says: "I have tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

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LOIS MORAN, Fox star—The next time you see her in a close-up, notice how lovely Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: "Even the finest French soap could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does."

Charming GRETA NISSEN has such beautiful skin. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap feels so delicious to the skin, and makes mine so wonderfully soft and smooth."

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In Hollywood they know this so well! "I don't know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox, voicing the experience of leading Hollywood directors.

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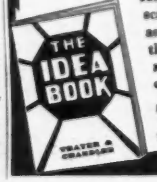

Thayer & Chandler
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Comeback

a beautiful car drove up, and voices from the past cried,

"Why, Lucy, here you are! We've found you at last! Oh, what an adorable place!" The voices of the past now cried out the familiar words, "We've come to take you to dinner and to dance!"

How natural that sounded, and how nice, especially tonight! She had not wanted to be taken out: she had not thought of going to dance, not for months. The gear of life had shifted. Lucy ran up to dress.

She came down the stairs, her hair artfully curled, her eyes trickily made up. On her childlike face, two pale spots of color, the arch of her eyebrows accentuated. She wore a wisp of a gold dress, and a wrap that fell into the class of creations hung over her arm. And she herself looked like a creation, young and knowing at the same time. Her whole personality subtly and unmistakably altered.

As she came down the stairs, Captain Dave Whorf was standing in the open doorway. She paused three steps up, as though giving him a good chance to see what had happened.

"I hope he thinks I'm pretty," she thought, but his face gave no clue.

"Going out?" he remarked cheerfully.

"I'm going to dance," said Lucy.

"Have a good time," he admonished. "You deserve it."

Lucy had a lovely time. As she thought it over next day, this was the way life should be, she decided. A party should be like a jewel, an isolated thing, beautiful and perfect in itself. An adornment of life, but not life itself. She thought happily how she would tell Captain Dave about it. She wanted to know very much what he thought of Lucy and her golden dress.

He always dropped in for a moment or two before supper. Today he did not come. He did not come after supper.

Lucy, telling herself that she needed to look at the details of May Emma's trousseau, strolled over to the big house. Captain Dave was not there. The next day he stayed away and the next day. When a week, and then ten days, passed and Lucy had only seen him three times to bow to on the street, and a bow that grew more and more distant every day, it swept over her that he was never coming again.

Color flooded Lucy's cheeks, and she stamped her foot. "The hateful thing!" she thought. "He criticizes me! He's a horrid, stiff-necked Cape Codder! He's a Puritan! That's a nice kind of friend to be!"

BUT the sustaining anger wore itself out and left behind a lonely person, feeling bleak and terribly homesick for a cheery hail.

The homesickness grew and grew. It filled all of life. Suddenly, like a thunderclap, Lucy knew what the matter was.

She was in love with Captain Dave, and she had been all along! She had fallen in love with him the day he found her on top of the hill, and she had never known it. The reason she had not known it was that this love was unlike any she had ever experienced. This was peace. This was like putting your hand out and taking the hand of a child.

Then she had become Madame Lucille, painted her face up, made a smart little monkey of herself, and he could not stand it. For Lucy had got to the point now of taking all the blame, as one inevitably does. For every one truly in love ends up by believing that everything is all one's own fault. Then one day her heart almost stopped, for there he was coming up the walk.

"I just dropped by to tell you," he said, "that there's a man who offered me two thousand for your house."

It seemed to Lucy he looked at her with cold, reproachful eyes while she gasped,

"Two thousand for my house!"

"Yes," he said. "The few dollars you put in your garden and the little bit of paint were

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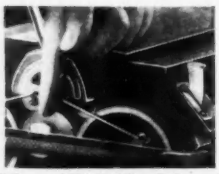

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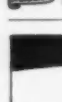

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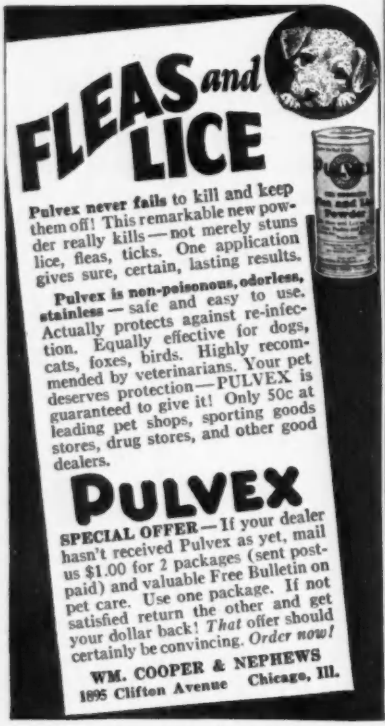

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Comeback

well worth the trouble. I suppose you'll want to think it over."

With that he was gone.

Lucy dropped into the old rocker. Some one had offered two thousand dollars for her house, and Dave had come to tell her about it.

Dave wanted her to sell her house and go away. Dave wanted her to go back into the life that had once almost killed her, back into the rush and scramble. He wanted her to give up *living*. She felt bleak and cold all over. She looked out over her garden. She looked at her little yellow house.

"I won't give you up," she said. "I won't give you up! I belong here. You're my home, and strangers shall never own you." And clear and deep within her something said, "And after a while Dave will come around."

The postman came up the walk and put letters in her hand. She opened them mechanically. Voices from the past. A friend telling her that a big store was looking for a designer. A letter from her sister.

Lucy opened it. And then all the blood left her face, and her heart stopped beating, because her sister was in desperate trouble. Her sister's boy had had to go to the hospital.

There had to be money, a great deal of money right away. A thousand dollars. Maybe more.

She could not bear it. She could not have it this way. The giant Life had again stepped on the poor little ant-hill built by Lucy Ives. Everything had gone again. Her house, her sweetheart, but there remained work. And now something broke in Lucy, and she hid her face in her hands and wept.

JUST inside the wall of the house came a crawly, slithering noise. Softly a window opened. A voice said:

"Lucy, what's the matter? You sick?"

And Lucy looked into Ed's blue eyes, which were completely surrounded by freckles.

"I'm m-miserable," she wept, "because I'm g-going to go away."

He came and stood before her. "Goin' away?" he said. "Ain't you goin' to marry my Uncle Dave?"

"No," she said.

"Why ain't you? Ma and Sis said you were —and a good thing, too, they said."

"He hasn't asked me," said Lucy.

"He ain't asked you?" His blue, innocent eyes stared at her with incredulity. "What you goin' away for?"

"My sister's little boy's sick, and I've got to sell my house, and I've got to go to work again."

Here Lucy wept some more. There was a flash of a red head disappearing rapidly while it shouted:

"Hey, thar she blows, Uncle Dave! Hey! Uncle Dave!"

They came up the walk like a small tug pulling a big boat, the big boat slow and reluctant, the small tug hurrying eagerly. And as they came up, Lucy heard Ed explaining.

"And she was cryin' 'cause she's got to sell her house to get money. Don't let her go, Uncle Dave, don't let her go!"

Then, having brought Dave Whorf into port in front of Lucy, again the red head vanished.

They looked at each other, tears brimming Lucy's eyes. She gave the impression of a forlorn, lonely, little girl whose heart has been broken.

Then Dave Whorf faltered: "Lucy. Lucy, do you mean it?"

Though Lucy had not spoken a word.

"Lucy, when I saw you coming down the stairs looking like a golden angel, I just figured you never could like a fellow like me and I'd better not pester you."

To which Lucy found nothing more sapient to reply than, "Dave!"

But this seemed quite enough, for suddenly Lucy found herself lifted and smothered in Dave Whorf's arms.

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RUBBISH BURNER

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Club Study Programs

(Continued from page 59)

spading or walking or carpentering. Unless the student wants to work, she need not attempt this kind of study. It is only fair to say this in the beginning. But it is equally fair to promise that the reward of such work will be beyond price.

What one studies makes far less difference in results than how one studies it. At the same time the student may just as well choose a subject which will give her pleasure by the way, just as good music gives pleasure to the ear as well as stirs one to high imaginings. The extent of the subject to be studied is mostly a matter of time. One can hardly take all knowledge, like Bacon, for her province. Hence a small subject may be more tempting because less tiresome in prospect.

Compare Melville and Mumford

I am not intending to suggest a seminar course, nor heavy work. I want the clubs that follow my advice to be more pleasurable, not less so, than the ones which are content with borrowed thinking. They may take up the very same books. It is in what they do with them and get out of them that the difference will lie. Suppose, for instance, there is on their program first that book which will, indeed, be on many reading lists as one of the most lauded by critics, Lewis Mumford's "Herman Melville" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). How many have heard of "Moby Dick"? Of Herman Melville? Yet the first is one of the great masterpieces of literature, containing a criticism of life itself under the legend of the white whale. And the second, unrecognized by his contemporaries, forgotten by critics for a generation, is rated by the most thoughtful students of American writers as the best we have yet produced. Now, suppose instead of contenting themselves with a short biography cribbed from a dictionary of writers, and a review of the story of the book, that each member reads Mumford's life of Melville.

For the first meeting each member will bring in an essay telling what Mumford thinks of Melville and why he thinks it. Then let each member read some other account of Melville. For the second meeting each member will bring in an essay (not more than 1000 words, preferably 500) telling in what way the other writer differs from Mumford in his account or his opinion. Next, let each member read "Moby Dick." For the third meeting let each member bring in an essay on what it is that Melville, in her opinion, is trying to say. If that opinion has been guided by what Mumford says, let her give him credit and explain why she accepts his opinion. If it was guided by some other critic, let her do the same with him. For the next meeting let each one bring in an essay on Melville's philosophy of life as shown in "Moby Dick" (Oxford, World's Classics, 80c), with a criticism of that philosophy by herself. If she agrees with it, let her say why; if she disagrees, why.

Let her then read something else Mumford has written—"Sticks and Stones" or "The Golden Day" (Liveright, $2.50 each). For the next meeting let each bring in an essay setting forth Mumford's philosophy of life, stating whether or not she agrees, and why. Another meeting could be devoted to papers on how Mumford's philosophy may be applied to present-day conditions, or to the writer's life. For the last meeting there should be a list of questions growing out of the book for discussion, the questions to be handed in at a previous meeting by the members.

In this connection Will Durant's new book, "The Mansions of Philosophy" (Simon & Schuster, $5.00), could be helpful. Following his earlier book on the personalities that have dealt with philosophy, it seeks to discuss the problems of philosophy. It is worthy of a whole winter's study by itself. But to study it means to test its findings and opinions step by step. It is not by acquiring knowledge of what Will Durant thinks about these problems

Club Study Programs

that development will come, but by asking at each step what you think of what he says, whether you agree or not, and why you do either. Every one who read "The Story of Philosophy" (Simon & Schuster, $5.00), that book whose sale amazed critics and publishers alike—although I have heard it said that people only bought it, they did not read it—will know that the writer can make the most abstruse thought seep into one's mind with little effort. Indeed, some have thought this a bad thing because it made the thoughts an anodyne instead of a stimulator. But a student, while appreciating the ease with which the writer's ideas may be learned, should challenge him at every step.

When such a program was finished, a woman would not only have read at least two marvelously absorbing books, but would know without being told what differentiates a great book from a mediocre one; not only have gained a great sympathy and some understanding of the artist's life and work, but would thereafter read other books with a quickened critical sense and, in addition, would have a wider wisdom from which to look on life, for she would either have gained a philosophy which might make over her life or she would discover what her own philosophy was, the one she had been using, just as the man was surprised to find after an English course that he had been writing prose all his life.

There are any number of good new books which could serve in the same way as texts for a similar kind of study. For the Shakespeare clubs which have been reading annually two or three plays and depending on Mr. Furness' or Georg Brandes' or William Rolfe's opinions, there is the book awarded the Bordin Prize by the French Academy, a book by an American, Clara Longworth de Chambrun, sister of Speaker Longworth—"Shakespeare, Actor-Poet, as Seen by His Associates, Explained by Himself and Remembered by the Succeeding Generation" (Appleton, $3.00). Charmingly readable is this new biography. And from it the character, who has been to many of us a "storied bust," almost mythical, stands forth a living man. But it may yield more than that if the club members, after reading it, strive to answer the question in a paper, "In what way did this book change my idea of Shakespeare?" Such a subject is capable of stimulating elaborate study. Each member could take a chapter, read as many of the authorities quoted as are available, and answer whether or not she would have come from these authorities to the conclusion that Madame de Chambrun does in her book. Members could take the different plays referred to, read them, and answer whether or no this book illuminated the play, made it yield more than it had hitherto.

It is not my purpose here to present a set of club programs, but rather to suggest how current books may lead to original study. But detailed programs may be had on request (see note at end of article).

Biography and Criticism

For the history club Gamaliel Bradford's "As God Made Them" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is rich in suggestions leading to mental activity. As every one knows, Mr. Bradford has made his special field the psychological portrait. Not that there is a word of psychology or any intricate analysis of actions and reactions. Mr. Bradford applies his knowledge of psychology to the facts as biography and letters and memoirs and other original sources reveal them to him, and then presents to us the man as he appears to him, in bodily form and entirely clothed but better understood, a more completely realized character than he has ever been before. Out of all he can find out about him Mr. Bradford selects the incidents that seem to him important, and by giving them just the proper emphasis, and attaching to them sentences of appraisement and opinion, we see the figure of his

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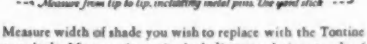

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Club Study Programs

subject, just as a painter gives us his version of the sitter's character.

In this latest of many books Mr. Bradford presents Daniel Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Greeley, Edwin Booth, and others. In the "Notes" at the back of the book are listed his authorities. It would be an interesting study for some club to take these portraits and, assigning each member some one of these personages, ask her to read the listed authorities and tell whether, after reading them, she agrees with Mr. Bradford's picture. Out of the conflicting opinions the members would come to see what biography really is. Not dates. Mr. Bradford lists those important to his character at the beginning of each study for reference. It is incident that reveals qualities, temperament, tastes. It is incentives and reactions that show the man.

History clubs in that wide stretch of country west of the Mississippi once known as the Missouri Territory and Oregon Country could not do better than take "The Road to Oregon: A Chronicle of the Great Emigrant Trail," by W. J. Ghent (Longmans, Green, $5.00) as their text. In this handsome volume, with its thirty-two illustrations and large print, is set forth for the first time a comprehensive historical treatment of that Oregon Trail which was as important to the development of America as Jamestown was to its founding. Dozens of programs could be built about it. There is the political history of that period, the geography, the border warfare, and the numberless books that have been written around one or another incident connected with it. But if we apply to this study the same plan of using it not as information and diversion, but for what it does to the mind, the sensitivity, and the vision of the student, it should be taken chapter by chapter; the authorities should be read and compared with Mr. Ghent's version; and each member of the club should write down what she thinks of the things set forth. Does she approve of the politics back of the American migration? What is her estimate of Marcus Whitman? Has the American position been justified by results? Methodists and missionary societies should find this book rewarding, for it suggests what is usually overlooked, the part they took in settling the West, a contribution toward American development as great as, though less sung than that of Puritanism, more important though less spectacular than that of Mormonism.

Valuable Historical Research

There is in this book, too, a great opportunity for individual research work. Nearly every community in the West has its legends connected with the trail, or at least with the history of this time. A club could undertake to gather some of these for posterity. This would mean the interviewing of many men and women, old settlers and their children and grandchildren. Nor would that be all. Each tale would have to be tested by corroborative testimony. The truth as finally arrived at would probably be different from the first myth handed out. But such work would be excellent training for one who wants to exercise her mind. Each chapter of the book could be made the basis of a study by some member. She could read all the authorities and then, not copy extracts from them, but try her own hand on writing an account of the time.

Clubs east of the Mississippi could take the new life of George Rogers Clark, "Clark of the Ohio," by Frederick Palmer (Dodd, Mead, $5.00), and use it in the same way. A thrilling story this book really is. But that does not preclude its use as a text for historical study of an interesting period as well as of a courageous man.

For the club interested in more ancient history, even that of prehistoric times, there is an interesting book, "Old Civilizations of the New World" (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00), in which A. Hyatt Verrill tells "the astounding story

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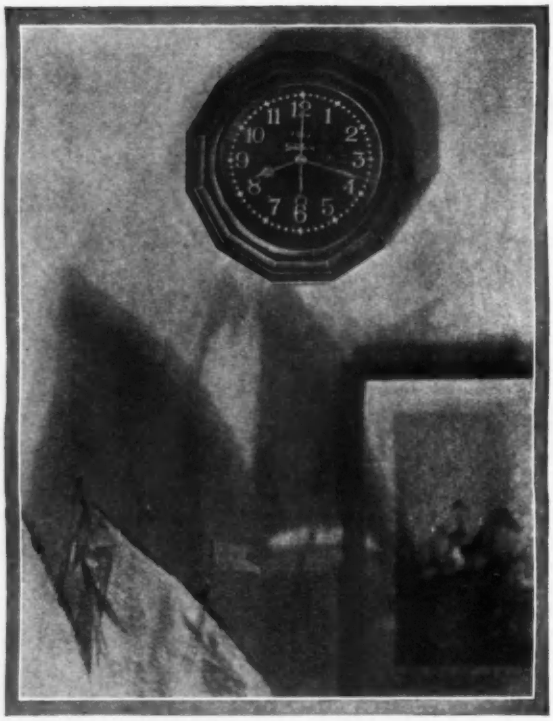

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Club Study Programs

of American races that could have made toys of the pyramids." Archæology has a fascination for certain types of mind that can, perhaps, be explained by the new psychology but, whatever its cause, is irresistible. This book will satisfy it fully. There is some doubt expressed by authorities as to a few of the author's claims, but there is some new material that is accepted and the book reads like a thriller to the imagination that can project itself to the far past and the detective sense that can reconstruct a different civilization. This book should suggest a dozen others (to be had from us on request) equally thrilling, and should suggest at once papers, prepared by each member and yet containing entirely different matter, on a comparison between the civilizations described and ours and in what each seems superior. This evaluation of one civilization by another should be stimulating to any mind and will, I think, give us a light on our own. A study of these other peoples will give some things that we have called "progress" a new meaning. The knowledge of how a people lived and died thousands of years ago will lead us to place a better emphasis on our own importance and help us a little to see ourselves with detachment, the mark of the enlightened mind. It will enlarge our viewpoint, make life bigger, and ourselves, our ambitions and failures, less important as we accept the scale of the whole.

War and Peace

For those whose interest lies in the future rather than the past of civilization, there is Florence Brewer Boeckel's "Between War and Peace" (Macmillan, $2.50), designated as a handbook for peace workers. It is written on the thesis that the function of the peace movement is to build up public opinion which will require governments to concentrate upon the peace problem before all others, and that the first step in this direction is to give the public information on the methods now being used to cultivate international understanding. The author gives an account of what the church, the women, the commercial organizations, labor, the farmers, the war veterans, and the young people are now doing to promote peace; and then presents a study of various influences for and against world peace—the League of Nations, reduction of armaments, pacifism, immigration policies, war debts, ending with a chapter on "What You Can Do For Peace." Although the work is that of the scholar who has studied her ground, the material is presented in a simple, direct way, easy to follow and grasp. In reality it is an outline for study by clubs and individuals. A bibliography is appended for further study. It is a book which has been badly needed and will be welcomed by every student of this subject, if only as a reference book of facts. Obviously the question it should suggest is, "What shall I do in this work?" And the answers should be as personal as possible. In finding the answer for herself each woman will probably have to exercise faculties which have been long dormant. Their quickening ought to give her a real sensation of growth that will make her feel literally a bigger, stronger personality.

"The White Man's Dilemma" by Nathaniel Peffer (John Day, $2.50) is another book dealing with present problems that should have the same result. But if this is to be effected, it can not be read for either acceptance or disagreement. The reader must determine for herself what she thinks of the subject and why she thinks so. The fact that the book is based on a course of lectures given before a School for Social Research should not influence her. She should subject the author's findings to the same criticism as she would a remark by a friend on conditions around her. If she finds that his facts interfere with her own opinions, let her look for facts elsewhere and see if she can find those that will give her a right to her opinion. Or perhaps she can debate his argument with him. The value of the book is

Club Study Programs

that it makes her think for herself on this burning problem of imperialism.

To bridge the space between the past and the present is one of the purposes of travel. A travel club's program, therefore, should do more than present guide-book data. It should use material about places to make this bridge. Two new books will serve well as texts.

Take first the book whose author's name, Emil Ludwig, on the fly-leaf promises its readableness and charm, "On Mediterranean Shores" (Little, Brown, $3.50). Herr Ludwig has not only the seeing eye but the inquiring mind. One gains, therefore, from this book more than a photograph of the fascinating scenes described. Every chapter is provocative of thought. An earnest club, alive to the book's possibilities as a text, should follow these lines of thought, express them in their own words, pose questions, and find answers.

Before doing so it would be well to follow it up by another book as entrancing in another way, "Home of Nymphs and Vampires: The Isles of Greece" by George Horton (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). The literary associations of these isles, their rich and "harried" history, their present problems are presented, and, what is more difficult, their atmosphere is conveyed. Although it has been acclaimed by scholars for its accuracy, its vivacity and wit will be enjoyed by the most simple taste. It will repay the most casual reading, but as a basis for study it may lead to more than passing pleasure. Nearly every reader will want to go on to the author's other books, "Recollections Grave and Gay" (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.00), in which he tells the story of a Mediterranean consul, and "In Argolis."

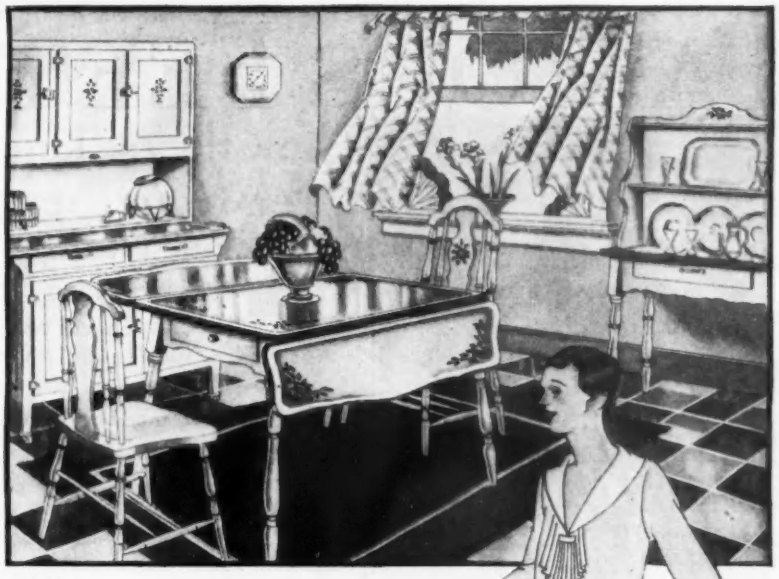
Travel Study

Not content with one man's eyes, the club should read also Paul Wilstach's "Islands of the Mediterranean" (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.00) and "The Quest for Winter Sunshine" by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown, $3.00), and some essays of Henry James. There are a score available by other authors. By comparing them for the purpose of seeing how the same things may suggest different, and sometimes differing, observations the readers could exercise still another mental faculty to their benefit. A program calling for this would be far more improving in the best sense than any number of papers about the places.

A new form of travel study is suggested by the articles on South American countries which Frances Parkinson Keyes will write throughout the winter. Mrs. Keyes first went to Spain for the opening of the exposition at Seville, which she describes in her article in this issue. From Spain she sailed for Venezuela, and her article on that country will appear in the November magazine. Her itinerary is down the east coast of South America and up the west coast next spring. Study clubs will find it profitable to go with her, in effect, by making her articles, month by month, the basis of a more detailed study of the country she has visited. South America is a great continent, closely bound to us by many ties, and we can not afford to be ignorant of the rapid progress it is making.

For those whose interest lies in the way the mind works, there is a new book called "The Anatomy of Emotion" (Century, $3.00), in which Edward William Lazell, neuropsychiatrist in the United States Veterans' Bureau, presents the interplay of man's emotional and physical natures in less than 300 pages of vivid English. It is scientific but none the less interesting to the lay-reader; a book which might change the lives of its readers. To make it effective these readers should put down in succinct words what the book says to them and then make applications of the knowledge gained to problems with which they are familiar and to persons whom they know.

"The Romance of the Atom" by Benjamin Harrow (Liveright, $1.50) is a book for the fact-gleaning club. To get the most from



"I Used to Dread Week End Visitors"

"It was such a problem, trying to be a gracious hostess and at the same time keep up the ordinary routine of household duties. If you have never tried it without a maid you can't begin to appreciate what a task it is. Preparing the meals was the hardest of all—breakfast especially. It seems as though all of my guests are late risers, while the children want to be up and going early. Then there is lunch—dishes to be washed; preparing the food for the evening meal, serving it, more dishes—I'll tell you when evening came I was more in the humor of being entertained than trying to be entertaining.

"I used to wonder how other women managed. Then one day Mary Allen (one of the smartest hostesses in our set) told me *her* secret.

'It's the kitchen work that takes up most of your time', she said. 'I have Porce-Namel pieces and it is amazing the way they cut down my kitchen hours!'

"Well, I took the hint. I went down to Crosby's the very next day. I saw their display of Porce-Namel Kitchen Furniture and fell in love with it instantly. Each piece was so dainty and the colors were so cheery. I saw at once that one of these little breakfast sets would help immensely. It would enable me to have breakfast over in half the time it usually takes. The salesman showed me sets with porcelain tops (that would not buckle or bulge) and sets with wood tops, finished with genuine Duco. Either top, he told me, was amazingly easy to keep clean. I made up my mind to have one of these sets at once. The hardest part was to decide on the color scheme. Each combination seemed more delightful than the other. Finally I chose one in ivory with a green edge and gay decorations.

"And my Porce-Namel kitchen cabinet! I'd like to meet and thank the woman who designed it. I don't think any man could have possibly thought of everything that's in this cabinet. It seems as though everything I need, while preparing a meal, is right at my finger-tips. With this new arrangement I practically cut my kitchen hours in half."

You can cut your kitchen hours in half if you have the proper equipment. Porce-Namel Kitchen Furniture will help you tremendously. Sit down right now. Fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it in to us. We'll send you three amazingly interesting booklets.

MUTSCHLER BROTHERS CO., Nappanee, Ind.

PORCE-NAMEL
handy-roomy
KITCHEN FURNITURE
★
Kitchen Tables-Cabinets
Cupboards-Breakfast Sets

FREE
Send Coupon
NOW

MUTSCHLER BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. A-99, Nappanee, Indiana
Gentlemen: Send me your free booklets on "First Aids to First Class Cooking," and tell me where to see PORCE-NAMEL styles.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

In using advertisements see page 6

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

NORMA TERRIS
Famous Feet

"I refuse to be hostess to a corn. And I never expect to, with Blue-jay at my service." So writes this winsome member of the Show Boat cast.

. . .

In its 29 faithful years Blue-jay has conquered many millions of corns. It has conquered them with a Blue-jay that stops shoe-pressure at once and ends the pain in an instant. And with medication in just the right amount to remove the corn without injuring delicate skin-tissue. The new Blue-jay, with the new creamy-white pad, is now at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

© B. & B., 1929

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

. . In a flash
CLEAN YOUNG HANDS

Just a moment's washing with Flash de Luxe . . . rinse and see the difference. Your hands are ever so smooth and satiny and you feel a refreshing stimulation. Send 10c for sample can and booklet.

FLASH CHEMICAL COMPANY
276 Second St., Cambridge, Mass.

FLASH-de Luxe
The New Hand Beautifier

Sell Christmas Cards
Make Big Money
IN SPARE TIME

You can take orders everywhere. Think of your friends and neighborhood dealers who will gladly buy from you. No Experience necessary. Our cooperation and helpful sales manual will help you get the big orders. Our 65 attractive designs sell at sight; prices lowest in the field. Most liberal commissions; monthly prizes and bonuses. Start at once. State if experienced.

FREE 15 Sample Book

Box Assortments 18 Beautiful Cards cost you 50

INDIVIDUAL GREETING CARD CO.,
412 So. Market St., Dept. E-9 Chicago

"Viyella"
(Reg'd.)
The Washable, Unshrinkable Flannel
For SPORTS WEAR

For your fall golf costume, the smartest of sport fabrics..."Viyella". Soft and light weight. Absorbs moisture. Does not stretch, cling or wrinkle. Guaranteed to wash without shrinking or losing its original color. In solid colors, plaids, stripes, checks.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.
Write for "Viyella" Fashion Sheet

WM. HOLLINS & CO., Inc.
386 Fourth Avenue, New York

Club Study Programs

this book the reader ought not only to learn the newest facts which science lays before us but observe carefully the method by which they have been discovered and try to follow the same method in arriving at her own conclusions. A helpful way to do this would be, after reading this book, to write a short theme on "The Scientific Fact, How It Is Arrived At," or simply to outline the book itself in, say, 1000 words.

These are only a few of the subjects that could be handled. There is the ever-present one of education for which "Have We Kept the Faith?" by Charles A. Prosser and Charles R. Allen (Century, $2.75), "Youth in a World of Men" by Marietta Johnson (John Day, $2.50), or "The Education of the Modern Girl" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00) might serve as a text. There is the subject of parenthood for which "Wholesome Parenthood" by Ernest R. Groves and Gladys Hoagland Groves (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00) could be the text. There is that of youth, for a discussion of which Leah Morton's "When Love Comes to Woman" (Sears, $2.50) offers stimulating possibilities. And there is even the study of literature itself.

Past and Present

Studies like these would make the club of vital importance in the lives of its members instead of a mere diversion. Women's clubs have passed through two periods. First there was the one in which women hungry for information that had been denied them in their youth wrote papers on Japanese art and the history of ancient Egypt. This search for information, although it led only to the encyclopedia, gave them great pleasure and, I do not doubt, enriched their lives. There was the exhilaration that came from a stretching of the intellectual faculties. I have known real students to find themselves through this work.

Second, there came the period when club women found that together they could effect changes in the society about them. This extended their usefulness, stretched their interests and exercised their executive faculties. Now the vote has replaced this indirect action by direct action. Their interest in "action" has accordingly lessened.

There is possible a third period—that of utilizing their clubs to develop powers in them that they did not realize in their college days and had not the maturity to exercise. It is modesty which keeps many women from attempting to think, or from developing their responsiveness. They feel that there is a gap between them and the minds of those who write and express themselves publicly, and they come to an acceptance of what is said to them instead of making it the basis of their own thinking, an extension of their feeling. But these "public minds" are not in reality so much better than theirs. They are only more used, more active, more articulate. I have often, meeting these writers and speakers, been impressed by their very mediocrity. Friends of mine in some small village had, I knew, a better grasp on reality, a finer quality of mind, a keener critical faculty.

A country grows, advances, by the quality of thought and the exercise of it among the great mass. America has come to the point in her development when these minds must wake up, realize their potentialities, train them, and use them. It has been said several times lately in print that the usefulness of women's clubs is past. Yet there remains this wide opportunity of service. Let their programs only stimulate the powers of their members to think, to feel, and there remains the wide field of making vivid personalities of individuals. To do this for millions of women would perhaps be the greatest service that clubs could render in this day.

For other club program suggestions and bibliographies as well as individual information about books write Mrs. Blair at Joplin, Mo.

Humiliating . . . *and extremely painful*

—these troubles that come from harsh toilet tissue

A FAMOUS SPECIALIST connected with one of New York's largest hospitals recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue . . . among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Anal Abscesses; Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region; etc. . . . "Adults," he said, "are especially susceptible, though even among young people and children, these troubles are common."

AILMENTS of this kind bring mental, as well as physical, suffering. For these are troubles one must bear in secret.

Yet millions have them. In fact, doctors estimate that over 65 per cent of all middle-aged men and women suffer from some form of rectal disease.

How are these troubles caused? In many cases, inferior toilet tissue is directly responsible.

580 doctors and 223 hospitals, who were recently questioned on the subject, agreed that "harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue may cause serious injury."

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *absorbency—softness—purity*. Each sheet is made up of millions of "thirsty fibres."

These specially treated fibres are extremely soft and cloth-like. Crumple a sheet in your hand. It feels as suave as old linen.

Roll it into a little ball and drop it in water. It sinks almost instantly—proof of unusual absorbency. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott tissues. They are absolutely safe—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

Why take chances—when it costs no more to buy these fine quality toilet tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

3 *for* 25¢

These prices for United States only

2 *for* 25¢

3 *for* 20¢

Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous thirsty-fibre qualities.

Copyright 1929, Scott Paper Company

In using advertisements see page 6

MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S exquisitely tended hands have been painted many times

"It does flatter the finger tips, the new Cutex Liquid Polish," she says

Her fair, exquisitely shaped hands are famous among artists!

"Mrs. Christy's beautiful hands are as lovely as any I have ever seen in my wide artistic experience," says her distinguished husband, Howard Chandler Christy.

Her slender, sensitive hands are a true index to Mrs. Christy.

"I know my hands are one of my best points," says Mrs. Christy with charming candor. "So I am faithful to my Cutex.

"Before I use the new Cutex Liquid Polish I soften and shape the cuticle and whiten the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

"Then the Liquid Polish which lasts days and days. After that the Cuticle Cream or Oil to soften and make supple the cuticle and my hands can meet even my husband's critical artist's eye."

Keeping one's nails well groomed is so simple with the new Cutex Liquid Polish! A generous size bottle costs only 35¢.

MRS. CHRISTY in one of the gowns she wore the last time she visited at the White House. The beauty of her almond nails is shown in the photograph at the left. The three simple steps of Mrs. Christy's manicure are—FIRST, the Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out half moons—SECOND, the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week—THIRD, the Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil applied around the cuticle to keep it soft and under the nail tip to keep it smooth.

A generous size bottle of unperfumed Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢. In convenient sets the new Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER OF SIX COMPLETE MANICURES—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 9-L-9 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

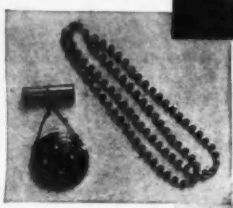
Let Us Buy These For You

To Order

Just send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 8th Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. C. See pages 79, 80, and 81 for smart frocks and a new tweed coat

These four gardenias and one bud make a lovely shoulder ornament. In geranium-red, peach, beige, pink, or white; 40c. Dance set (below) is of glove silk; panties are banded and buttoned at sides; brassière and panties have contrasting trimming; blue-and-white stripe, or all flesh or all peach; in sizes from 32 to 36; set is $3.95

This double strand of coral-colored and crystal beads (below) is 15" long; $3.50. The silver metal compact is blue or green, enameled; place for powder; lipstick on chain; $5.75



Cork beads are smart; these have coral and white or brown and white wooden beads. 15"; $1

Every one will have a tweed bag for fall, and this one is just $2.95, lined with moiré and has change purse and mirror. In brown or gray mixture; 6 x 8¾"; $2.95

For Brides

The autumn bride will find helpful our new, illustrated folio, which tells all about the trousseau, the invitations, and the decorations for church and home, as well as the answers to all kinds of questions. Just send 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 8th Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. C.

Winter Fabrics

(*Continued from page 75*)

crêpe satin for evening and with his famous Lunasol, which is this year treated with many small designs, such as pine cones, rings, small leaves, etc. Leaves, in fact, are good in all the collections, and Bianchini's patterns are elephants and villages handled in the modern manner. In nearly all his dull silks there is a touch of shiny silk, a design, or a basic stripe.

New Millinery

(*Continued from page 73*)

last is the replacement of the short, hip-length coat by a jacket whose length varies from two-thirds to three-quarters, the two-thirds smartest. Blouses with these ensembles frequently tuck in, the skirts subtly flare. All waist-lines are higher, or at least appear so, because of the tuck-in. And no knees are showing—three to four inches below the knee is fashion's decree.

Is My Daughter Safe at College?

(*Continued from page 41*)

where I least expected it I unearthed things that made my hair stand straight up on end—things that would be discouraging if they were not so rare.

So all that I can safely take the responsibility for doing is to say what, in the best of my judgment, the situation is, and let you, knowing your daughter and judging each institution on its individual merits, decide for yourself.

First of all, then, I must say definitely that there *is* smoking and drinking and sex irregularity in the colleges. The degree and amount of each varies with the college, and in practically none is it such as to constitute a menace to a reasonably decent boy or girl. But parents must face the fact that colleges are not magically maintained oases of perfection in an imperfect world—strange islands on which, in some mystic manner, a rarefied, detemptationized atmosphere has been maintained in the midst of the most disorganized, confused, and confusing moral and social morass of modern history. They are, on the other hand, fairly accurate cross-sections of the communities from which they draw their students, fairly accurate reflections of the homes from which these students come—except for one important modifying influence—the selection which goes into the making of a college community—the selection made by the student himself in deciding whether or not he shall devote four years to acquiring an education; and the selection exercised by the colleges, a selection which, in the case of the private colleges, permits them definitely to bar the unworthy, and in the case of the municipal or State colleges to eliminate the undesirable as soon as it reveals itself.

But even so, the colleges are not super-kindergartens where parents can send their children to be nursemaided, nor corrective institutions where their characters can be made over on a model preferable to that which they themselves have built. Nor can parents expect colleges to act as police forces devoting themselves to the enforcement of a discipline that they themselves were unable to maintain. Nor does residence on a college campus automatically transform a weak or vicious boy or girl into a strong and virtuous one during the first fortnight. And despite every precaution and all possible care in selection, a few of the less desirable type will slip by the boards of admission—an infinitesimal proportion of them.

First Find Your Facts

In view of the great noise made by this group and the large headlines devoted to them, it is surprising to know how small a proportion it is. In the case of actual sexual immorality—the evil that parents most fear and the one that is most dangerous and far-reaching in its effects—so far as any available statistics show or as the memories of administration or student officers go, there is so small a percentage that one has to be rather clever at fractions to discover what it is. Each college has heard that the neighboring colleges have had some trouble, and the neighboring colleges return the compliment. It is like a mirage that disappears as one approaches it.

As a matter of record, the college offices do not have occasion to deal with more than one-tenth of one percent of the college population a year for sexual situations, and the college psychiatrists, almost without exception, say that they see from five to ten times as many students because of mental upsets originating in home conditions as they do because of sex difficulties, or any other difficulties originating in college. They grant, of course, as do the officers, that really immoral boys or girls, regular offenders, would not find their way to the college office because of their skill in concealment. They grant that it is impossible to know how many of these there really are. Yet in dozens of small colleges where concealment, even on the part of the most skilled offenders,

Outgrown more often than outworn

—tailored for active youngsters

For girls, style 19¼ CF is made of fine fabric that washes perfectly.

The most active small boy will find comfort with entire freedom in style 15—one of many Carter styles for boys.

VIGOROUS CHILDREN need plenty of freedom for their lively young bodies—that is why Carter uses soft, especially elastic fabrics for their children's underwear. Each little suit fits perfectly yet allows lots of "give."

The wrists and ankles fit snugly to avoid uncomfortable wrinkles and permit outer garments to set comfortably.

Buttonholes are strongly made and buttons firmly anchored. Seams—flat and smooth—are well reinforced to prevent rips. Carter garments are made in a wide variety of fabrics, weights and prices.

The new sleeping suits are roomy, warm and soft, with flat seams.

Baby clothes careful mothers select

By especially treating the fabric, Carter makes little shirts and bands so soft they cannot irritate the most sensitive baby skin. Each little garment is so softly finished and so carefully cut and tailored that it cannot bind. Even after endless washings Carter garments are soft and elastic.

Write for free booklet. Dept. R-9, The William Carter Co., Boston, Massachusetts, Needham Heights Station.

Carter's double-breasted shirts come with tape or button fasteners. Single-breasted shirts are equally popular.

Carter's

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

UNDERWEAR

for infants and children

In using advertisements see page 6

You can be known as

A Clever Woman

who earns money of her own

YOU can hold the admiration of men—you can astonish your friends and win new ones—you can have a reputation for smartness.

Yes, you—any ambitious woman with a love for pretty things—with the desire to make herself and her home attractive.—And it's easy as A, B, C.

You Don't Need Experience

We show you how to do it. The Fireside way is so simple you start to paint beautiful giftwares, almost immediately; start to make money of your own. You do everything right at home.

Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Gay Toys, Etc., Etc.

Cabinets, book-shelves, wall plaques, hanging shelves, magazine baskets, lamp bases, lamp shades, table runners, beautiful bits of etched copper, batik drapes, lovable little playthings, picture frames and endless varieties of similar things. Think of the fun of decorating them, and then of having

ready buyers for them—RIGHT AT HOME—at a good profit.

Many Make $10 to $35 a Week!

Many of our members have made much more. Think what that means—to YOU! Independence—freedom from money worries! And with it all the opportunity to make hundreds of lovely things for your home, the secret of smarter clothes and of making yourself more appealing.

Spare Hours or Full Time

Spend as much time as you wish on Fireside work. It will pay you well in pleasure and money. We teach you and furnish everything—including a big wonder box of artists materials, a complete outfit without extra cost.

A $1000.00 Gold Bond

backs up our warranty of satisfaction and success.

Send for FREE BOOK

It's full of colored pictures. It explains our "3 step method!" It tells you the Fireside secret. This is the big opportunity you've longed for. Don't miss it. Now, we want women in every community. Stop wishing and hoping. Write for this book TODAY. It is free!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 24-M, Adrian, Michigan

VALUABLE COUPON
Fireside Industries, Inc.
Dept. 24-M, Adrian, Mich.

Please send me the FREE book. I want to know more about your fascinating plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Is My Daughter Safe at College?

would be difficult, they do not have one case in a dozen years. And the immediate student reaction to the occasional cases gives those in authority great confidence in their essential right-mindedness about it. As a matter of fact, most of the students say that they personally have never known of a definite case, although all have heard vaguely that there are cases.

The newspapers would see to that. A few years ago, a freshman who had just emerged from a strict boarding school into a large Western State university, began to tell other girls of the affairs she was having with a number of the most prominent men on the campus. So freely did she brag of her exploits that word of it came simultaneously and almost immediately to the ears of the men alleged to be in the case, the college psychiatrist, and the newspapers. The men, with one exception, were able to prove that they had not even a speaking acquaintance with the unfortunate girl; the psychiatrist was able to diagnose her case as a mental aberration known as "wish-fulfillment"; but the newspapers played up the case for weeks as an example of general college depravity, until there was not a parent in the state who could sleep of nights.

In that same university of almost ten thousand students, twelve cases of sexual immorality were brought to the attention of the authorities that year. That is the largest number that has ever come to them, and the largest percentage I have been able to find in any institution. This made the authorities there feel, as many of them everywhere do, that playing up this sort of thing in the newspapers contributes definitely to the confusion in the minds of less strong young people as to our undefined moral standards, and so to their difficulties. As Dean Doyle of George Washington University says:

"Even though they make fools of themselves, we can not escape the feeling that they are doing so in part simply to live up to the fool notions of them that their elders and the public apparently have conceived."

You Can Not Trust Newspaper Stories

A few years ago, at a large Mid-Western university, a boy with a misplaced sense of humor wrote a letter to the college paper, deploring what "she" alleged to have been the conditions at the previous junior promenade, and saying that "she" and "her" friends were going to "walk out on" the approaching one unless conditions were better. The student signed it "Three Sorority Girls." Naturally this caused a furore on the campus, and before the administration could get at the facts, the newspapers in a near-by city were devoting gallons of printer's ink to the case in columns of photographs, interviews, and editorials. For weeks after the *dénouement* that made the whole thing pointless had been unobtrusively announced in their own news columns, the newspapers were still using the episode for moral preachments in their editorial columns. At least half a dozen persons in the state told me of that letter as a proof of the depravity of the college student.

Our persistent belief in the infallibility of the printed word is one of the outstanding phenomena of this phenomenal age.

The testimony of some students must also be taken with a pinch of salt.

There was in one of the colleges a youth beautiful as a Greek god, who tossed his long, blond hair carelessly off his broad brow and solemnly assured me that 90 percent of the 2500 girls in his institution would "go the limit." My thoughts flew involuntarily to the many fine, clear-eyed, frank-speaking girls whom I had talked with there, large numbers of whom were working their way, some by giving every spare second to the care of professors' houses or babies. I asked the youth for the basis of his statement. He hesitated for a fleeting moment before he replied that he knew

CHAFING

Pyrol Relieves in

45 SECONDS

MODERN hygiene has solved many intimate feminine problems. Yet, despite many improvements, hygienic conveniences must be worn often at the sacrifice of personal comfort. Happily, Pyrol corrects this condition.

Chafed surfaces are instantly comforted. Pyrol brings relief in 45 seconds.

Timely use of Pyrol *prevents* chafing. It is a guardian of that intimate personal comfort which creates poise in mind and body.

It is practically odorless and easy to apply—and remove. It is so mild, so pure it can be used safely on the most delicate tissues.

Doctors know Pyrol. They have prescribed it for more than 20 years for tender skins. Your family physician will tell you it will banish physical distress. It is a safe aid to hygienic comfort.

Pyrol is sold in all drug stores and drug departments. In tubes, 50 cents. Kip Corporation, Los Angeles.

FREE

KIP CORPORATION
Box 1020, Dept. F, Arcade Station, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free demonstration tube of PYROL and booklet "*First Aid.*"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City and State*_____

REFRESHING...
CLEANSING, TOO!

A BAKING SODA bath takes the punishment out of the hottest day. Next time you are hot and tired, try this:

Fill the tub with warm water, throw in a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and get in. Use soap if you want, but it's not necessary. Just lie there and relax for a few minutes. It soothes you, cools you, rests you.

You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package from any grocer. Keep a supply on hand—buy a dozen packages at a time. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical and have been made by the same company for over 80 years. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

C-16

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

twenty girls in the institution; of these he was sure that eight had gone the limit, and he was fairly sure that the others had, or could be persuaded to. Perhaps our Greek god is subconsciously selective.

It is true that those mild, present-day forms of expression of affection for which there are no available words but the distasteful ones of "necking" and "petting," go on in the colleges as they go on everywhere else in the world, as they have gone on since the world began. Wherever young people are gathered together, there is going to be falling in love and some "petting," or at least some "necking," which the informed tell me has to do only with the neck and above.

Formerly this was done secretly, with all the evils that result from secrecy. Now, despite the unpleasant words used to describe it, it seems to have emerged from the hidden, dark places in which it was an ugly, unclean thing, into the light in which it has become a rather indifferent expression of friendship and affection, which we must not judge by the same standards as obtained in the days of its disrepute.

For whether we like it or not, it is here. There is perhaps no parent so uninformed or so optimistic as to believe that he can find any place in this world where it does not exist. And after all, this is the only world we have to live in. So the only way in which it can enter into the present question is as to its greater prevalence in or out of the colleges, whether our children are more exposed to what we believe to be its evils there or outside.

I Talked with Boys and Girls

I found both the boys and the girls quite willing to talk about it. Many of them told me that they would and do "pet" mildly with good friends, nor did they seem to consider this anything to get excited about. They objected to its less exclusive and less mild forms, not as we elders do, on the grounds of danger and morals, but on the grounds of distaste and bad taste. But practically all of them, boys as well as girls, agreed that the less mild forms and promiscuous "petting" are more common among the girls outside the colleges. This may be because they are more limited in their common interests with the men they go out with. It may be because they go out with a greater number and variety of men and are not likely to be thrown in such constant contact with the men they know as is the college girl who, knowing that she will be four years with the same group, wants her friendships to have permanent rather than transitory values.

I gathered that, except in its mildest and most exclusive forms, therefore, "petting" is much less prevalent in the colleges than elsewhere. One boy told me, not over-modestly, that the desire to "pet" of the girls he meets during the Christmas holidays and at summer resorts is crudely evident—that they take the initiative in it. But he says that while the co-eds he knows are not prudes about it, it just isn't part of their normal technique. The attitude of the majority of upper-class college girls toward it seems to be the rather patronizing one that the freshmen are likely to indulge in it because they think it is collegiate and smart, "but they soon get over that."

Almost the invariable accompaniment of any cases of sexual immorality that come to the attention of the college authorities is drink. Almost without exception every girl sent away for sexual delinquency has been drinking as well, or has been led to the sexual delinquency through drink. Despite such conflicting opinion on this subject that one could quote eminent authorities on either side of it, I am convinced that drinking is not only less in the colleges than outside, but that it is less there than it was a few years ago. Certainly the bulk of testimony is such that one can feel reasonably safe in sending a daughter to college, unless she is a moron or a moral weakling, without any fear that the predominance of drinking will make abstention difficult for her. Nevertheless, it is still a problem in some of the

"Between you and I, I would love to go but a woman like I has to divide her time between so many affairs, and I only have twenty-four hours a day"

She *thinks* she is speaking Correct English!

Can you find her FIVE mistakes?

IF YOU were introduced to an attractive, prosperous-looking man or woman who constantly made crude mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, what would you think? You could not *help* thinking that this person was sadly lacking in education; you would feel that he, or she, belonged on a lower social level.

And yet, unless you have made the correctness of your own speech a *habit*, you never can be sure that *you* are not unconsciously making errors which may cause others to lower their estimates of *your* education and refinement.

You may not make such glaring errors as *I ain't, you was, and between you and I*, but perhaps you commit other mistakes which offend the ears of those who know, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

Perhaps you sometimes use *who* for *whom*, or *would* for *should*. Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ei" or "ie"? Do you ever say, "I did it already"—or, "He don't mean what he says."

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For many years Sherwin Cody studied the problem of creating the habit of using good English. After countless experiments, he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day.

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A new book explaining Mr. Cody's invention is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 829 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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LOS ANGELES
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Properly cooked foods are vital to health

This is as true in the home as in those institutions where every effective aid to health is demanded. It is significant that many hospitals throughout the country are using Chambers Autostat Gas Ranges in the preparation of patients' meals.

When St. Vincent's Hospital of Los Angeles (shown above) was enlarged and modernized, Chambers Ranges were installed in the Dietician's Department and the authorities sent this report:

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The Chambers method of cooking conserves valuable health-building food elements,—the mineral salts and vitamines. Furthermore, this cooking method is economical and exceptionally efficient. It contributes materially to the leisure of the housewife,—saving time as well as food and money.

Any Chambers Dealer will be pleased to demonstrate this improved cooking method.

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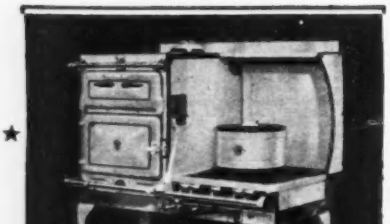

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AUTOSTAT GAS RANGE

COOKS WITH THE GAS TURNED OFF

Awarded the Grand Prize, Paris, 1928. Endorsed by leading cooking institutes and by American Gas Ass'n.

Is My Daughter Safe at College?

colleges, as it is everywhere else in this land of the determinedly free.

In the women's colleges drinking causes the authorities almost no trouble. A thorough investigation of the seven largest and best-known ones in the East, where drinking is probably more prevalent than anywhere else in America, reveals that in the last three years there have been only twenty cases of drinking brought before the authorities, a percentage of one-ninth of one percent of all the students in those institutions. Most of these were cases of freshmen who had not been in college long enough to have come under the influence of the college for either good or ill. As for the other women's colleges of the country, drinking is almost non-existent.

Such drinking as there is in the co-educational colleges is almost entirely confined to the men. The universal testimony of college officers and students is that, despite the unauthoritative tales one hears, practically no girls drink except for a possible occasional pre-dinner cocktail. These tales usually refer to drinking at fraternity and other college parties. The students themselves say that this drinking is not done by the college girls, who would not drink there, if only for fear of being found out. It is almost always done by what are known as "imported girls"—girls from the neighboring towns. For there are still a few fraternities on a few campuses who retain a tradition against recognizing campus girls, and who permit their members to invite them only if they have been so untrue to tradition as to become engaged to them.

Do College Men Drink?

We want, however, to look into the drinking habits of the men in the co-educational institutions. For if we send our daughters to these institutions, these are the men with whom they will associate almost exclusively during their college years. Much of the newspaper testimony about this is unreliable for the same reason that it was unreliable in regard to the women who drink at fraternity parties—it comes from persons who do not know who the drinkers are. As the retired commandant of an R. O. T. C. unit of a large Western university said recently in reply to a probably sincere but uninformed indictment of the college man's drinking habits by a well-known writer:

"In all the cities and college towns in which I have officiated at big games, there has been just one occasion in the last ten years when the evidences were such as to give rise to an opinion even approximating that expressed by him in his article. In this instance, as in all others where drinking has been noticeable, the offenders were almost invariably from the ranks of alumni and not students."

This brings me to the whole question of alumni responsibility for much of the abuse of the colleges. Alumni love their Alma Mater; they are willing to dig down in their pockets and give vast sums annually to supply endowment and libraries, to build stadiums and pay coaches; with equal cheerfulness they will pledge their most hard-earned dollars to show their faith in her superiority in sports. Yet, when she has justified that faith, they will celebrate the event by ruining her moral reputation by their own behavior.

As the Dean of a Southern college, who attended all the college dances last year, testifies:

"I do not remember seeing a single student under the influence of liquor at any of these dances, nor were there any who gave signs of having been drinking. However, I had to ask several alumni and former students to leave the alumni dance at the time of the football contest last Thanksgiving."

These same alumni boast to all the fathers they know of the superiority of their Alma Mater over all others for those fathers' sons. Then in two days at reunion time they give the

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A fine, two-toned writing paper, crushed finish on both sides of the sheet, heavyweight, large rag content and hand-deckled. Various sizes and shapes, including styles for men, sold by the pound at great savings, with separate envelopes to match.

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Marjorie Mondell, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. F. W. Mondell of Wyoming, is noted for her appealing chic and beauty.

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Photos by Harris & Ewing.

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The loveliest women in Washington's exclusive society use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It is so dependable! Stays on longer! Keeps you from having a shiny nose!

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Beautiful women, not only in Washington but all over the country, favor MELLO-GLO. Over two million of them now prefer MELLO-GLO above all other face powders. Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

Each box contains a descriptive booklet on the new wonderful French Beauty Treatment—Mello-Glo.

impression that it is no place except for the son of "the Old Soak."

The daily newspaper of a Western college recently protested:

"The most drinking this year was done at Homecoming. It was done mostly by returning alumni who either were taking advantage of a respite from their home-town respectability, or were showing the present students a cross-section of college life 'in their day.' The criticism their conduct aroused should be a significant comparison of 'their day' and ours."

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal of testimony that the present-day students have taken a definite stand on drinking. In reply to a questionnaire sent out a year or so ago by a university professor, 77 percent of the students replying from colleges all over the country voted for a rigid enforcement of the prohibition amendment. Again and again we find student bodies going on record as "emphatically and vigorously opposed," or pledging themselves "to take every possible step to stamp out such law-breaking practises," or "bitterly resenting this lack of law observance in our country."

The Co-eds Are Against It

In many co-educational colleges the girls have taken a stand for the creation of a public opinion, not only with regard to other girls but to the men. In many colleges, and in many sororities in others, girls will not go out with a man who has been drinking, nor would many of the men venture to call for a girl if they had been drinking. A girl in a large co-educational institution recently told me that the previous week three of her sorority sisters had left a dance because their escorts were drinking, and that the men had called up the next day and apologized so abjectly and with such genuine shame that there could be no doubt of their respect for the girls' point of view.

This sort of social pressure, with a firm stand on the part of the college authorities, is more valuable than anything else possibly could be in reducing the amount of drinking. Many of the Western colleges, which have taken this stand over a long period, say that the habit is practically wiped out in their institutions; and there is a pretty general agreement that drinking in colleges in all other parts of the country is not only less than in pre-prohibition days, but that it is definitely on the decrease in the last four or five years.

The majority opinion of student editors, gathered by the *Literary Digest* a couple of years ago, was "that drinking among students has declined in recent years," and that 5 percent would be a generous estimate of regular drinkers. The editor of the Harvard *Lampoon* said at that time that he "had never seen a real hell-raising cocktail party outside of the movies," and orchestra leaders, as well as many students, make the startling statement that college dances are not in a class with high-school ones for petting, drinking, or general carousing.

Of course, there are boys who still consider it collegiate to drink. There are still some fraternities which have a reputation to uphold as being made up of men who "know how to hold their liquor," and I myself have seen, at a few of their dances, sufficient drinking to draw the fire of the near-by press-rooms. But even here the voluntary testimony of those in a position to know is that this drinking is confined largely to a group of "stags," practically the same group at all of the dances, who come, drink more than is good for them and fade out of the picture. If there were as many as forty or fifty of these men in a large university, representing possibly only a quarter to a half of one percent, they could make a tremendous impression on a casual observer. And it is so easy to generalize from a conspicuous minority, no matter how small.

The police in most of the college towns agree that drinking by college students is on the decrease. They say that they rarely need to arrest college students, except at the time of some disturbing but harmless college rush, or for

Writing

a source of income that many women neglect

MANY women who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by these fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home management, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

Mrs. Cherry Bomer Smith, 2315 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"I have enjoyed the course very much indeed and wish to report that I just sold a feature article for $40.00 to the Hearst newspapers' Sunday Supplement—the American Weekly Magazine."

Another of our student members who tried is Mrs. Theodora R. Ellsworth, 1492 Locust St., Dubuque, Iowa. She writes:

"May I step out of the routine of the course long enough to tell you that I received today a cheque from the American Magazine for an article written for their Interesting People Department. The article was written in interview form. This will be my first entrance into the big-time monthlies."

Mrs. Ethel Mary Baker, 710 East Uintah St., Colorado Springs, Col., thought she *could* and that the N.I.A. *could* too. She writes:

"Of course this little sheet (acceptance notice from Better Homes and Gardens) that came with a twenty dollar check, does not look half as good to you as it does to me, but I want you to know that I am not exactly fooling away my time. I have sold several short articles, but this is the largest check I have yet received. This is the second flower article that I have sold within three weeks."

You, too, can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

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***Insist on Simoniz*—and your car will always look new and beautiful.**

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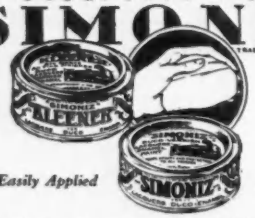

Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

Is My Daughter Safe at College?

some minor offense, usually in connection with traffic regulations.

This brings us parenthetically to the oft-repeated statement that the general use of the automobile is responsible for many of the moral lapses of young people. The testimony at the colleges would seem to bear this out. Few of those that have made rules forbidding the student to use automobiles would be willing to go back to the old days. The University of Michigan, probably the largest and most representative of them, feels that while these rules may have made all the misdemeanors that were bound to happen, occur on the campus or near by, thus giving the college the appearance of more evil, they really lessened the difficulties to a marked degree.

Religion in College

Many parents are seriously troubled in sending their children to college lest they lose there the religion handed down to them from their fathers; and if they want this religion retained with all its ramifications and in all its forms, this is a real danger. For the predominant tendency of youth, in the colleges as elsewhere, is, without necessarily losing their faith, to break away from dogma, to broaden their point of view.

As Chaplain Knox of Columbia says, "The young people of today want their religion intelligible and free from cant; and they must see the connection between religion and life."

A girl in a large Eastern college for women, whose minister had warned her of the dangers of becoming "ungodly" at college, summed it all up when she said:

"I wonder which of us is ungodly, the girl I was before I came here or the girl I am now. That other girl thought that every one who darned stockings on Sunday or played cards on any day was headed straight for perdition. The girl I am now is tolerant of everything except intolerance. I wonder if that is what my minister calls ungodliness. *I* feel that I am more deeply and understandingly religious than I have ever been."

That girl is representative of a large group who feel that at college they have substituted for the formal religion that they brought from home, standards and ideals that are clear and conscious and real, a reasoning rather than an emotional religion.

Yet it is further reassuring to see what large numbers of college students go to church on Sunday mornings. Dr. Talcott Williams is reported to have said, upon close observation, that the available student constituency was as fairly represented proportionally in the churches as the civilian population anywhere in the country. And if the figures of a careful investigation recently made under the auspices of the Institute of Social and Religious Research are true, this is an understatement. For those figures reveal that an average of 50 percent of the students in the 23 colleges investigated (practically all non-sectarian) went to church regularly, and 37 percent occasionally. Fifty-seven percent found religion a larger force in every-day experience by senior year than it had been when they entered, while the number "avowing disbelief or definite scepticism" was noticeably small, being one percent of the men and one percent of the women. Surely parents can ask no more than that.

The amount of smoking in the colleges is another question that troubles many parents. Despite those among them who write the colleges that they believe it to be so, this is not a moral question. Unlike drinking, it does not reduce self-control and so lead to even greater lapses. Nevertheless, while many girls come to college smoking or accustomed to seeing others smoke, many come from communities in which there is so deep-seated a feeling against it that those who practise it are ostracized socially. One father informed a college

O-o-o-o-o! *Madam should have used her* Mum *

Practically every woman uses Mum "on occasion," for there are times when no woman would chance under-arm offense.

But is there ever a time when personal daintiness may be neglected? What a mistake to make only occasional use of something one knows is essential to a fastidious bodily condition!

You probably use Mum. It has never failed you when you have used it. You have found that refreshing dab of Mum as harmless as cold cream. Be sure, then, to use it often enough to provide continuous protection.

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Women who believe soap and water sufficient protection from perspiration odor *should investigate the armholes of the garments in their closet.* Even those that have been worn but once.

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In this way cold cream can actually become a menace to skin beauty.

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If you've never tried Kleenex, it's time you began. The attached coupon will help you. Fill it out and receive a free package of Kleenex in return—then go to any drug or department store for your regular supply.

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that public opinion in his town was such that if his daughter were known to smoke it would even affect his business. Therefore the greatest objection to smoking in the colleges is that the girls who come from such communities are likely to find it difficult not to smoke if they are surrounded everywhere—in the dormitories, in the sorority houses, at parties—by girls who do.

Strangely enough, the students themselves recognize this, and it is interesting to know that it is they themselves who have, almost everywhere where smoking is prevalent, made rules forbidding it except in special rooms or parts of the campus. It is interesting to observe that even in institutions where 50 percent or more of the girls say that they themselves smoke, as many as ninety percent of them have voted in favor of rules limiting it at colleges. On the other hand, in view of the bitterness of the criticism of some parents of the colleges which permit smoking, it is interesting to know that a number of the colleges which have abolished their rules against smoking, or have made special provision for smoking rooms, have done so partly because of the alumnae who were indignant at not being permitted to smoke when they returned to their Alma Maters, and partly because of the demands of the students who, having smoked at home, protested at not being permitted to do so at college.

But whatever the responsibility of some parents for the situation, all of them must realize that in many colleges their daughters will meet—and possibly accept—a point of view on smoking that is different from the one they are accustomed to at home; that unless they are particularly strong-principled and eager to do only as their parents would wish, they may act on it.

How Good a Parent Are You?

Which brings us back to the real crux of the question, how you have brought up your daughter. Have you so brought her up that she knows that there is good and evil in the world, and voluntarily chooses the good; or have you thought to protect her by concealing the evil, so that she goes to pieces under the first knowledge of reality that comes to her, either in college or in the outside world?

Or, worse still, have you brought her up to believe that the world is all evil, and put cramping restrictions on her from which she will break away at the first possible moment? There is a practically unanimous agreement among the colleges that while the majority of all their problems originate in the homes, by far the largest number of disciplinary cases they have are those of girls from overstrict homes or boarding schools, girls who are unable to handle the freedom that self-respect and dignity demand for young people of college age.

Has your daughter this handicap? Has she been so hedged about with pious restrictions that she will promptly, given the opportunity, seek out the small but conspicuous number of undesirable students to follow, or will she follow rather the fine, right-thinking, high-minded boys and girls who predominate in every single one of our colleges?

For there is little doubt in the minds of most of those who have constantly to do with them that these students are as fine and clean and high-minded a group as it is possible to find on this merry old globe. Of course, having been born into a world where all sorts of vices are made familiar to them from their earliest days through the movies, the cheap magazines and newspapers, having heard things before they entered college that their mothers and grandmothers never heard, they talk about things that the older generation would have shied at. But they do it in an intelligent, unemotional manner that should shame a generation brought up on whispered information and forbidden books.

Unlike that generation, they want to discuss things with their elders, but they insist on talking on equal terms. They no longer

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Is My Daughter Safe at College?

accept opinions or discipline imposed from above; they have developed a code of their own. Yet, underneath a surface froth that constitutes a language the older generation does not understand, there is a frank probing of serious questions. They do their own thinking unhampered by the traditions that hedged the older generations about; and they have more tools to work with: But they do not make up their minds until all the evidence is in. Perhaps sometimes in their frankness they go so far as to lose a nice reserve, a fine perception of the fitness of things. Certainly they are not so repressed as their forebears; they say what they think. There is a fashion among them of shrugging at sentiment, of appearing sophisticated and cynical, but this attitude is largely a protective coloring adopted to help them through the period of making up their minds. They are less conventional than we were; but are we not proportionately even freer than were our parents and our grandparents?

William Allen White recently said, in addressing a group of undergraduates at his Alma Mater, the University of Kansas:

"They tell me you are a tough generation. And you are. So were your parents. I knew them."

But Chancellor Lindley of this same institution says, "Every age has praised its mothers and criticised its daughters."

Festival

(*Continued from page 47*)

eagles' season of courtship, for they do not mate in spring, like most lesser birds, but in fall, and their eggs are hatched not in summer, but in winter. On and on the male eagle sweeps, his eager eyes fixed on that small, dark speck sailing in an ascending spiral course above the great nest in the woods. Larger and larger grows that speck as he draws swiftly nearer: onward he drives, hurling himself across the face of the heavens, his piercing, yellow eyes ablaze under their beetling, snowy brows—a magnificent picture of ardor and of power.

His mate sees him coming, but apparently she is not interested; still she circles upward on outstretched, motionless pinions, her white head and tail shining in the bright sun. He is nearly over her now, two hundred feet above her in the air; and suddenly his body tilts forward, his great, dark-brown wings are half-folded, his white tail is spread like a half-opened fan. Next moment he is falling, diving head-foremost, shooting downward like a bolt from the sky, his body rocking violently from side to side.

Straight for his circling mate he plunges, and still she pays no heed—she knows that this living thunderbolt will not strike her, will not harm a feather of her snowy head. Down, down he comes, as though to annihilate her, to blot her out of existence at a blow; but, just over her, his half-closed wings open suddenly, his white tail spreads more widely, and he shoots past her so near at hand that for an instant his pinions seem to touch hers.

It is all a game, a game that the eagles sometimes play in the high air on fine, clear autumn days when there is little wind or none at all; a game that is evidently a part of their courtship activities, a phase of their annual love-making. Sometimes it begins and ends with this dizzy plunge of one of the royal birds—probably in most cases the male—down through the void toward his circling mate as though he would strike her lifeless and hurl her to the ground. At other times this is only the beginning: the plunge is followed by a wild aerial chase, the great birds pursuing each other in swift zigzag flight, swooping and swerving this way and that, sometimes striking at

Festival

each other playfully with wings and talons, sometimes almost grappling in mid-sky, while their harsh, fierce laughter "kek-kek-kek" floats faint and thin down to the woods far below.

To any one sensible of the grandeur and majesty of the king of birds and the glamour thrown round him by history and legend, this mad play of the eagles in the upper air is one of the most stirring of all spectacles. Many of the hawks indulge in somewhat similar evolutions; and among the other great soarers, the big, fantastic wood ibis stands out as perhaps the most surprising play-boy of all.

Seeing this strange bird at rest, perching in some tall tree in the deep swamps, one finds in its hunch-backed grotesqueness and awkwardness no hint of the stately beauty which distinguishes the ibis in the high air; and, similarly, the soaring ibis, floating on motionless wings a thousand feet or more above the earth, is so majestic a sight that the observer is conscious of a shock of surprise when the great bird, as though seized with a sudden frenzy, begins to cut the most amazing capers.

Nearly always wood ibises are seen soaring in flocks, sometimes of a hundred or even two hundred birds; and such a flock, sailing in wide, interweaving circles under the blue summer sky, is always an indescribably impressive sight. At such a time their wide, white, black-edged wings, nearly six feet in extent, are held motionless, their long necks are stretched straight in front, and their long legs straight behind. Each bird in the soaring flock is thus seen in the shape of a cross; each stands out with remarkable distinctness against the blue of the sky; and the spectacle of these white and black crosses, sailing round and round in a maze of circles and ellipses, passing and repassing one another, becoming smaller and smaller as the whole flock ascends to a still greater altitude, is an indescribable delight to the bird-lover and to all who find a deep joy in the wilder and less familiar aspects of nature.

Wood Ibises

I was watching a flock of about a hundred and fifty wood ibises circling at a moderate height one summer day, when suddenly one ibis attracted my attention. It was sailing at a much higher level than the others, perhaps twice as high, and it was not circling, but was flying straight onward, probably on a slightly descending course, since it was moving unusually fast, although its wings were held perfectly rigid.

The swiftness and straightness of its flight caught and held my eye. Suspecting what was coming, I watched the bird closely; and presently I saw that its legs were no longer stretched out behind it, but were dangling beneath its body.

This was the prelude. Next moment the big bird, still sweeping onward at high speed, began to rock violently from side to side. The movement was like that of a small boat caught in a heavy cross-sea, but it was much faster and more violent: the quickness of the rocking movement, the rapidity with which the onrushing bird tipped its body far over first to the right and then to the left, was the most remarkable part of the whole performance. All the while the ibis's wings were rigidly and fully extended, and so extreme was the rocking motion that first one wing and then the other pointed almost straight downward.

The effect was most extraordinary: it was as though the great, stately bird had been thrown suddenly into a sort of fit or ecstasy and had lost all control of its actions. But as it sped on across the sky, still rocking rapidly and frantically from side to side, nearly turning over in the air, the effect was that of a mad, fantastic dance—a sudden ebullition or boiling over of animal spirits and irrepressible happiness.

This, too, was a game, a part of Earth's festival. That ibis, performing its strange, ecstatic galopade or fandango in the upper air,

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In using advertisements see page 6

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G.H. 9 29

Festival

was a smile on the face of the rejoicing Earth. The war of nature goes on, the contest between the hunter and the hunted. Always, at last, the contest ends in death. But death comes only once, while joy comes often and in many forms: the face of the green world is lit with it as with sunshine; I have seen joy a hundred times in the woods and fields for every time that I have seen sorrow.

Spring is the great season of festival. But Earth's joy of life is a larger, more enduring thing than the spring ecstasy; it is a deeper thing than the excitement of the mating time.

Autumn Day

I remember an autumn day on a great marsh where life abounded—when, all around me wherever I looked, the air and the water and the small open spaces in the flat, prairie-like expanse of close-growing, tall salt grass seemed aquiver with life. Man's world was near, yet it seemed thousands of miles away: in the heart of that wide, level, golden-green wilderness man had no part or place. It was as though he did not exist, and the feeling came to me, as it has come often on the marshes, that I was seeing them and viewing their life as in the days before man came into the world to spoil its primeval wildness and mar its beauty with his heedless hand and spread a new fear—a fear that they had never known before—among its furred and feathered creatures.

There was none of that fear, or of any fear, in the life that I saw around me. If I was observed at all, my presence was quickly forgotten. The tide was rising. Up the wide avenues of the sinuous marshland creeks, through a thousand tiny serpentine channels winding everywhere across the level plain of tall, dense, tasseled salt grass, the waters were pouring in from the sea. Later they would cover all the broad face of the marsh until the tips alone of the long marsh-stems would be visible above the surface; as yet, however, only the rivulet beds and the low, open spots of bare sand or mud, where no marsh-grass grew, were submerged. These swarmed with life brought in by the flooding tide; but for a time it was the life of the air, rather than the life of the water or of the marsh, that absorbed my attention.

Birds of many kinds were continually passing overhead. Flocks of black terns in their queer spotted and marbled autumnal plumage swung low over the grassy plain. Now and again a great blue heron passed with measured wing-beats, his long neck folded in a loop, his long legs trailing behind. A swarm of white-bellied swallows circled and eddied in the high air, and below these, often swooping so low that they seemed to touch the tasseled tops of the marsh stems, barn-swallows, in a long, loose procession that apparently had no end, voyaged southward in swift, graceful flight.

Far up against the blue sky a bald eagle was circling. Watching him swing round and round on broad, motionless vans, observing with a familiar and yet ever-fresh delight the play of the sunshine on his white head and neck so that sometimes he seemed to be crowned with snow and at other times with silver, I saw many other birds of the upper air pass across the field of my vision: turkey buzzards, black vultures, white, long-winged, crimson-billed Caspian or royal terns, herons of several species, and small companies of laughing gulls.

Marsh harriers were passing constantly, nearly all of them clad in brown, though two were beautiful silver-grays with black-tipped wings. Before one was out of sight, another would come into view, gliding with slow, unhurried wing-beats low above the surface of the marsh, sometimes pausing to hover a moment over some likely spot. Forsters and common terns, black skimmers and fish crows, flew over from time to time; small flocks of keen-winged, sickle-billed Hudsonian curlews, among which were often two or three gray-and-white straight-billed willets, and other flocks of smaller shore birds, moved back and forth from one feeding place to another.

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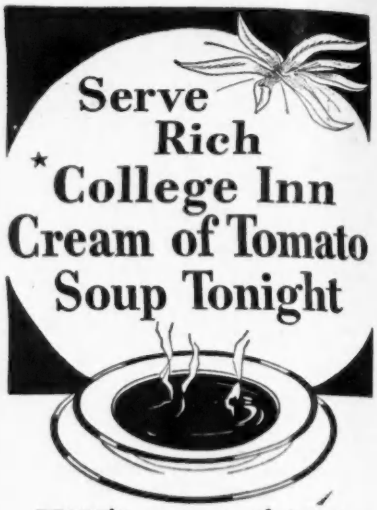

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H. & B. BRO. 1919

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Watching this changing panorama of life in the air, a panorama that was never the same for two consecutive minutes, I was for a time almost unaware of the life immediately around me. In front of me lay a small opening in the marsh where the bed of a little marsh-brook, dry at low tide, widened to form a low, sandy flat; and into this opening the tidal waters were now flowing rapidly, covering part of its smooth, bare surface to a depth of three or four inches. Beyond this submerged portion, however, there was a considerable area of sand which the water had not yet reached, and here, in increasing numbers, birds of several species were gathering, driven from the lower parts of the marsh by the advancing tide. I watched them as they gathered there: big brown curlews and willets almost or quite as big; black-bellied plovers, one of which still wore its lovely spring-time uniform of pearl-gray and black; red-backed sandpipers, Wilson's plovers, and tiny semi-palmated and least sandpipers, while once, at the border of the marsh behind the sandy area, a slim-bodied clapper rail stepped out from among the tall, close-growing grass-stems to view the assemblage for a moment before slipping back under cover.

Along the edge of the water spreading slowly across the sands, an army of several hundred little fiddler crabs was massed in close array. The shallow water itself was packed and crammed with life—legions of tiny fish and shining, transparent shrimp and dozens of big blue crabs. The birds resting on the sands near by—perhaps two hundred of them—were not hungry, however; they were standing at ease, basking in the sun, some of them probably half-asleep. But, as I watched, the scene changed: suddenly from the air above white birds began to rain down into the pool; tall birds, as white as snow, with jet-black legs, bright yellow feet, and long, javelin-like bills—snowy egrets, perhaps the most beautiful of all the heron family.

Down they came in ever-increasing numbers until more than fifty of them had descended. The shallow pool of pale-blue, clear water—a deeper, more opaque blue when its surface was ruffled by the fitful breeze—was filled with them from end to end—slender, exquisite statuettes of spotless white marble into which life had been breathed. Their pure and shining whiteness, the gracefulness of their lithe forms, the quickness and deftness of their movements held and fascinated the eye. They would have been even more lovely had they been decked in the delicate, upcurling nuptial plumes that the snowies wear in spring. But it did not occur to me then to regret the absence of those plumes: I had never seen anywhere or at any season a more beautiful or more animated picture of bird-life.

Shrimp Feast

Standing in the shallow water or striding swiftly to and fro, they feasted upon the shrimp with which the pool was literally alive. There was a constant passing and repassing of white, slim, sunlit bodies, an incessant play of long, black rapier-beaks thrusting downward, flashing upward, darting here and there. A shrimp, when seized and lifted from the water, was always manipulated for a few moments in its captor's beak until the hard, horny parts were skillfully removed; sometimes an egret dropped its shrimp, then caught it again with admirable adroitness before the little creature struck the surface of the pool.

But the most interesting feature of the scene came a little later. As the water deepened with the incoming tide, more and more crabs appeared in the pool, until scores of them were present. The coming of the crabs produced a remarkable effect. They, too, were probably in pursuit of the shrimp. At any rate they seemed to resent the egrets' presence: again and again I saw an egret jump up and execute a queer dance in the water as a passing crab struck at the bird's slim legs with clashing claws.

More and more numerous became the crabs. Soon, all about over the pool, the egrets were

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Festival

going through that queer, dance-like motion. Sometimes I could see a crab's claws thrust momentarily above the water to strike at an egret's legs. But more often there was nothing visible to explain the bird's antics, and gradually I became convinced that in large part those antics were wholly voluntary—that, beginning as a result of the crab invasion, they had developed now into a sort of game, the egrets imitating one another, jumping up and down and skipping about in the water, not because in most instances crabs were striking at their feet or legs, but in a spirit of play.

Something of this sort may occasionally be seen when a flock of white herons alights on the hard, sandy shore of an inlet. One bird in the flock will begin to dance, frisking about, half-opening its wings and running here and there over the sands. Another and another imitate it, until half the flock, or perhaps the whole flock, are similarly engaged. The spirit of play, the joy of life, leaps from one to another until an ecstasy of happiness thrills them all. In this instance the infection of happiness was even more remarkable. For it did not stop with the egrets: presently it spread to the shore birds standing on the dry sands beyond the pool.

Among these, only the willets were affected by it, the curlews, black-bellied plovers, and sandpipers remaining virtually motionless; but four of the tall, long-legged, gray-and-white willets, the largest birds in the flock except the curlews, seemed to go crazy with delight.

Wading deep into the pool until the water lapped their bodies, they began to throw themselves madly about in a most astonishing way. Willets may often be seen bathing, fluttering their wings in the water, dipping their heads and long necks beneath the surface. But these willets were not bathing—they were playing.

With tails spread wide and wings beating rapidly, they jumped about like mad things, flinging themselves violently here and there in the splashing pool. There was nothing graceful about their performance; they were precisely like chickens whose heads have just been cut off—the same wild, convulsive flopping and leaping to and fro. But their enjoyment was obvious; happiness thrilled them, filled them to overflowing. Suddenly they were possessed by it as by a frenzy, and this mad, grotesque dance of theirs was the result—a pretty thing to see, in spite of its grotesqueness, because it was so plainly a manifestation of joy.

February Visitors

EARTH'S festival is all around us. We can not help seeing it unless we shut our eyes. Yesterday I spent five hours in the woods, part of the time in deep forest where huge pines soared high above a mixed lower growth, part of the time by the shore of a reed-bordered lake; and, though the season was early February, we saw—my two companions and I—an even more varied panorama of life than that which I have just described.

We kept a list of the kinds of birds seen: there were hermit thrushes, bluebirds, ruby-crowned and golden-crowned kinglets, brown thrashers, mocking-birds, chickadees, tufted titmice and white-breasted nuthatches; wrens of four species—long-billed and short-billed marsh wrens, house wrens, and rollicking Carolina wrens singing their winter songs; myrtle warblers in numbers that seemed almost countless, a black-masked Maryland yellowthroat, pine warblers singing in the tree-tops, and two orange-crowned warblers, rare, little-known denizens of dense, wild woodlands, not to be seen every day; loggerheads along the woods-edges, white-bellied swallows in the air, a blue-headed vireo deep in the heart of the woods; blood-red cardinals and numberless towhee-buntings of both the red-eyed and white-eyed kinds; myriads of sparrows in the sparrowy places—song sparrows, swamp sparrows, vesper sparrows, white-throats and big, red-brown, streaked and spotted fox sparrows, the largest and perhaps the handsomest of their

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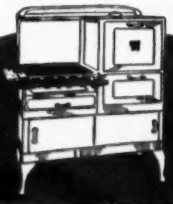

race; flocks of red-winged and rusty blackbirds, meadowlarks, jays and crows; a barred owl, heard but not seen; doves, Florida gallinules and Wilson's snipe; turkey vultures and black vultures, great blue and little blue herons, ruddy ducks and lesser scaups; hawks of five kinds — red-tailed, red-shouldered, Cooper, sharp-shinned and marsh hawks; phœbes, goldfinches, flickers, yellow-bellied sapsuckers, red-bellied, downy, hairy and pileated woodpeckers making the deep woods ring with their loud, laughing cries.

That is not an unusually long list; we could have made it much longer if we had visited also other kinds of localities which other kinds of birds frequent. Yet what a pageant the mere enumeration of those names reveals! For, of the species listed, many were present in scores and some in hundreds or even thousands, so that the whole face of the land—the woods, the reedy margins of the lake, the grassy openings in the forest—and the air above seemed aquiver with life. And not with life merely; with beauty also and, above all, with happiness; for among all those hundreds or thousands of living beings of many hues and kinds, there was not one drooping, weary figure, not one bird that was spent or suffering or sad.

Undoubtedly, while we watched, the war of nature was going on before us. Undoubtedly death was there as well as life. The swallows gliding through the air were killing insects; the brown creepers and nuthatches diligently searching the crannies of the trees were killing larvæ of various kinds; the hawks wheeling and playing overhead had killed and would kill again. All round us, spreading league upon league to the uttermost ends of the world, lay nature's vast battlefield where millions were dying every hour. But the face of Earth was glad. It was glad and smiling and beautiful. In the trees, in the thickets, on the waters and in the air, the rejoicing Earth held festival.

Wisdom of Earth

HOW, then, can this thing be? We shall find the answer, perhaps, in the deep wisdom of Earth.

Earth is old. She has seen the ages unroll; she has watched the panorama of life since the dawn of time. She has learned (what Man, who was born only yesterday, still doubts) that, though there is always a price to pay, the gain is greater than the loss. She has learned that out of death grows a higher and finer life: for she has seen this life grow from its first beginning, its first seed; she has seen it rise higher and higher, taking nobler and nobler forms—climbing always upward and upward. Perhaps she knows that there is really no death, since that which seems to die is changed and presently lives again; and remembering a day when there were only the creatures of the slime, she knows that these changes have been a gradual ascent towards some lofty and unimaginable goal.

Perhaps that is the profound and ultimate reason for Earth's festival. She has seen *Something* at work through the innumerable years—a Plan, a Purpose, mystical, wonderful, moving on and on. Call it what we will, God or the Unknown Power (but do not call it Chance), Earth will trust it for the future because of what it has done in the long past. Once there were only the slime-creatures; now there is Man. He, in his weakness, may worry about his destiny. But Earth, who has seen life triumph over death through all the eons that have gone before; Earth, who knows that the thing which we call death is only a milepost on the way; Earth, who has seen the human soul come to dwell where once there was no nobler thing than a worm—Earth is content.

She smiles and is happy; she gives her happiness to her wild children who are near to her; she bids them share and proclaim her happiness. Her rosy tanagers dance in the sunlit woods. Her eagles play their rapturous games in the high air. Her green leaves clothe the land with beauty; her numberless wild flowers glorify the fields. With all her tongues and all her flags and banners, Earth holds festival!

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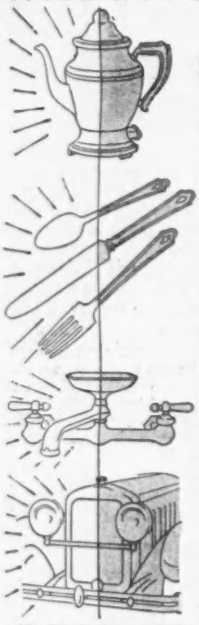

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Alibi

(Continued from page 25)

found it, too, in the unconscious insolence of Gordon's relaxed body, the brown, swelling biceps and thighs, slim hips, and wide ribs supporting the flat bridge of his abdomen.

The girl thrashed the water with slender ankles and considered Tower in humorous disapproval. He met her eyes an instant and looked away. Her body had the smooth, taut-curved beauty of Minoan metal work. Her face with its dark, gipsy vitality disconcerted him.

"Sorry," he admitted despite an angry ache within, compounded of hatred for Mortimer, Miss Lucy's confidence, and the irritability bred by too many hours at a typewriter.

"You haven't insulted me—yet," she told him and smiled. "Why climb all over Mr. Mortimer, Johnny? Is the book derailed again?"

"As usual," he snarled, for her query woke the sickening consciousness of inadequacy that curses all artists.

MORTIMER, scalp shining pink beneath the plastered black strands of hair, was swimming back to the raft with a lazy ease.

Gordon Ashley remarked to the sky: "Johnny lives too much with his porcupine. Takes character from his surroundings. Too bad! When a bachelor consorts with a porcupine—"

Mortimer's wet head bobbed up beside his employer's knees. He whispered throatily: "Remember the old Cambridge song, Gordon? 'Exhaustive experimentation by Darwin and Huxley and Ball'—"

"Oh, shut up," Tower invited savagely.

Cynthia giggled. "Now he's gone chivalrous," she said in despair. "Isn't that the sort of song a pure young girl should hear, Johnny? Or maybe it casts aspersions on porcupines? Go on, Mr. Mortimer."

The secretary smiled crookedly and pushed away from the raft to float on his back. "Hardly," he whispered, shaking his head.

"Oh," she scoffed. "That's not fair. Just because Johnny has a tummy-ache—"

"He'll be nursing a headache," Ashley commented, rolling over, "if he sits with his feet in the water and his hair all dry. Soak your head, Johnny. Duck yourself."

"Soak your own, maybe it will shrink," Tower retorted, with a wry smile in which his cousin misread challenge.

"I know," he exclaimed suddenly, sitting up. "We'll all wash Johnny's head for him. Then he'll be a cleaner and a better boy."

He thrust a long leg at his kinsman, disturbing his balance, and Mortimer, swimming in closer, laid hold on one of the victim's thrashing feet. For a split second his crookedly grinning visage stared up at the pale fury in Tower's eyes. Then, though Mortimer already had released his grip, the other's body surged from the raft on top of him.

Gordon yelped gleefully, but Cynthia, who had glimpsed the set ugliness of the face that had flashed past her shoulder, caught his arm.

"No," she cried in inarticulate alarm.

They stared into the turmoil of spray and rocking water. It subsided, and its solid core had gone. Vague whirlpool currents swirled and mingled. A foot broke the surface and vanished. In the uneasy depths they discerned cloudy confusion and the flicker of bare flesh.

"Hey," Gordon called fatuously. "That's enough. Quit, you idiots."

Cynthia's grip on his arm tightened painfully. "They're fighting," she snapped. "Come!" and dived.

He followed. Groping wide-eyed through the green underwater fog, they laid hold upon the locked bodies and hauled them to the surface. From the bank Miss Lucy shrilled unheeded questions. Together Gordon and Cynthia tore Tower's crooked elbow from Mortimer's throat. The half-strangled man wheezed, coughed, and was able to help himself back upon the float, where he sat hiccoughing and wryly twisting his neck while they

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hauled his half-drowned assailant aboard also.

"What in God's name," Ashley gasped as he laid his cousin face downward and pumped water from his lungs, "was that for?"

Mortimer shrugged weakly. There was a strain of agony in his stifled voice, and in his eyes terror still flickered. "Tried to drown me," he managed.

"And was doing a pretty good job," his employer commented. "All right, Cynthia. He's all right, I say. Here he comes. Lie still, you chump."

Tower, face livid and twitching, rolled over and sat up dizzily. He retched and coughed against the water rattle in his windpipe, shook his head, and looked from one to the other of his rescuers with leaden eyes. Light quickened in them as they fell upon the wilted figure of Mortimer.

"Whose head," he asked with difficulty, "were you—going to wet?" and coughed again.

Ashley's mouth twitched, but he controlled his grin.

Cynthia cried angrily, "Johnny, what's the big idea?"

Tower's blue lips drew back in a smile that was more snarl. "Next time—ducks me," he said unsteadily. "Think twice."

"I started it, John," Ashley commented.

"Next time," Tower promised, "I'll finish it."

The girl turned away and spoke to Mortimer with a contrasting warmth.

"No," the man replied, still uncomfortably weaving his head. "More strangled than drowned, thanks. Not much chance for water to get inside me."

"Easy," Gordon cried sharply. "No!"

He caught the shoulder of his cousin, who had floundered to the edge of the raft. Tower's fist smote the delaying hand away. He plumped into the water and weakly thrashed a course shoreward. Gordon started to follow, refrained, and watched with Cynthia and Mortimer until in the shallows Tower rose, reeled up the bank, gathered spectacles, trousers, and shoes from the rock, apparently deaf to the questions of Miss Lucy, and lurched into the woodland beyond on the path leading to his cabin.

"Don't ask *me*," Cynthia snapped to her aunt, as they followed Mr. Mortimer and Gordon along the wood-road that led to the hotel. Her mouth was hard as her voice, her tone as angry as her eyes. "He's fit to be tied, today," she pursued. "I suppose he got stuffy because we razzed the Great Author. He was in a foul temper when he came out to the raft. What for, or why he tackled poor Mr. Mortimer, heaven only knows!"

There was a furtive satisfaction in Miss Lucy's deploring sympathy. She made no attempt to enlighten her niece. Recalling Tower's brutal comment, she resolved to share with no one else, save the celestial powers, her knowledge concerning the original cause of the man's conduct.

CHAPTER II

CYNTHIA and her aunt, Gordon Ashley and his inherited secretary, sat together at a small table by a window in the Outlook House dining-room, elaborately oblivious to the attention bestowed by the other patrons, two widows and a half-dozen spinsters, whom simple tastes or simpler incomes brought to the old remodeled farm, far in mileage and equipment from the hotel glories of Lenox and Stockbridge.

Miss Lucy and her niece had grown inured long since to the furtively constant scrutiny that accompanied each meal, but Gordon still fretted, and Mortimer was obviously uneasy. It was impossible to trap any of the mild, prim ladies in the rudeness of staring, yet instinctively one knew that each word, gesture, expression was caught up and filed away for later dissection at rocking-chair clinics. The audience kept their eyes upon the plates before them. The sound of their voices was a well-bred hum

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Alibi

beneath the clatter of dishes and the creak of the swinging door past which Matilda, the hired girl, and the buxom Mrs. Avery hastened back and forth, yet they missed no significance of speech or movement at the window table.

By the mysterious diffusion of summer hotel gossip, all the audience, including old Mrs. Blore, to whom news had to be screeched through an ear trumpet, knew of that queer Mr. Tower's attempt to drown Mr. Ashley's poor secretary, wherefore Mortimer, focal point of their regard, sweated mildly throughout the meal. It was, the audience cuddled the consciousness to its collective sensation-hungry bosom, too thrilling.

First, that queer Mr. Tower elected to live in that old barn far off in the woods. Then that really lovely if perhaps a little too modern Miss Kent had arrived with her aunt. She and Mr. Tower were old friends. They had been together a good deal until Mr. Ashley had appeared. It was easy to see why he had come, and queer Mr. Tower had spent most of his time since then in his hut—"The Burrow," he called it, and no wonder, my dear, if you ever saw it! Life seemed sometimes almost too generous to some people, giving nice Mr. Ashley grace of body and lovely manners and then, through the death of a rich uncle, millions and millions of dollars, while queer Mr. Tower got almost nothing.

Then yesterday that poor Mr. Mortimer had flown from Boston to the new airport at Madison in the valley and had come here by car, and as if that wasn't enough excitement Mr. Tower had tried to murder him this very morning. Life at the Outlook House was becoming too rich in incident for adequate porch or bedroom analysis.

GORDON thrust back his chair and lit a cigarette. Eight pairs of eyes saw him. He spoke, and fourteen ears—Mrs. Blore would hear later—received his words.

"Peter," he suggested, "how about fishing down Cold River a bit before you go? Take home a mess of trout—maybe."

Mortimer screwed his tight mouth into a rueful grin and winced as he shook his head. "Like to," he rasped, "but I'm still waterlogged. Your cousin—well, tired me this morning."

Cynthia murmured sympathy. Gordon considered the prospect of hills, vertical slabs of slate blue in the perspective-dimming heat haze, and cocked an eye at the pallid sky.

"Rained yesterday," he persuaded. "Water'll be right, and it's clouding up again. Might catch a good one. Listen. You rest for a while. I'll fish up river to the covered bridge. You meet me there in my car at—say three o'clock. We can work the stream for a couple of hours. I'll bring you back to change and drive you down to the airport. Plane. Boston. Like that."

"No night flying for me," Mortimer retorted with husky firmness. "I'll go home by daylight, thanks. I'll be scared enough as it is."

Gordon shrugged almost sulkily, then stiffened and gave a wide, boyish smile. "Wait," he begged, rising and retired into the kitchen, to emerge after five minutes triumphantly voluble.

"Here," he informed Mortimer, reseating himself, "is an air-tight plan: I fish. You phone the airport. Tell your pilot to drop on the golf links just south of the Trail at 5.30. We come back here at 5. You change. I drive you to the plane. You climb in, and the intrepid passenger becomes the first recently-half-drowned, trout-laden, unmarried man to fly from Turin to Boston."

"Golf links?" his secretary demurred.

"Yes," the other agreed. "A golfless golf links. Laid out in the brave, prosperous war-times when every mill-owner in Madison and vicinity was about to become a millionaire. Abandoned when the textile industry got vertigo and spots before the eyes. Good landing and easy to make. Fliers use it every now and then as an emergency field, Eli says."

Alibi

"I'll phone the airport and see," Mortimer promised, rising.

The rocking-chair clinic on the wide veranda, a half-hour later, observed the stalwart figure of Gordon Ashley, faintly piratical in folded-over, rubber hip boots, stride down the hill, bound with creel and rod for the lower reaches of Cold River. Miss Susan Bletts commented that she didn't hold with this new fad of running all over creation without a hat at the risk of sunstroke. Mrs. Delancey Todd replied amid general indorsement that young folks these days didn't have enough brains for the sun to strike.

A yearning for after-dinner naps at length wearied their tongues and swept the veranda clear. Only Cynthia Kent, drowsing in a porch hammock, revived sufficiently to see Mortimer back Gordon's sedan from the shed. There was, she realized suddenly, a breathless apprehension in the air. Hills had turned leaden, and over the tree-tops to the west the sky was a vast and swelling bruise.

"You'll get drowned again," she called.

He shrugged, displayed a plaid mackintosh, lifted his hat, and drove away. She drowsed again.

A WIND like a quick gasp troubled the leaves and was gone, and the far drums of thunder beat up the storm.

Cynthia woke with a start. The echo of the clap still rolled and blundered down the sky. A gust blew papers about the porch, and as she rose to retrieve them, Mrs. Avery and Matilda bustled out and began breathlessly up-ending chairs against the house walls.

"I told Eli it was comin'," his wife panted, "but him and Swanson would go to makin' fences over in the far pasture. Great land of glory, they'll ketch a wettin'."

"So will Gordon and Mr. Mortimer," the girl agreed, "unless they get back to the car before this breaks."

The world was filled with a diffused, soft light as though it were a bowl into which silvery radiance had been poured. Grass and leaves were a vivid, metallic green, and overhead clouds marched like ponderous puffs of coal smoke.

Cynthia stood by the steps, immersed in that taut, apprehensive ecstasy awakened by an approaching storm. Lightning split the western arc of the heaven, and an invisible giant barrel tumbled down a long, imperceptible stairway. A gust of wind, cool and thrilling, brought the smell of rain. Chickens in the farmyard scuttled to cover, and far to the north the clouds let down an uneasy gray veil and obscured Tilda Hill.

A bird went by overhead, as erratic in flight as the leaves the rising wind was plucking from the trees. A drop stung the girl's cheek, and dark blots appeared on the steps before her. The thunder crashed like a field battery in action. Upstairs some one screamed feebly, and a shutter slammed. Through the trees came the swelling sound of surf. The rain hammered against the door Cynthia forced shut behind her.

An hour went by while the storm roared on the tin porch roof, and she tried to rest in her room that still cherished the heat of midday. Nervousness plagued away sleep. An irritable tenseness—bred, she told herself, by electricity in the air—made it impossible for her to read. She followed the print before her without comprehension, while her ears strained for sound of Gordon's returning car.

At length the storm slackened. Overhead the clouds hung low, hurrying on premature twilight. Mist rose from the drenched, warm earth and gathered into hollows. She lingered a moment by the open window, drinking in the cool air, glanced at her wrist-watch, and then sought the south chamber, store-room for the Avery household, where she, as an old friend, was permitted to keep her trunk.

Returning, she met in the long hall her aunt wearing her thunderstorm expression—an air

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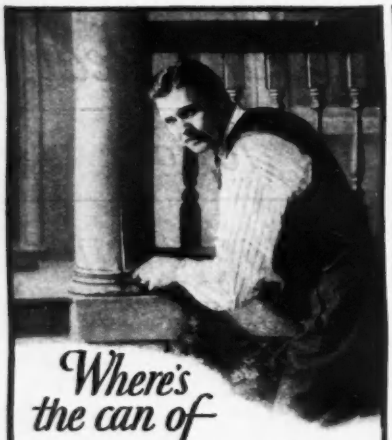

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Alibi

of uncomplaining martyrdom in the face of divine disregard. Miss Lucy stared dubiously at the burden her niece carried—riding breeches, boots, slicker, and sou'-wester.

"I'm fidgetty," the girl explained. "It's five o'clock now, and they should be back. I'm going to walk and meet them."

"In all this storm?" Miss Lucy disapproved hollowly.

"Just a drizzle," the girl corrected, "and exercise will do me good."

THE dirt road had been patted smooth by the palms of the rain. Gradually, as Cynthia tramped its untracked length through woodland resting from its recent fury, anxiety left her. She absorbed the evening's grave calm that was broken only by dripping of silent foliage and the occasional wet flutter of a bird. Between the trees blue shadow gathered; birch trunks were chalk strokes upon the dull vista ahead, and the air was aromatic with the smell of wet earth. Here, where the drops had hammered a clump of jewel weed, bright flecks of gold were strewn in the mud. She looked up from them and gasped.

It was Tower who plodded toward her, and yet for an instant, so soaked and draggled was he, she did not recognize him. His sandy head was dark and sleek with rain, and she could see the outline of his ribs through his plastered shirt. He hailed her with a jerky, uncertain gesture. Resentment at her unreasoning fright drove her to abrupt speech.

"You scared me," she accused.

Surveying his faintly haggard face, she suspected that she had startled him, too.

"Did I?" Behind his horn spectacles his eyes flickered with embarrassment. "I'm sorry."

"Johnny Tower," she exclaimed maternally, "you're wet as—as wet."

"Yes," he agreed with a grimace, pulling his clinging shirt away from his chest. "I was walking, and the storm caught me."

The silence grew awkward. He smiled bleakly.

"I was too jumpy, I found, to work. So I tried to tramp it off, and the rains descended and the floods came. You should see Cold River, brown as the Mississippi and roaring like a millrace."

Voice and manner were strained. Cynthia marked the hollows beneath sharp cheekbones and the shadows below his nervous eyes.

"You ride yourself cock-eyed, Johnny," she ventured. "It isn't good for any one to work all the time and sulk in the woods alone."

"Not alone," he corrected. "I have Deborah—or I have had. Her leg seems all right now, and I'm trying to persuade her to leave me. I haven't been alone. Deborah has been too much with me, late and soon."

"A porcupine isn't a substitute for normal human companionship," the girl insisted. "You're—"

"Substitute?" he echoed. "She's an improvement on the Outlook House inmates. Deborah is firm and frank. She goes after what she wants without inhibition and punctures those who thwart her. And she never gossips. She should be the ideal of spinsterhood."

A shudder ran through him, checking his forced lightness. "I'm cold," he complained. "Walk back with me."

Cynthia hesitated, then fell into step beside him while his speech groped toward apology.

"It isn't overwork. I lost my temper; that's the trouble. It always wrecks me to get mad. I suppose Providence has imposed penance for my brainstorm this morning by nearly drowning me this afternoon."

"Gordon and Mr. Mortimer were out in the storm, too," she told him.

"I know," he acknowledged. "Well, maybe instead of punishing me, Providence was trying to complete my praiseworthy attempt."

"Who told you they were out?" she found herself asking sharply.

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He seemed amused by the tenseness in her voice. "Gordon's car was parked by the covered bridge. Since it was empty, a strange sixth sense for deduction told me—"

"I was worried about them," she broke in on his forced bantering. "I'm a sap, I suppose, and yet—"

"I'd like to think," he said deliberately, "that Mortimer had broken his neck or drowned in Cold River. You needn't worry about Gordon. He always falls on his feet—fortune's fair-haired boy."

"Johnny," Cynthia said slowly, "you sound like a piker, do you realize that?"

"Certainly," the man admitted, trudging stolidly along. "I can afford to be. It's only the lust for profit—eventual victory or immediate praise—that makes a man a hypocritical good sport. When you're whipped, why pretend you like it?"

"I don't know what you're raving about," she retorted. "I know you've always been off Mortimer, but you've been uppish with Gordon, too, and you're not God's gift to a woman—even with me. What's all the hostility about? What has Gordon done? You used to be more like brothers than cousins."

"Brothers," he repeated. "When the prodigal is rewarded with, to be roughly accurate, three million, five hundred thousand dollars worth of fatted calf—and other things—you expect his brother or cousin to—well, cheer heartily?"

"You mean to say," she began incredulously, "that the money Mr. Seabrook left Gordon makes you—"

"I don't mean to say anything," he interrupted savagely. "Let it go. I'd rather not talk about it."

He gave a sharp gesture of dismissal. She gasped and cried,

"There's blood on your sleeve."

His exclamation was sharp, inarticulate, but it checked her. She halted, staring.

"Sorry," he said gruffly and, bending, scooped something from the road directly before her. In his cupped palm it lay, glowing and quaintly beautiful, a tiny lizard, the bright orange salamander of the New England hills.

"You almost stepped on him," he apologized and bore the little creature to the bank at the roadside. "There, old son, on your way and stay out of roads. Hear?"

The whimsicality of his voice dispelled irrational panic that had caught her at sight of the stained sleeve.

"How did you hurt yourself?" she asked.

"I didn't," Tower replied slowly. "Deborah reproved me. With her tail. It isn't gore, anyway. I pulled out the quills and daubed the place with mercuricrome, and the rain brought the stain through."

THE barns of the Outlook House loomed before them. The zenith was dusky gold from a cloud-masked sunset. Cynthia checked her stride and turned impulsively toward her companion.

"Johnny," she begged, "why be a crab with every one but lizards and porcupines and things? We can't help feeling you're off us, somehow."

His smile was crooked, and his voice faintly strident, as he asked, "Is that an editorial or the matrimonial 'we'?"

"What do you mean by that crack?" she demanded, bewildered, but he only shrugged.

"Good night," he said abruptly and turned into the dark gut of the wood-road that ran beneath dripping trees toward his lonely cabin.

The still air was heavy with the rank sweetness of kine. From the cow barn where Avery and his hired man were at work came the tinny cadence of milk streams smiting an empty pail, and Eli thrust forth his head as she passed.

"Hi, Cynthia," he hailed. "That Mortimer feller's on his way to Boston."

"Gordon's come back then?" she asked and was amazed at her sudden relief.

"Not yet," Eli reported. "Swanson 'n' I heard a plane over to the north 'bout five

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Alibi

minutes back. I mistrust the rain delayed 'em some."

He stared northward through the thickening dusk at the hills, truncated by low-hanging cloud.

"Gordon'll be back 'fore supper time," he predicted, "an' that other feller'll be in Boston 'fore we're through. We'll git more rain, Cynthia. Look how close them clouds stick. Heard the plane, but we couldn't see it. Flyin' above 'em, I mistrust."

Yet, when the supper bell rang, Gordon Ashley had not returned.

And thirty miles east and a half-mile high, the plane Eli had heard roared through the darkening air, its motor wide, its pilot slumped in the cockpit, one lifeless knee stilling the mutiny of the control stick.

Below was cloud pavement, broken by black hummocks that were the crests of hills; above, the loneliness of the marshaling stars. Through wide-deepening gloom the plane thundered, swinging, in obedience to the pressure of that knee, a great semi-circle beyond the sight of men.

The pilot's head, relaxed against the cockpit's rim, shook with the engine's fury, slipped, fell forward. The body shifted so that the control stick rattled free and the plane zoomed. Wide, demoniac wings soared through the darkness, flailed as, with shrieking motor, the craft dropped into a tailspin. It rolled, twisted, fell through the night, battering the body of the pilot against its enclosure—then all at once flattened out.

The propeller bit the air, and it drove forward in a long, shallow dive, down toward the embers of the sunset, down toward the crest of a hill, rising more darkly through the cloud floor. It grazed the ridge, and the murk absorbed it, muffling its tumult, deadening the rending crash that gave birth to silence.

CHAPTER III

IN THE living-room of the Outlook House the bridge games progressed more distressingly than usual, disorganized by the retirement of the dummies to the kitchen, where Cynthia, Eli, his wife, and Miss Lucy waited, comforting each other with determinedly optimistic surmise.

When feet clumped up the kitchen steps, the shrinking decorum of the living-room vanished entirely. Women of breeding and refinement stampeded through the dining-room and fought to peer, not at the missing Gordon, but at the mild face and mud-splashed form of Avery's hired man, who panted:

"Car's still there, Eli. Doors locked, too, so I can't turn on the lights. Hollered, but the river's so loud couldn't hear nothing."

Through the ensuing gabble of exclamation and inquiry Miss Lucy spoke firmly. "We are certainly," said she with precision, "not helping matters by cluttering up Mrs. Avery's kitchen," and led a chastened flock back to the living-room.

Swanson held red hands over the warmth of the stove. Cynthia rose abruptly and faced the slab-sided length of Avery, who lounged in his chair, dubiously scrubbing his lantern jaw.

"Well?" she asked. Her face was bright with impatience.

Mrs. Avery, a bowl of potatoes on her lap, bowed her head toward her generous bosom, thereby adding a temporary third chin to her profile and, peeling industriously, offered, "I never liked that Mortimer."

"He's gone to Boston," her husband retorted irritably. "We heard the plane. I told Gordon to be careful. A man can get lost awful easy in that Cold River country."

"Well, he left his city suit 'n' bag, then," retorted the woman. "They're still upstairs."

"Didn't have time to change. He's gone to Boston. We heard the plane," Eli asserted.

"What shall we do?" Cynthia persisted. "Talk about it some more?"

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Mrs. Avery's disparagement had set strange fears to prowling through her mind. Gordon Ashley was no longer merely a gay, haphazard lad with a gift for getting into and out of trouble. He was—or would be when Seabrook Ashley's will was probated—a millionaire. Wealth such as this was a hazard, a peril, and Mortimer— She shook the thought away with an impatient jerk of her dark head.

"We'll have to hunt for them, Eli," she said firmly.

Reluctantly Avery nodded. "I mistrust so," he said slowly. "Only Sven and me ain't many to comb that Cold River country."

"It's comin' on to rain again," Swanson demurred solemnly. "Dark, too."

Cynthia braced herself against their reluctance.

"There's John," she pointed out.

"Yeh," Eli conceded rising, "Guess I better send for the Constable, too. Phone's busted again, ding that storm anyway!"

"I'll go down to The Burrow," the girl asserted, "while you get Mr. Holloway."

RAIN slanted brightly across the beam of the electric torch she carried and swarmed against her face. The darkness gave way before her light, flowed in to either side, and followed her, sinister, absolute. The thought of Gordon lost somewhere in its depths was increasingly terrifying, and the gleam of The Burrow's lighted windows through the clustering tree boles held cheer and encouragement.

She stumbled over the gnawed edge of the porch and rapped.

After an instant's silence Tower's voice bade grudgingly, "Come in."

He stared at her with blank surprise, and she considered him in unwilling amusement. The long, low room, its ceiling borne on the shoulders of ancient, ax-hewn beams, was filled with masculine disorder—papers sprawling about the typewriter on a table by the window, wet trousers dangling from a nail and the drip therefrom spreading darkly on the unswept floor toward a rifle in the corner, carpet rumpled and kicked aside. A lamp on another table beside an overfilled ashtray revealed this dishevelment, and Tower, in trousers and singlet, a stove popping behind him, and before him a suds-filled, galvanized washtub.

Under her smile his surprise turned slowly into embarrassment. He explained gruffly, while suspicion hovered over his speech, that he was doing his washing now because it was difficult to write by lamplight and, furthermore, because he was free—temporarily at least—from Deborah.

"Since her leg got better," he went on rapidly, "I've had to keep her in the tub. It's inconvenient, having a porcupine around the house. You never know where you'll run across her."

"She ran away?" Cynthia asked.

He considered her, standing straight and imperious, her wet slicker shining in the lamplight, and grinned.

"Practically," he reported. "An hour ago her boy friend climbed a tree out there and wailed for her. A hellish sound. Porcupines in love are almost as unbearable as we are. But Deborah found it thrilling. In her transports she tipped the tub over. So I pushed her out with a broom. The cosmic urge, *die ewige weiblichkeit*, all for love and the tub well lost, and that sort of tripe."

He paused and squinted across the lamp at her.

"Won't you—sit down?" he mocked.

"No," she replied slowly. "I—we need help."

"Oh—go on," he invited, and she told him briefly of Gordon's continued absence, the possibility that he or he and Mortimer together had been hurt or lost, and of the search party planned.

His hands rested on the edge of the tub while she spoke, fingers dabbling in the suds. When she paused, he asked,

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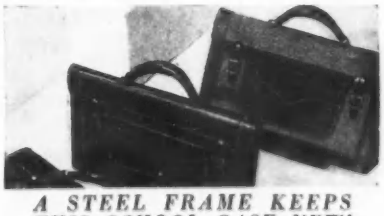

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Alibi

"I did."

"No, thanks," he answered dryly, and when she stared disbelief, continued: "If Mortimer's lost, that's one swine missing. He can stay lost with my entire indorsement. As for Gordon, I've pulled him out of enough messes. I'm not making a profession of it. He's got nearly four million dollars to get him out of trouble now. That ought to be enough."

The white scorn on her face seemed to confuse him. He swallowed audibly, and his voice was calmer and kinder.

"Let that go," he bade. "It's black as Erebus and raining again. Do you imagine any two men or four men or twenty-four men could find anything in that crooked Cold River region tonight? It's silly, Cynthia. They couldn't keep from losing themselves."

Twin spots of color burned on her cheekbones, and her voice was dangerously level. "Thank you," she said. "You read easily, Johnny."

"I mean to," he agreed quickly.

"I've thought," she pursued, "your crabbing was just a pose. I get you now. Some people can't stand their own prosperity. Others, much lower, can't stand the prosperity of their friends."

His sardonic smile brought flame to her eyes and an edge to her speech. "You're jealous," she charged, "like a mean little boy, because Gordon has what you haven't."

"Bitterly," he acknowledged.

"And justly has," she emphasized. "You're jealous of your cousin's cash."

"No," he denied in a trembling voice. "Not of his—cash."

"Don't add lying to your other cheerful gifts," she begged disdainfully.

"May I take you back to the hotel, Cynthia?" he asked with a maddening obliviousness.

"No," she cried, wheeled and left, slamming the portal behind her.

SHE entered the kitchen by the rear door and shook the wet from her slicker. Mrs. Avery had vanished, and her chair was occupied by a plump, barrel-chested little man whose black eyes glittered with a discordant sophistication in a childish, rubicund face.

"John comin'?" Avery drawled.

"No," she managed through an aching throat. "He says—nobody could find anything in the Cold River country on a night like this."

"Ha," Swanson exclaimed and slapped his thigh.

Avery solemnly nodded agreement. "Just what we was sayin'," he acclaimed. "It ain't any use tonight, Cynthia. John's head always was set where it should be. We'll wait till morning then, Homer."

Constable Holloway beamed. "Come daylight an' he ain't back," he suggested rising, "I'll be over 'n' we'll hunt him."

"I'm going, too," the girl said. "You rap on my door, Eli."

"Certain," Avery agreed, drooping his far eyelid at Holloway.

Despite the murmur of rain on the roof and the steadily uneven drumming of water from the eaves, sleep came reluctantly to Cynthia Kent. She heard the rest of the house slowly relapse into silence and saw the lantern Eli carried on his final visit to the barns wheel yellow light across the ceiling. Long thereafter she lay, nerves and muscles strung tight against slumber.

Worry over Gordon disturbed her, but that was not all. She had known him too long not to believe that eventually he could find his way out of any predicament. Her quarrel with Tower troubled her, too. Something, she felt, had dropped out of her life. The person she had known since her little-girlhood had gone. What had changed him? Gordon's fortune? Had it blighted the spirit of John Tower, who all his life had affected to scoff at wealth? There was a rather frightening quality about him now, fleering, satanic. Strange

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that she should have been so startled by a red stain on his sleeve. Strange that Tower after dark should be washing clothes in his cabin.

The thought was so terrific that she gasped aloud and felt perspiration tingle on her body. Then she giggled at the fantastic length to which her wakeful mind had driven her. Intuition?

Indigestion, she corrected firmly, and having found herself ridiculous, relaxed and presently slept, so deeply that she did not hear Eli blunder about below her in the gray light of dawn. The rattle of Holloway's car did not rouse her, nor the clumping footsteps and muttered voices of the constable, Avery, and Swanson, as they went toward Cold River down the hill that Gordon so gaily had tramped the afternoon before.

Soft rapping on her door roused her, and the voice that answered her sleepy question brought her fully awake and out of bed. Bathrobe-swathed, she opened the portal.

The rain had ceased, but the clouds that smothered the sunrise strained all color from the light. In its gray chill the chill, gray face of Gordon Ashley looked down into hers. There was a streak of mud across one cheek and a bramble slash on the other. His eyes were glassy with exhaustion. Twigs and mud and fir needles were in his clotted hair.

He raised a cautioning hand against her exclamation, and drops from his sodden jacket sleeve spattered on the floor.

"Pipe down," he warned through chattering teeth. "I just wanted you to know I was home."

So sudden and enormous was her relief that she had to choke back her laugh. "You look," she whispered, "as though you'd just brought the good news to Aix. Where have you been, for Pete's sake?"

"On every hill in New England," he smiled wanly. "I've been lost."

"I shouldn't say," she retorted, "that you appeared much worth finding, but we were going to form a posse this morning."

"Yes?" he asked with tired indifference. "I'm going to bed before the exclamatory females wake up."

"Food," she suggested, but he shook his head.

"I ate over on the Trail," he mumbled. "I'm just about all in, Cynthia."

Weariness shook his voice, but he managed a grin, and there was rueful amusement in his eyes as he tiptoed upstairs to his third-floor room. She sent an urgent whisper after him,

"Where is Mr. Mortimer?"

Gordon paused at the head of the staircase. "I don't know. I never saw him," he said, hesitated and disappeared.

BESIDE the moss-covered pier of an ancient, vanished bridge, Avery, Swanson, and the constable paused irresolute and panting. A brook poured its brown cataract into the tumult of a larger stream, its clashing voice distinct above a deeper roar and upon the dark, wet slope of the further hill, cloud ravelings stuck like wet cotton.

Soaked to the armpits by their flounderings through underbrush, the trio stared at Cold River, normally a mild, green flow that picked its way about pale, water-smoothed boulders. Foam streamers tossed by the turgid current now marked the position of the largest stones. The river ran, full and dark, from bank to bank and clutched at the foliage beyond.

Holloway mopped his face with a soaked bandanna and, his tart, black gaze on the unbridled flood, said nasally, "Sweet sufferin' spirits, I don't know whether to sweat or have a chill." He moved uneasily in his drenched trousers.

Avery grunted, "We'll have to cross her."

"Can't be no wetter'n' we be," the Constable agreed. "Better hold onto each other though, or we'll go for a ride. Le's have your paw, Swede."

Hand in hand, they invaded the river, toppling, balancing their way across with immense awkward caution. On the farther side

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September 1929 Good Housekeeping

Alibi

Holloway clutched a sapling and pulled the others ashore.

"Whew," he gasped. "If that Gordon got caught in that, he ain't in these parts. He's rollin' past Shelburne Falls by now."

The hired man said sulkily, shaking water from his legs with aimless kicks: "Wild-goose chase, that's what this is. Nobody's gonna hear us holler agin that racket, an' we couldn't hear him answer."

Avery nodded partial agreement, but the energy perpetually goading his gaunt frame drove him to say: "He may be lyin' hurt somewheres. We'll follow the river far's the covered bridge anyway."

Strung out along the hillside, they pushed forward, keeping contact by whoopings barely audible above the roar of the river, and paused at last, dripping and breathless, in a clearing precisely set with spruce seedlings—pasture of one of the hundred abandoned farms purchased by the state as forest reserve.

Holloway blew on his numb hands, and his pink, infantile face was puckered with exasperation. "Wish," he complained, "I'd et more breakfast, or else brung along a lunch. Sweet, sufferin'—"

Avery, tautly intent, was peering at the mist-blurred slope of the mountain ahead. A splintered tree-top was a pale blot upon the gloom, and beneath it something white and rectangular gleamed. He pointed it out.

"Lightnin' bolt," Swanson grumbled.

"Lightnin' don't usually nail up signboards," Eli commented. "We'll go look, Sven. Homer, you work ahead along the flat, an' we'll catch up to you at the bridge."

THEY climbed interminably through the wet hush of the ranked trees. The noise of Holloway's progress dwindled and was drowned in the turmoil of the river which itself presently faded into an undertone, emphasizing the silence. Their feet struck no sound from the sodden forest loam. Invading mist made their progress dreamlike, ominous. Silently they passed through blurred vistas among the basalt columns of wet tree trunks. Neither man was aware of how the unearthly, expectant hush dragged upon his nerves until before them a partridge rose with the sound of soft thunder, and Swanson yelped.

He grinned uncertainly at Avery's over-wrathful comment. They paused, breathing hard, and the hired man grumbled that they had come too far.

"'Tain't nothin' probably, anyway," he urged, but Eli's eyes were searching the funereal gloom ahead. His trembling forefinger pointed to a gap in the foliage.

"There 'tis," he jerked. "Nothin', eh? Airplane tail stickin' up amongst them trees. Feller's crashed. C'mon."

Beside a great beech, its gray bole piebald with rain, they paused, speechless. Before them, against a torn fir tree, slanted the shattered, inappropriate bulk of the plane, its splintered nose thrust into the troubled soil, its tail across a bending limb. One vast wing rose in air, punctured by a half-dozen branches; the other was crumpled beneath it.

They stared at the gashed belly of the craft and its twisted landing gear. On tiptoe, as though approaching a wounded sentient thing, Avery stole forward and parted the tangled mass of foliage against which the plane rested.

From far below came the eerily faint sound of Holloway's hail. Avery strove to reply, croaked, and snarled at Swanson,

"Holler."

The Swede's yelp ran muffled through the soaked forest. The constable's voice replied, nearer, frantic, still unintelligible.

"Again," Eli ordered, but Swanson shook his head, eyeballs rolling.

"He's comin'," he babbled. "What's there? Him?"

"No," Eli replied in a tight voice. "Not him!"

He heard Holloway stumbling up the slope.

Alibi

The constable came into view, ridiculous in his haste, wheezing, his round, usually ruddy face livid.

"There's—there's a dead man here," Avery called, canting his head toward the wreck.

Holloway sobbed for breath, gesticulated crazily toward the foggy silence that the dulled voice of the river troubled.

"There's another—down there," he panted.

(*To be continued*)

Four Ride Through the Rain

(*Continued from page 89*)

Just—horrid! What," her voice was childishly shrill, "what do you know about *love*? To—to act this way!"

They had left the bright, gallant part of the avenue. They had gone through the shopping district, past the great houses that spoke so stridently of wealth. They were coming to the place where the fringes of prosperity lay against the hem of shabbiness. But neither Berta, nor the boy beside her, was noticing. The whole world for them was bounded by the four walls of a taxicab. It was such a breathless, heated, worried young world!

"You," Dave was stammering, "you haven't any right to tell me that I—"

"And you," Berta interrupted, "haven't any right—"

And then suddenly the two of them were thrown forward with a jerk that was sickening. Thrown forward so abruptly that they clutched at each other with the instinctive grasp of small, startled children. So abruptly that they didn't realize, for a moment, that the taxi had stopped—that there had been a thin, desperate scream. It wasn't until the white-faced chauffeur dragged open the front window that they were conscious of tragedy. It wasn't until he spoke. For—

"Honest to Gawd," groaned the taxi driver, "I didn't *touch* her! She slipped in front o' th' cab. I never even touched her coat, let alone—"

He didn't finish. He was climbing down into the street. So, for that matter, was Dave. So was Berta. The three of them hurried around to the front of the taxi (and the pavement was slippery, no wonder she'd fallen!) to the place where the woman lay.

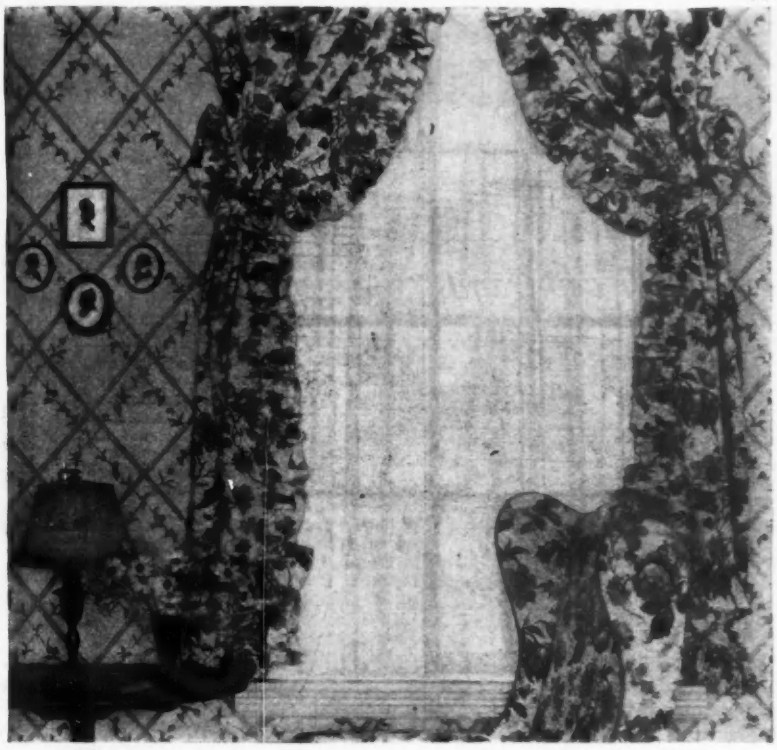
SHE looked like nothing but a crumpled heap of rusty black garments, lying there under the gray blanket of the rain. Even with the lights of the cab shining full upon her small body, one hardly felt that it *was* a body. It was so small, so limp, so frail! Only the broken paper bag beside her made the moment real and poignant. The broken bag from which had spilled such a piteous half-loaf of bread, and two potatoes, and two apples. Though the men hurried, it was Berta who reached her first—before even the police officer from the corner could get there. Before the crowd from the pavements had closed in. It was Berta who sank down in the street, careless of what the puddles might do to a printed silk frock, and lifted a tired head into her lap. A weary, white head from which a shabby bonnet was falling.

"She's so old," breathed Berta. "Such an old lady! I wonder—"

But the old woman, herself, answered the half-spoken, half-thought question, by opening faded, blue eyes and speaking.

"I've got," said the old lady, "to get home. He's waiting, you see . . . I've got to get home. To *him*."

Dave also was kneeling in the street beside Berta. The rain had plastered a streak of hair across his forehead. The rain dripped from his chin. *To Berta he was beautiful.* The taxi driver was twisting his hat in his hand. The crowd was muttering, and motor horns, all about, were blaring angrily at the thought of a traffic block.



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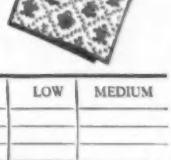

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Asparagus

Four Ride Through the Rain

The policeman arrived, panting. "Knocking down an old woman," he began, "you big—"

But before the taxi driver could speak, the old woman, herself, came to his defense.

"It wasn't," she said weakly, "his fault. I was crossing—where I shouldn't. I should've gone to the corner. But I was in such a hurry . . ." She paused, fighting for composure. "I slipped," she said at last, confirming the driver's word—"I fell in front of the cab. He stopped—short. He never even—" her head drooped back against Berta, "touched me."

Uncertainly the policeman looked from one to the other. From the huddled heap that was the woman to the belligerent, shaking hulk that was the driver. The crowd swayed back a little—after all, a man who has committed no offense can be neither arrested nor mobbed!

It was Dave who settled the matter.

"Give me a hand with her," he said to the taxi driver. "We'll lift her into the cab and take her home. Get in first, Berta—" neither of them was conscious of the fact that he had not called her "Miss Robinson"—"so that you can steady her. Here—" to the policeman, "is my card. If anything comes up, you can reach me at this address."

In the manner of one who knows relief—on a wet night your sane policeman avoids trouble and the writing of either slip or summons—the officer stepped back. While Berta, climbing into the cab, held out her arms to receive the shabby, small figure that the two men hoisted in beside her. And then Dave was back in the taxi—and the driver was again on his seat.

Somewhere a whistle sounded, and the traffic was once more in motion.

THE address that the old woman whispered, after a moment, was such a mean one! And yet it was only seven blocks from an avenue that swung, like a sparkling necklace, down the length of a city! Berta, holding the small figure against her shoulder, smoothing back the tumbled white hair, was sharply conscious of the meanness. Just as she was conscious of the utter poverty of the woman's rusty dress and broken shoes.

"There, there," she soothed, "don't worry. Just rest. Just," she smiled, across the white head, to Dave, "just relax. We'll see that you're all right. Don't," for suddenly the thin little body was shaking, "don't hold back the tears. It'll be much better if you cry. Don't—"

But, as if the touch of Berta's hand had released a hidden spring, the woman was speaking.

"I don't *dare* to cry," the woman's thin, broken voice said shakily. "He mustn't know, you see! He'd know if I let myself—cry. I mightn't be able to stop. I might not," the shaking increased, "I might not be able to get over crying—if I once let myself start. Then he'd *know!*"

Wisely, very wisely, Berta asked a question. Knowing that the old woman wanted to talk. That she must talk!

"He?" she questioned. "Who—"

The old woman, with an effort almost heartbreaking, tried to control the quivering of her body. "My husband," she said. "That's who I mean. Why, if he knew how close I come to—it . . ." She paused, panting—"If he knew, it'd kill him. He couldn't go on, you see—not without me. I was bringing in—our supper. Oh," with realization came the tears—the tears that could no longer be denied, "oh, where's my parcel? It was—our supper. *His* supper."

The parcel. A broken bag that had contained a half-loaf of bread, two apples, and two potatoes! Swiftly Dave leaned forward, was tapping on the window.

"Stop," he called to the driver, "at the next food store you come to."

To the old woman he was gentle.

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just wet *the* pad *and* rub

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ON YOUR grocer's shelves there's a delightful treat awaiting you: plump, tender chicken, carefully selected* and perfectly cooked, ready for use without the expense and endless bother of preparing a whole fowl. These fine, flaky pieces of prime chicken are cooked in shining nickel kettles and packed in the bright sunlit kitchens of Richardson & Robbins. A peep in your favorite cook book will suggest a dozen different recipes to use it, delicious ways of answering the oldest question in all housekeeping: "What shall we have to eat?"

Here's one suggestion, a dinner with this toothsome chicken a la king as the *piece de resistance:*

CHICKEN A LA KING

4 tablespoonfuls Butter	1 pint Milk
4 tablespoons Flour	1 blade of Mace

1 small tin R. & R. Boned Chicken
¼ cup shredded Pimento
(a sweet red pepper, canned)
Salt and Paprika to taste

Cook the butter and flour in a saucepan for two minutes. Add the milk and mace, and stir until you have a smooth, creamy sauce. Stir into this the chicken, cut in small pieces, and heat thoroughly. Remove the mace and add the seasoning. Place the shredded pimento over the top and serve in a covered dish. Serves six. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

******Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.*

Richardson & Robbins

Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.

"Never you mind!" he told her. "We'll get some more supper for him. For both of you."

But the old woman was right. Once she had started crying, she couldn't seem to stop.

"I haven't any more money," she sobbed pitifully. "I haven't—"

But Berta's arms were holding her suddenly tighter, and Berta's smoothing hand upon the white hair was all at once more firm.

"There, dear," said Berta, "don't trouble about that! We'll see that everything is all right. We'll," her voice held the crooning mother sound that is latent in every woman's voice, no matter how young she is, "we'll see that everything's lovely!"

She didn't tell the broken old soul in her arms to stop crying. Perhaps she knew that the sobs would die away while the cab waited in front of a delicatessen store and Dave went inside. It was only after he had come back, a huge bundle in his arms, that she spoke again.

"Everything will be all right!" she repeated then. "You'll be home in a minute, with *him!*"

But, though the old woman had gained control of her crying by the time they drew up in front of the tenement, everything wasn't all right—quite. For the two men had to carry her gently up the four flights of rickety stairs, while Berta followed with the bag of food.

"Not that anything's hurt about me," the old woman said bravely, "only I'm sort of shaky."

Yet, when they reached the landing at the top of the fourth flight of stairs (it was the top flight, too), she made them set her down. And while they stood, waiting, she settled her shabby bonnet upon her head and smoothed her sodden, wrinkled skirt. She was not even limping, as she pushed open the door and led the way into a bare little, clean little room—a room lit by the merest flicker from a gas jet. And as she entered that room, her voice called out. Called out so brightly that Berta fought to keep back a swift flood of tears.

"Here I am, Father," she called. "It was raining hard, so some friends brought me home. I'm sorry—" Oh, she had said he mustn't know of the accident! "I'm sorry I was late!"

From an armchair in the corner—such a dilapidated armchair!—rose a man. Older, if possible, than the woman. More white of hair, more fragile. With both hands stretched out before him, he came through the flickering light toward the sound of that bright voice.

"Dearest, dearest," he said. Just that! Then, after a moment, "I was beginning to worry about what had happened to my girl."

Slowly, haltingly, he came across the room. His old face crumpled up into a smile, his hands feeling the air in front of him—his eyes focused beyond the little group in the doorway. It was the movement of those hands, the far look in the eyes, that made Berta lean suddenly back against Dave; that made her fingers search wildly for his fingers.

"He couldn't go on, not without me—" so the old woman had said. "He mustn't guess that anything's happened. He'll *know*" (not, "he'll see") "that I've been crying!"

All at once Berta, remembering the unnecessary preening, there on the fourth floor landing—remembering the little business of a hat being straightened, a garment smoothed, choked back an exclamation of real pain. For the old man, coming toward them, was blind . . .

THEY were back again in the taxi, after the food had been unpacked (such reckless food—roast chicken and cream and salads, and tins of coffee and pounds of butter!), and a bill had been pressed into a wrinkled hand. After a woman from across the fourth landing had been called in to take overnight charge, a woman who had told them the sorry story of an aged couple, stranded and penniless and alone. They were back in the taxi. Shut in together, with the rain beating its ceaseless tattoo against the cab windows. Only somehow that tattoo had taken on the sound of friendly, tapping fingers!

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Mail the coupon below today for your FREE copy of our big new Book, "Pleasant Pages". It shows 157 beautiful designs for 1929 Christmas Cards and Folders and brings you all of the facts about the opportunity which meant extra dollars to Marie Merilla, Isabelle Walls and thousands of others. You need this Book. It will show you, too, how to make big money in your spare time—right in your own home.

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"Last year I received my first cards. After following your detailed instructions I was delighted with my first attempt. Now I sell through Drug Stores and Art Shops. I give this delightful work only spare time, but I take in over $1000.00 a year!" Isabelle Walls, Belbe, Wisconsin.

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To save time and get started right away send $1.00 for Trial Box containing a generous assortment of Christmas Cards (that should sell for $3.00 to $4.00 when colored). Paints, Brush, sample Card already Colored and complete instructions. This is all you need to start. Mail the Coupon today—right NOW.

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☐ Send me your FREE Book, "Pleasant Pages", showing 157 Christmas Card designs and fully explaining method.
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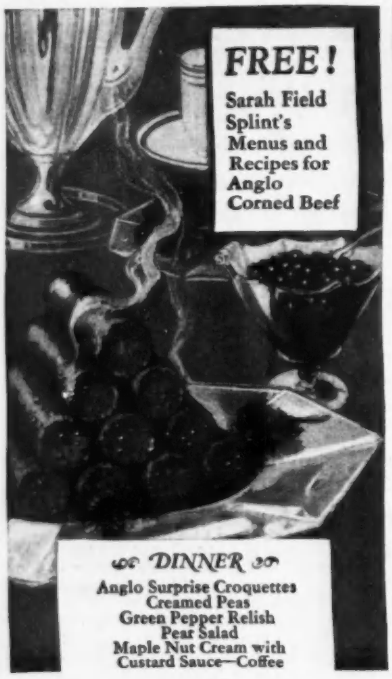

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Four Ride Through the Rain

They were back again in the cab. The gay, maroon-colored cab. And with something of an effort Dave was speaking. With an assumption of lightness that neither he, nor Berta, felt!

"Dad," he said, "has a place in the country. Tomorrow I'll see that they're taken up to it—the two of them. I'll see about it the first thing in the morning. And now," he laughed shakily, "what's your address? So that I can take you home at last."

Berta gave a street number. Her voice faltered over the giving of that number. The wall between them had been down—and now, impassively high, it was building up again. In desperation she spoke.

"Dave," she said (and neither of them realized that it had always been "Mr. Blackwell" before), "I want to apologize to you. For what I told you—"

With a weary gesture the man was brushing his hand across his forehead. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps, after all, you were right. Seeing them, back there, has made me wonder whether either of us knows anything—about love! And yet," suddenly his voice was vehement again, "I'd like to know one thing! Tell me this! Why wouldn't you go to lunch with me? Tell me."

Berta's gesture of withdrawal was also weary. She seemed to shrink back into her place. "I'd just heard of your engagement," she said simply. "Miss Potter had just told me. That was why—"

But David Blackwell was leaning forward. "*Miss Potter?*" he questioned. And then—"But I'm not engaged! It must have been—" All at once his mirth was filling the cab. "I get it now," he chuckled. "She came into dad's room—Miss Potter. On a morning when dad was just finishing one of his long tirades. Saying that when I was married, he'd maybe give me a partnership. She missed the first half of what he said—he'd been telling me that it was time I settled down, that I ought to find the right girl pretty soon. Of course, he should have phrased it, '*if* I got married.' The 'when' threw the Potter woman off, I guess. Why, you little—"

All at once Dave's arms were around Berta. All at once he was kissing her!

"I've wanted to do this," he told her fiercely, "ever since I first saw you . . . Oh, I don't know a darned thing about love! But, *darling*—" the desperate note was again in his voice, "you'll teach me, won't you? So that perhaps when we're old, we'll be—" they were back again, swiftly, in the dimly-lighted, shabby room, "like them—"

A MAROON-COLORED taxicab drew up in front of a brownstone house. The sort of brownstone house that could be only a boarding place for business girls. It drew up and stood for a while. And then the chauffeur tapped meaningly upon the window.

"You're here!" he said, and grinned as he watched a bedraggled young man help an even more bedraggled girl to alight.

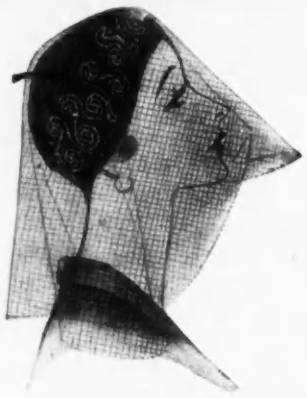
The young man grinned in answer and reached toward the pocket in which he kept his bill fold.

"What's the damage?" he asked, and his voice sang anthems as he spoke.

The grin died away from the chauffeur's face. He surveyed the meter ruefully. He meditated for the space of a moment. And then he spoke.

"Say, buddy," he said, "the damage—it's fierce! And those old folks were swell. And I like your girl, too. Say—" it was the chauffeur's moment—"let's go fifty-fifty on this. You just gimme half what the meter says . . ."

"The best boy story since Tom Sawyer," people are calling it— Earle Looker's true chronicle of "The White House Gang." It began in August and will continue until December—a feature no reader should miss.



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Bought singly at 50 cents a copy, these eight issues would cost you $4. If you use the coupon below you can get them for $2, only 25 cents a month. Here are the fascinating issues which this unusual offer brings you.

September	*January*
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HARPER'S BAZAR presents the best models of the great French dressmakers, individual, alluring. Hats, furs, jewels, clever accessories. Distinctive costumes from the New York shops. Shrewd fashion forecasts. Baron de Meyer's photographs. Exquisite illustrations.

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Crisp delicious POST Toasties wakes up new energy *quickly*

For work or play, it's the *Wake-up Food*

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The White House Gang

(*Continued from page 29*)

historical and patriotic bit of propaganda, to the effect that "George Washington was the Father of his Country, and *might easily have been the inventor of ice-cream. . . .*" This statement, asserted with the utmost gravity, was seriously considered by many, and led to the purchase of ice-cream as an expression of high-minded patriotism.

Q then went into a great silence, selecting the winning numbers and manfully resisting all attempts to influence his decisions.

After three days of record sales, and the consumption of a satisfactory amount of ice-cream, we were thoroughly disgusted by Murch putting a stop to our traffic, on the ground that he regarded it as a lottery and therefore was opposed to it.

Q protested to him personally, saying in part:

"You're boss as far as the curb, but not one inch over it. Absolutely not! We grant you the sidewalk, but certainly not the street, where the ice-cream is. I shall ask Major Sylvester about it." (Richard Sylvester was the Superintendent of Police of the District of Columbia.)

Murch, however, was adamant.

"Darned unfair!" Q said angrily. "Something *ought to be done about you, really!*"

It may have been about this time that Mrs. Roosevelt suddenly arrived at the school in the White House carriage. Following the President's unexpected visit, this was a notable incident for our neighborhood, or for aristocratic Massachusetts Avenue, for that matter, as the reins were handled by the first coachman. Presently Mrs. Roosevelt was met by Mr. Murch, who hurried back for his hat and, departing with her, engaged in earnest conversation as they rode through the streets of Washington.

We were sure that some matter of discipline was involved; we hoped desperately, too, that something "was being done" about Murch. But knowing Q to be no tattle-tale; knowing, also, that it was utterly outside his code to complain to his mother or father, however sharp his disagreement with school authority, or bitter his anger against the Principal, we were afraid the real subject of the conversation was the disciplining of Q.

Such it undoubtedly was; for soon afterward Q remarked with no apparent cause: "I know it's right that I should be treated like everybody else. I want that. But what's the matter with me? I *am* like everybody else. But why do people have to keep telling me I *should* be? If Murch keeps it up, he'll make me *different*, and then he'll be sorry."

CHAPTER V

QUENTIN understood vaguely, as did the rest of us, that there *were* various mystifying problems that were his because he lived in the White House, and that were not ours—because we did not. Without being able to compile a clear statement concerning any one of them, we puzzled considerably over Quentin, ourselves, and this problem; and we all profited, for the beginnings of logical thought were thus induced.

Q interrogated himself, as he had done about being "different," as TR himself might well have done at Q's age, had he possessed Q's splendid mental and physical vigor—which, we know, the President had to achieve slowly, painfully, by struggle. There was no doubt but that Q inherited great possessions. Then, his home environment—no family understood each other better—produced in Q, a little later, a startlingly clear point of view for one his age.

As he grew older, and we with him, his gift of penetrative acumen was enlarged. It was never unkind, never mean; always it was quick, spontaneous—sometimes totally elusive to written words, and that simply because, like as not, it might bubble up in an after-chuckle in

YOU WILL LIKE

Almond

FLAVOR

OUR Born Cook uses it to suggest nut flavor in many new and original ways. In apple jelly — a scant teaspoonful to a quart of apple juice makes your jelly taste quite individual. Or when you are canning peaches, try quarter of a teaspoonful of Almond Extract instead of a peach pit for unusual flavor.

But remember in cooking, a little Almond Extract goes a long way.

BLANC MANGE

3 cups scalded milk
½ cup of sugar
6 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 teaspoonful Burnett's Vanilla or
½ teaspoonful Burnett's Almond

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt, and add beaten eggs. Add to the scalded milk slowly, stirring constantly. Stir until smooth, then cover and cook 45 minutes in a double boiler. Stir occasionally. Remove from fire, add vanilla or almond extract and pour into moulds previously wet with cold water. Serve cold with stewed or fresh fruit, custard sauce or cream. Recipe serves six.

Ask The BORN COOK

Some of you who have written to the Born Cook for help on flavoring problems complain of the bitter taste you notice in using Almond Extract.

The reason for that, she says, is that you are using *too much*. Half a teaspoonful of Almond is equal in flavoring strength to *one teaspoonful* of Vanilla in puddings or to *two* in cakes. That's a good rule of thumb. The safest way to be sure of best flavor is to use the exact tested amount of flavor as given for each recipe in "Doubly Delicious Desserts of a Born Cook." Send 10c for your copy to Joseph Burnett Company, 9 D Street, Boston, Mass.

Name.....

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BURNETT'S ALMOND Extract *

In using advertisements see page 6

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A dream . . . yet more than a dream, if you intimately know Krank's Beauty Preparations—each so precisely suited to its need and so exquisitely different that it was decided to introduce these products personally to the women of America. Krank's Beauty Teachers have spread the popularity of these products to hundreds of thousands of homes. Today, they may be obtained wherever quality beauty preparations are sold. Mail the coupon with 10¢ for a trial jar of KRANK'S Lemon Cleansing Cream and booklet.

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KRANK'S LEMON CLEANSING CREAM—the original lemon cream. Cleanses your skin thoroughly.

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Enclosed is 10¢ for a trial jar of KRANK'S LEMON CLEANSING CREAM and your book "Beauty and Health."

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The White House Gang

relation to something he considered deliciously serious.

Even in 1905, when Q was only eight years old, TR wrote in a letter to Kermit:

"—The other day a reporter asked Quentin something about me; to which that affable and canny young gentleman responded, 'Yes, I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life.' "

School, indeed, under these circumstances, might have been considered almost as an outside activity of Quentin's—one quite apart from his acquisition of real education. For this education was of the spirit, where deep-down convictions were discovered and cultivated. The two great and complementary personalities of his mother and father gave Q suggestions which were at once powerful and gentle. Even the Gang was quickened by them—through Q. The best stimulation comes from concrete, consistent, easily observable example; neither TR nor Mrs. Roosevelt was ever negative. Q possessed physical courage and a clear recognition of the rights of others; both these qualities were traits of his parents. Quentin was a good loser, and no matter how fizzy with sodas—a small boy's stomach largely governs his temper—he was a generous winner.

Q would not have been a human boy—he was entirely that—had he possessed many other virtues, or had he been immune to moments of abstraction when he seemed to gaze vacantly into space. There was, however, this difference—he kept to himself at such times, as though he did not wish to take part in affairs unless he were able to make the fullest sort of contribution. This may have been why he painted, in white, uneven characters, upon the door of his room at Sagamore Hill the warning legend, "DOOR LOCKED." It remains there to this day, treasured as one of the mementos of his naïveté.

On top of all this Q's reading was beginning to be as omnivorous as TR's. He digested much, from what he said about it, and it got into his blood. Words, phrases, uncanny bits of knowledge about places and things, and attitudes of mind resulted.

But when he reached the fifth grade, Q put his tongue in his cheek and struggled manfully with the necessity of doing something about his spelling. From some of his ingenuous schoolpapers, shown by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt to the Gang Chronicler, it may be gathered that his oral vocabulary, like that of all small boys, had raced far ahead of his slow, painfully-scrawled caligraphy:

White House,
Washington, D. C.,
May 16, 1907.

"Mr C P Taft:
roof rooves hoof hooves solar lunar stellar nectar Lunar means anything related to the *moon* Recite your lessons promptly, distinctly, and slowly. Donkeys. attorneys

Cordially yours
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT"

THIS "donkeys-attorneys" term was partly prophetic, although possibly intended as a gibe, at the time. Charles P. Taft, 2nd, has become an extremely able lawyer, following well—in personal and professional distinction—the footsteps of his father, Ex-President William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thinking back to the Force School days, and knowing Charlie's steadiness of purpose, one sees that it is quite possible, even then, he may have decided upon his career. Certainly he displayed more concentration than any of his companions.

For the rest of us, study was hard, but experience easy; for example, there was a man not regularly on the school payroll, who sometimes appeared as an extra hand to help the janitor with the furnace work. He, of all men, certainly was not nameless; indeed, there were no names which had ever been heard or invented by boys which were not applied to him,

New Personal Belt

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Beltx

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Check Colors Desired ☐ *Orchid* ☐ *Peach* ☐ *Flesh*

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and he deserved them all. I have forgotten his real name. He must have been born an old man with a broom in his hand; he *never could* have been a boy. Q, in common with the rest of us, hated him—hated him so thoroughly, so vehemently, as to be sorry for him.

"He's a mummy," he would say, "with an Adam's apple untanned."

This may seem incomprehensible, still it was a complete description; to which I can add nothing except to say that he wore a greasy cap.

Swathed in blue overalls, the mummy would come up from the regions of the boiler-room, and croak, pointing accusing fingers at any boy he noticed, blaming him on principle, not from knowledge, for crimes committed or contemplated. Simply described, the mummy exemplified the conflict between careless youth and crabbed age—and he knew it. If, for example, he found a piece of chocolate wrapping, a cracker box, or an uneaten sandwich lying around, he would reach his ghastly, bony arm for the nearest boy and shake him until his bones rattled.

ONE such incident Q saw. "Stop that!" he shouted. "You! You should be *smashed* for that!"

The mummy loosed the boy, who scurried away, and reached out a clutching hand for Quentin. Q slapped him resoundingly across the mouth.

For a moment the mummy was too stunned to act. Then he swung his broom, like a scythe, at Q's legs.

Q caught it, pulled desperately, and secured possession. Instead of attacking him with it, as many another boy would have done, Q flung the broom away from him.

"That wasn't fair, either!" he reprimanded.

The pair stood regarding each other for a moment in the semi-darkness of the boys' playroom in the basement. Then Quentin forced the issue.

"Say you're ashamed of yourself!" he commanded.

The mummy responded by making another pass at Q. Quentin dived at his legs.

At this juncture, the Gang launched a determined attack upon the mummy from three other points of attack . . . Eventually, we all broke away.

"Such people," said Q, dusting himself and still livid with anger, "such people have no business—"

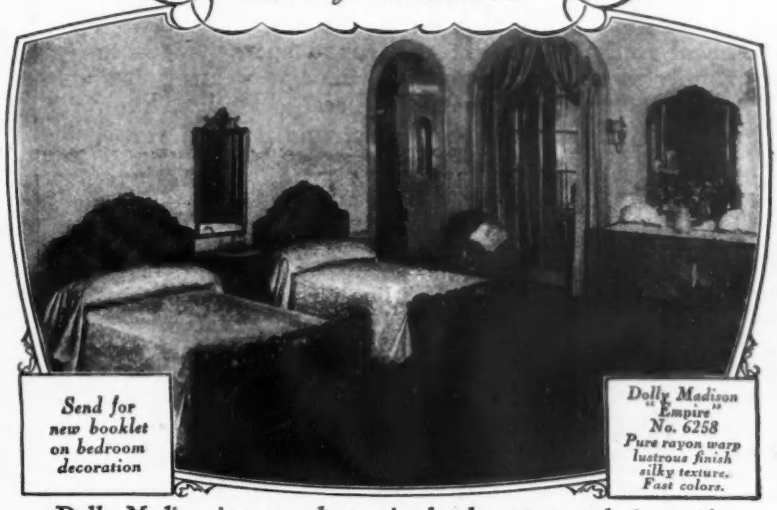
He let it go at that, and his expression changed to one of hopefulness. "Don't you see what we've done?" he said, chuckling. "We've smashed him *once*. Really we ought to smash him r-e-g-u-l-a-r-l-y whenever he appears, until he's here no more—no more."

Yet his purely altruistic plan to rid our society of an evident evil died as so many flashes of high resolve which are continually exhausting a boy do die. Older people wonder why he is so irritable; often it is because of his first realization of frustration, when opposed to things as they are.

Out of these feelings, undoubtedly, grew the sudden naming of the Gang "The Committee of Public Safety." Q said he had read of such a thing in a book of French history, but he was just as hazy as to details as the rest of us. We had little or no conception of its implication; nevertheless every time we used the title among ourselves, we flattered our own virtue. After a while its use came to alter our viewpoint, making us critical of human motives concerning which, hitherto, we had been more or less passive.

Too much amiability in our direction immediately placed the person exhibiting it under the suspicion of The Committee of Public Safety. As an example, one of the clerks of the Executive Office was unfortunate or unwise enough to try to worm himself into our good graces. On the gravel path outside the offices, we happened to be interrogating him, one day, just at the moment that the President and a member of the famous "Tennis Cabinet" were passing on their way to the courts. Q was gravely telling the clerk that we were all sure

New Spreads by Dolly Madison



Send for new booklet on bedroom decoration

Dolly Madison "Empire" No. 6258 Pure rayon warp lustrous finish silky texture. Fast colors.

Dolly Madison is constantly creating lovely, new spreads, in a wide choice of patterns and colors. These spreads are made with a pure rayon warp, as softly lustrous as silk, yet washable and supremely serviceable . . . . . Newest of all is the graceful Empire pattern, here illustrated. This handsome spread, priced within the means of the average family, displays Dolly Madison quality in every detail of manufacture. If your favorite store cannot show you the new Empire spread, write to us for color swatches.

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DOLLY MADISON
Bed Spreads

His Daily Bath Made Easier

The Trimble Bathinette—Baby Bath and Dressing Table combined—makes it a pleasure to bathe and dress baby—saves mother's strength—Write for a free copy of "Nurseryland", a booklet of helpful suggestions for young mothers.

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168 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Only 25 cents brings you Miniature Plaque

(perfumed) and small vial of our leading Air Perfume and illustrated folder. This exquisite little plaque will give you a good idea of just what the larger Sanozone Urns, as illustrated, are like. It is suitable for use on your dressing table, in bureau drawers, etc. Sanozone Urns, and Air Perfumes are not a fad but have come to stay. They bring the fragrance of flowers into the home permanently. Classic, artistic, beautiful, fragrant. These Air Perfumes are also used for toilet purposes. Urns and Air Perfumes are sold by department and drug stores everywhere.

Send 25c today for Miniature Plaque: (perfumed) and small vial of our leading Air Perfume and folder illustrated in colors.

DEALERS: Additional dealers wanted, write for information.

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Please send me—free—your 68-page sample Dressmaking Lesson together with full particulars about the course I have checked below.

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Figure It Out by 'Rithmetic

To the good qualities of Minneapolis "M" Garments, modern style has been *added.* By *subtracting* length in the Minneapolis "M" French type union suits and combinations, the style demands of today's brief skirted school frocks and short trousered suits have been happily met. The number of children wearing "M" Garments have been *multiplied* because Mothers know the *total* is the utmost in style, quality and value.

MINNEAPOLIS M GARMENTS

Modern underwear and sleeping garments for every age of childhood

The complete Minneapolis "M" line includes infants' shirts and bands, children's union suits, waist union suits and combinations, gayly patterned flannellette pajamas and "M" Bi-Knit Sleepers.

Look for the Minneapolis "M" mark in the garments you buy. It is your assurance of the utmost satisfaction. Write us if you can't find the garments you want.

Minneapolis Knitting Works

Minneapolis, Minn.

The White House Gang

he "had some *sinister* plan in mind." The Committee of Public Safety was standing around the clerk in a solemn circle, striving to discover some signs of guilt in his countenance.

TR heard the word "sinister" and halted abruptly. "'Sinister'?" he asked. "What in the world do you mean by that?"

When he realized that the President had heard Quentin's remark, the clerk trembled turned crimson, then white. Q stammered something about it being a beautiful word, but that he was not quite exactly sure just what it meant. The Committee shifted from one foot to the other, its members being old enough now to realize what it was to be self-conscious.

TR turned to his friend in flannels. "What a word!" he said. "Some newspaperman or other must be responsible for that!"

FOR some time following, there was active competition among us in the matter of acquiring words useful for oratory. But none of us could catch up with Q, who had a head-start with such breath-takers as "intrepidity, irrevocable, emphasis, strategic, inconscious"—which last I can not find in any dictionary—and "humilitible," another unknown. But the phrase we liked best was "personal aggrandizement." When Q used it, he would employ and emphasize all the syllables, enunciating them just as his father would. He coined several words for personal use in mystifying people, moreover, and would use them haphazardly, holding not at all to the original meanings he may have assigned to them. One of these, I remember, was "hohaverfast."

We all assisted at the coming of "hohaverfast." One spring afternoon we drove with Mrs. Roosevelt to Dr. Rixey's farm, crossing the river by the Aqueduct Bridge and going on up into the undulating hills of Virginia. Medical Director Presley M. Rixey, then ranked Captain—later Admiral—was TR's personal physician. We rarely saw him unless he was booted and spurred, and riding over woodless hills, down into valleys, and up again against the sky-line. We would run with him as long as we were able, and then, exhausted, wait until he galloped back.

We all admired Dr. Rixey, and so were very proud to hold his horse while he talked with Mrs. Roosevelt. We were all standing about the horse under a chestnut tree. There were still some burrs on the ground, and Q carefully slipped one of them under the saddle on Dr. Rixey's horse. The physician, having finished his conversation with Mrs. Roosevelt, returned, mounted, threw his right leg across the saddle, and was off to a thrilling leap followed by a furious gallop around the house and out of sight. We all yelled, and it was then that Q shouted,

"Hohaverfast!"

I can not explain the word unless it was that the Doctor was holding on ("ho") with everything he had ("haver") and going right away from there ("fast"). Quentin's mind worked quite as quickly as *that.*

Mrs. Roosevelt waited some time for Dr. Rixey to return. But he went miles and did not reappear that day.

It could hardly have been at any other time than just after our secret success with the chestnut burr that the B. H. S. S. was formed, with Dick as its first, and last, president. The membership qualifications were simple, for with one exception only members of the Gang were eligible. This exception was John Foster, known as "Little-Bits," who was allowed to witness some of our rites, without, however, being initiated into the true mysteries of them. "Little-Bits" was younger, and the Gang felt paternally protective toward him; moreover, he also met our need for some one who, being somewhat in the know, would also be satisfyingly awed by our proceedings.

To all the world but ourselves, B. H. S. S. stood obviously for Black Hand Secret Society, though it was hardly ever secret from the moment Q, followed by the rest, inked the palm

and fingers of his right hand and pressed it firmly against the spotlessly pure White House. The spot, and spots, was, and were, on the wall, near to where one comes out of the boiler-room into the west area-way, which lies like a dry moat between the north carriage-drive and the house itself.

Six black-hands were there for the initiate and many of the White House staff to see, until they were eventually painted over. As no comment or complaint ever came from any one about the matter, we considered it hardly worth while to print them again. In the meantime the secret import of the letters had leaked out through a message intercepted at school, intended for members of the society only. To our great disgust and tremendous anger, we were soon being asked if we were not the "Baby's Home Sewing Society."!

"Nothing of the sort, you darn fool!" Q denied hotly to one interrogator.

"Well, if it isn't Black Hand Society, what is it?"

Quentin did not deny the true name; he petitioned Dick for a hurried meeting. The name was immediately dropped and became simply B. H. S. S.—without any meaning whatever.

Within five minutes Q sought out his erstwhile questioner.

"It's not Black Hand Secret Society at all—honestly it isn't," he stated. "Now guess *what* it is—if you can!"

CHAPTER VI

AVERSIONS to many things and people—particularly to girls—came gradually upon us. We discovered that the latter were afraid of us; they seemed to be growing softer and we more and more scornful. Q once remarked he thought it unmanly to be seen talking to one—a conviction which, doubtless, he kept from his sisters. The boys' and the girls' entrances had much to do with this cleavage. There was, at this time, nothing quite so pleasingly thrilling as for the Gang to form a wedge in the schoolyard and, headed by Q, charge through the girls' entrance and up into the school. Because it was against all rules, the most gallant time to run a risk of official punishment was just as the girls' lines were forming to return to the classrooms at the close of recess. As Q said, the girls "hung around like a lot of fools, waiting for the bell to ring, instead of leaving it until the lastest minute, as we do! Still, it does give one a fine sort of feeling, when they shriek and shriek, as we come busting through them."

Out of this onset there developed a species of war between the sexes, the whole school, except the serious top-grades, following the lead of the Gang with frantic and enthusiastic zeal, dragging girls by pigtails, breaking up their games, and herding them in corners for no other purpose than just to keep them there and make life generally miserable for them.

But a realization of its unfairness dawned upon Q one morning—suddenly. During the excitement of the first recess a little girl had fallen in the mud and, although not hurt seriously, had been trampled upon. Q's indignation was particularly intense, because this girl was Elsa Raynor, who brought her violin to school several times a week. Her playing even then was lovely, and many times we had been thrilled by the limpid tones she brought out of her violin, when asked to play in musical periods. So Elsa was an artiste and, as such, entitled to class respect.

"Happening to *her*, of all people!" Q said, greatly perturbed. "This won't do; we must put a stop to it immejitly!"

The Gang looked dubious, almost antagonistic.

"Then," Q said, with finality, his body shaking with emotion, as TR's did when he pounded home an important point in a speech, "I ["Aiee," like TR] will be a girl myself, even if nobody else will."

Wake up teeth and gums!

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic *cleans* AND *massages!*

MANY an unhappy hour has been caused by gums that were sluggish! For healthy gums are active gums—and healthy gums mean healthy teeth.

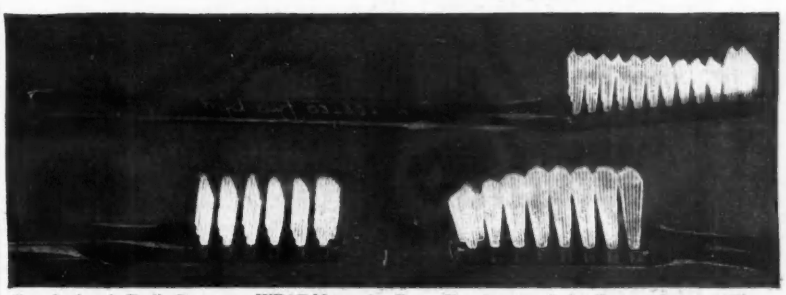
Now—thanks to the live, springy quality of its bristles—every Pro-phy-lac-tic brings a vital double benefit to your teeth and gums. As you brush, it not only cleans, *but massages* as well.

Pro-phy-lac-tic is scientifically shaped to clean every tooth scrupulously—front, back, and sides. The bristles are perfectly spaced to clean even *between* the teeth. *More*—Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles are specially blended from the finest quality of live bristle to do the vital job of *massaging* the gums while they clean your teeth.

Try a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic tonight. Notice how your whole mouth responds with a radiant tingle of good *health!* Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.

ABOVE—*The famous Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic...* LEFT—*The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—designed for gums that need special massage.*

RIGHT—*The Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—for the smaller-than-average dental arch. All these brushes come with handles in six colors.*



Pro-phy-lac-tic Radio Program—WEAF Network—Every Tuesday 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

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Baby's First Year

Baby's first year is usually the most difficult and dangerous period of his life. In addition to her helpful articles in every issue of Good Housekeeping, Dr. Josephine Heminway Kenyon has prepared a course of detailed instruction—"The Baby's First Year." It will help you keep Baby well and strong. Price 50 cents.

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There is nothing quite so important as the health and happiness of the mother-to-be. Dr. Kenyon has also written a course of instruction for the expectant mother in pamphlet form. These pamphlets, seven in number, are mailed one a month in plain envelopes. When sending for these give date baby is expected. Price 50 cents.

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SEND now for your free copy of this new complete Style Book showing everything you need for your baby and your children. Layettes, rompers, dresses, underwear, shoes, stockings, sweaters, coats and play togs. Practical, serviceable, yet *exclusive* styles.

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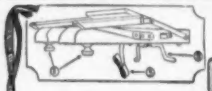

For children of 4 months to 4 years.

Folds flat when not in use.
1. Vacuum cups keep seat from slipping.
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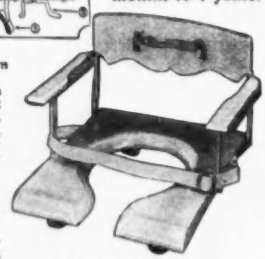
3. Adjustable strap holds child safely, supporting abdomen.



The New, Portable
KIDDIE TOYLETTE

Instantly attached to adult seat, easily detached. Inconspicuous to carry; solves a troublesome hygienic problem where ever baby goes. Durably enameled, white or colors; $2.75 at most dealers; other models $3.00 to $12.00.

Ask your dealer—or write for information about NURSERY-CRAFT *specialties.*

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EXPECTING A BABY?
Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today* for "Nursing Habits" in plain wrapper. Address, Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Dept. G-2, Lancaster, N. Y.

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Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

The White House Gang

We looked upon him in appalled silence. Q walked directly into the middle of the girls' part of the playground, his face scarlet with embarrassment, and addressing a group of girls briefly, announced his intention, to their evident bewilderment and distrust.

This was too much for the Gang; we rushed after him and in a few minutes had organized a staff for the management of the girls' campaign, led by Q. The effect of our desertion upon the other boys was rather demoralizing, for immediately some of the weaker of them came over to us, but the bulk remained loyal to their own sex. A series of violent personal encounters, marked by extreme animosity, resulted. Often, the combined strength of the entire Gang was needed in order to effect rescues, and prevent real beatings being handed to individual members.

Apart from the excitements and exercises of recess, it was an unusual event in school life when we were allowed to act or think for ourselves. Even the name of the school had an ominous sound, and Q spoke scornfully of being "Forced" to do this or that.

Slats Stead's disturbance at our acrimonious remarks regarding Force was understood only years later, when we discovered that the school was named after his great-grandfather, Peter Force (1790-1868). Force was Mayor of Washington when it was but a chartered city; he was a Major-General of Militia, a writer, a student and collector of rare books. But he is best known—by American historians, at any rate—for his "Force Papers," an invaluable body of material in the Library of Congress.

We knew nothing of all this and in all probability would not have shown any proper respect if we had; Slats was wise in holding his tongue. All we knew was that school was a distasteful drudgery, this one in particular. But rarely were efforts made to capture our interest and use it as motive power.

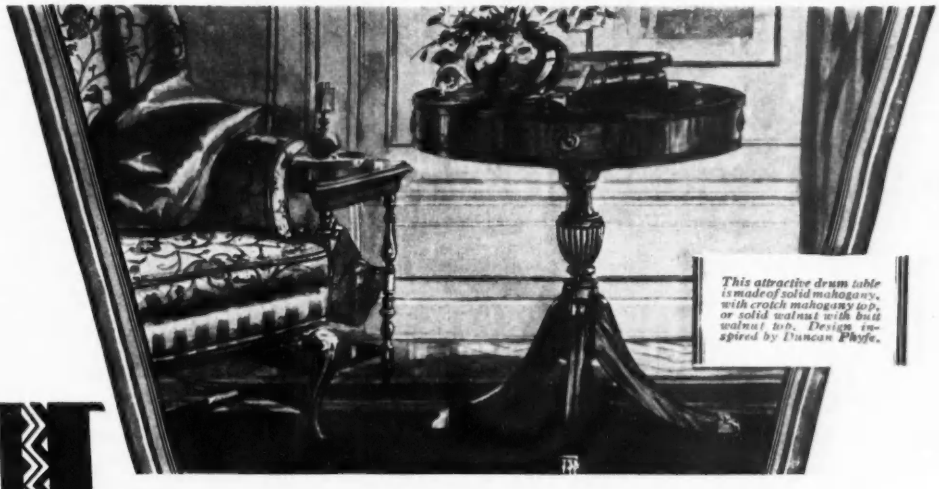
SCHOOLS have made great strides during the last twenty years, although formal education is the tardiest and most reluctant movement to take heed of knowledge acquired meanwhile by the rest of the world. In the days I am describing, school-boards were groping like children into various half-understood experiments. One of these was in geography. The system was suddenly to split up the dead subject into parts and allot special countries to various children. Instantly the whole subject came to life, as for a while we became intensely interested specialists.

Q and I were presented with the whole of Alaska. We burrowed into the subject with the determination of young bookworms, resolved to eat our way clear through and out at the other side. The research was magnificent. With the impetuosity habitual to him, TR threw himself into it as assiduously as if he were preparing a Presidential Message. Not that he took the matter out of our hands; on the contrary, the President turned aside merely to assume direction of the enterprise, an element which was sadly lacking.

But what a direction! "What of coal and iron?" he would ask us. "And have you thought about forests? Do you know there are mo-squi-toes up there, and the most gorgeous spring flowers? Find out their names and get pictures of them, and do not forget the birds and beasts," he added, "and what men are doing now."

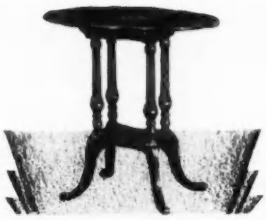
Various governmental bureaus of those days may possibly recall the abrupt appearances of a small, demanding young Roosevelt accompanied by his pop-eyed, overly-serious assistant, Look, carrying bulging portfolios and sharpened pencils; conducting investigations; cross-examining department heads; getting copies of official pamphlets; taking voluminous notes on Executive Office stationery; trying to correlate half-a-dozen agencies at once; "cooperating" with every known expert; winnowing the smart and facetious answers from the true, serious and informative.

SUCCESSFUL HOME-MAKERS RECOGNIZE IN TABLES THE NEEDED TOUCH OF NEWNESS AND COLOR FOR THEIR ROOMS



This attractive drum table is made of solid mahogany, with crotch mahogany top, or solid walnut with burl walnut top. Design inspired by Duncan Phyfe.

IMPERIAL TABLES
Do not Dare to be *Dull* or *Ordinary*



This charming occasional table is made with crotch mahogany or burl walnut top, with maple burl inlay. Very rich. Must be seen to be appreciated.

Another table of 18th Century design is this graceful lamp table. Top and leaves of figured mahogany or walnut; balance solid mahogany or walnut.

Our New Booklet

"The Table in the Home," presenting over twenty of the lovely new Imperial Tables, will gladly be mailed free on request.

IMPERIAL TABLES are designed with the sincere belief that tables must have character and richness — must be colorful and out of the ordinary. We search the world for rare woods of unusual figuring, for distinctive touches and colorings that mean everything in a table. We are table specialists.

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Only leading furniture and department stores have Imperial Tables. If not sure where they are to be seen, please write us.

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TABLE SPECIALISTS SINCE NINETEEN HUNDRED THREE

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The Rainbow Club offers you unusual Opportunities at the beginning of this New Season

Have you enough for your fall needs? Is there a troublesome bill to pay? Or would you like money to buy pretty things for the Hope Chest, for little trips, an emergency fund, or to increase the family budget?

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"Just Squeeze the Handle"

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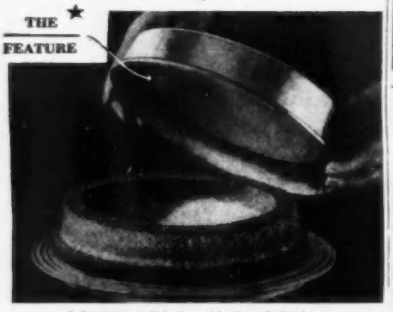
MEETS-A-NEED MFG., 2969 Utah St., Seattle, Wn.

Mary Ann Shell Pans

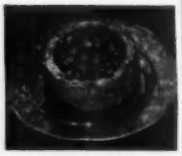
THE ★ FEATURE



A deep open well is formed in the cake by the raised center of the pan

Cakes, Entrees, Salads and Desserts

Cake with currant jelly center made in Square Bridge Set Mary Ann Shell Pan



Chicken Timbale with peas made in Round Bridge Set Mary Ann Shell Pan

Delightful new combinations in almost endless variety are possible with Mary Ann Shell Pans—the effects are always different—decidedly *modern!* You can buy Mary Ann Shell Pans from housefurnishing dealers.

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"MORE THAN A SIEVE"

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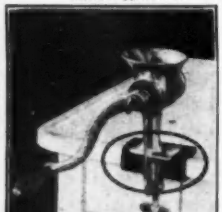
PROTEXIT SAVES THE TABLE

(Patent Applied For)



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Kalamazoo Stove Co.
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★ Ranges $71.50 Up

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

The White House Gang

The resultant lecture before the school was delivered by Q for the simple reason that I was in no way vocal and Q was—fluently so. That is to say, he *had* been, until the applause which had greeted his unrolling of the map of Alaska subsided. Then, to his horror and my acute suffering, he found himself absolutely speechless! He turned purple; swallowed a number of times, painfully and in rapid succession; clutched at his collar like a grown man about to have some sort of fit; stared, round-eyed and appealingly, to me.

I whispered the opening sentence from our pile of notes, "Alaska is really a great big country—all by itself—"

"Alaska," Q said rushingly, "is really all by itself—all alone as it were—sort of jut-jutting off into the sea as you see, sea all on one side, and, in fact, on the top, as you see by the map here, colored just like the rest of the U. S. to which it belongs by purchase . . . Undoubtedly . . ."

As he went along, Q began to perspire freely and to gesticulate wildly, and still more wildly, with his hands, which he quickly hid behind his back every time he became recurrently conscious of them. Still, I saw, from the strained look on the faces of the class, that all this information we had amassed had begun to trickle out.

As a first appearance on a public platform Q's was really a very creditable performance, that is, from the point of view of information, if not from that of efficient delivery.

Q had so much to say that at a standard rate of speech, comprehensible to average ears and intelligence, it was impossible to say it all; so he disregarded it, and concentrated upon the small friendly group of the Gang, to whom he poured out his information at a rate with which none of the executive stenographers could possibly have coped.

Abruptly he came to his climax, declaimed it, and stopped. He was completely and absolutely finished. He waited for the tumultuous applause which he and I had imagined would instantly be forthcoming. There was not a sound. Q turned purple again and waited *and* waited.

The class stirred uneasily in its seat, becoming sensitive to that terrible, blank moment—sensing it as one of those moments each one knew so well—moments when one suddenly found he had forgotten everything he ever knew! The silence lengthened. . . .

"Well," Q said finally, sharply catching his breath, "that's ab-so-lute-ly everything about Alaska; you're lucky to have heard it. My father and the whole Govern-ment have spent endless time upon it, just for you, and they *know*. You bet!"

Whereupon, erect and stiff-legged, he walked back to his desk and sat down. Then the applause broke—acceptably, soothingly. We had not entirely failed.

"I don't care what anybody thinks," remarked Q. "*We* know it was good, and you deserve a third of the credit."

DESPITE his lofty impulses, Quentin was, of course, absolute boy, hoping that at every street corner something might be induced to happen.

I have often walked about the streets of Washington—those wide, tree-bordered avenues—with much the same emotion as that with which a veteran, bearing the scars and ribbons of many engagements, views the terrain of his chief encounters. There is scarcely a block between the White House and the Force School, and between the school and the homes of members of the Gang, but has for me poignant or hilarious memories.

At the corner of Connecticut Avenue and N Street I touched the high iron railing—now gone—about the cramped garden plot of the British Embassy and bowed to the gilded Lion and Unicorn fighting for the Crown. For here, Q's neck and ours were saved. There was a certain boy, older than ourselves, whom the

The White House Gang

Gang did not like. It makes no difference whether we were right or wrong in the matter. Q described him best, in his inimitable mimicry:

"'Have you seen a cawf, going down the pawth, to take a bawth?' he says, and the next minute, he forgets himself and says, 'Have you seen a caalf, going down the paath, to take a baath?' *That* sort of a fellah!"

We could no more resist pursuing this senior from school to the doorstep of his home than we could disregard the wet snow which lay upon the ground.

"Whock him!" cried Q in ecstasy and excitement, pressing a lump of snow together between his knees. "Whock him!"

The boy retreated with precipitation, and we after him shouting loudly. Q let fly his hard one; a carriage suddenly interposed; there was a crash of glass; the horses, sparks striking from their shoes, were reined up, and an old lady opened the carriage door and put out her long and indignant face.

"I'm t-e-r-r-i-b-l-y sorry!" Q explained to her. "I wasn't aiming at you at all—"

"I might have been seriously hurt," she snapped. "Evidently you are a very dangerous boy. I can see by looking at you that you ought to be kept off the streets. What's your name and where do you live? You shall be made to pay for this outrage! Come, answer me!"

Q drew himself up, controlling himself admirably. "I'm Quentin Roos-e-velt," he said distinctly. "I live in the White House, and I'll pay for your darned old window out of my allowance."

"Why, you horrid little liar!" cried the old lady, shaking her long jet earrings. "I have half a mind to have you arrested for that! Why! This is too much to stand! That's outrageous! Imagine a young rag-tag-and-bob-tail pretending such a thing!"

"These clothes I'm wearing are only my second-best," Q explained, as he imagined, with finality.

Dick Chew was only partially successful in stifling a guffaw, and the outraged dowager turned upon him.

"And you, young man," she said with biting sarcasm, "whom do *you* represent yourself to be?"

Dick was instantly serious. "I am the son of Christopher Columbus," he answered with an important air.

Q GAVE Dick a quick, reproachful look, and at the same instant we saw a policeman rapidly crossing Dupont Circle in our direction. The Gang, as with one mind, instantly divined the old lady's sinister purpose—that of holding us in conversation until the policeman could get his hands on Q.

The Gang clutched Q and started to drag him away, arguing loudly the advantages of instant flight.

"She's an old—old—wallaby!" Q said. "Still, I ought not to go. I should stay and explain to the cop that it was an accident. But she deserves to have her old glass whocked, anyway!"

By this time we had succeeded in herding Q some twenty feet along the line of escape. Meanwhile the policeman had heard enough from the angry occupant of the carriage to cause him to call to us,

"Hey, come back here!"

He took a step toward us, and the Gang broke and ran.

"Come back here, if you know what's good for you!" the policeman shouted harshly.

"Just for that," Q cried, white and trembling, "I *won't!*" Bounding after us, he yelled: "Beat it! Run!"

Down Connecticut Avenue we ran, the policeman pounding along after us, and across the slippery car-tracks to the opposite sidewalk. We were sprinting with all our strength but the policeman was gaining.

"Turn in the gate!" Q cried between gasps.

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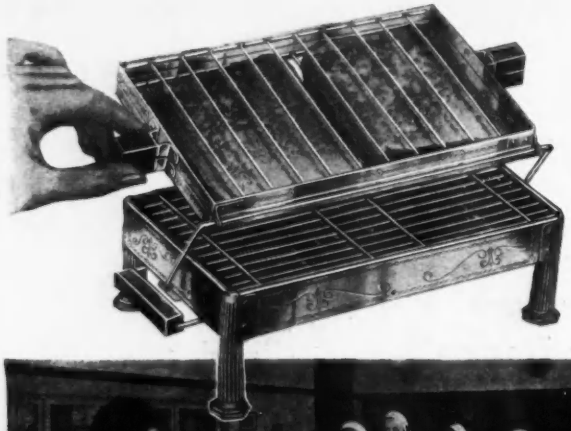

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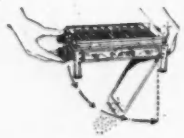

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The White House Gang

"Turn in the gate at the end of the block! The gate! The *gate!*"

There was only one gate, that of the little front garden of the British Embassy, and we swung around into it as though we were pioneers pursued by savages to the shelter of a stockade.

"*Sanctuary!*" Q cried with exultation and sobbing breath.

There was no time to ask him to explain the word. It was a Quentinism, one supposed; besides, the policeman was now upon us.

"Don't you dare come in here!" Q cried in an altogether new tone of authority. "*This is British territory!*"

To our amazement the policeman halted abruptly outside the row of iron pikes with the cast halberd fringes.

"What do you know about that?" he asked, doffing his helmet and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "Don't get fresh now! Come on out o' there. You've just broke a carriage window an' I'm going to—"

"You're going to do nothing," Q said decisively. "And we're not coming out. *You* can't come in here, and you *know* you can't. We can because—well, because we're diplomatic guests here. My father is a great friend of the Ambassador, and he said I could come and see him any time I liked, and bring my friends. You'll have to go to a telephone to ask permission to come in—which you won't get—or write a letter. That would be better, really."

"You're talking nonsense," said the policeman, still making no move to enter the garden.

"Tell that to Major Sylvester," Q suggested. "He's a great friend of mine—personally. Tell him I broke that cab window. I did. I gave the old lady my name, and I'm going to pay for it—but I am not going to be a-r-r-e-s-t-e-d for it. No boy should ever be arrested!"

JUST then the main door of the Embassy opened, and a short, energetic man, wearing a cape and carrying a cudgel rather than a stick, emerged and came down the steps. It was his Excellency, James Bryce, O. M., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, jurist, historian, man of letters, Fellow of the Royal Society, recipient of many academic honors, mountain-climber, and Ambassador from the British King to Washington.

"Ambassador Bryce!" the policeman said and saluted.

"Well—well?" Bryce enquired, his sharp eyes sparkling under the gray thatch of his heavy brows. "What's all this about, eh?"

Meanwhile Q, for no reason apparent to us, had made himself scarce, disappearing behind our backs.

"One of these boys has just broke a carriage window with a snowball, sir," the policeman said, "and he tells me I can't come into the Embassy grounds to get him."

"Well, he knows his diplomacy," Bryce said, incisively. "The lad is entirely right. You are confronted with a problem. May I ask if there is any extraordinary crime in the fact of a broken window? Isn't it rather an inevitable result of this snowy weather? No; most certainly you can not touch him here. And, of course, you do not want me to lay violent hands upon him to eject him, what? You'll have to wait for him!"

"And you'll wait forever and ever," muttered Q, from behind our backs.

Ambassador Bryce never looked at us; perhaps that was because he imagined he might break into laughter, if he did, over what he realized was an extremely serious matter for us. He simply marched through the gate, wheeled right, and strode down Connecticut Avenue, swinging his cudgel, as if nothing had happened.

The policeman watched him for a moment, then for another moment looked at the gilded crowns on the posts beside the gate. After which he turned slowly on his heel and walked away down N Street.

The White House Gang

"Bryce, the Lion and the Unicorn are all jolly good old beasts! What?" said Q, pointing to the Royal Arms of Britain over the door of the old, Victorian, red-brick Embassy that used to be. "What? What?" Q repeated.

"But if Mr. Bryce had seen who we were," he continued, defending his momentary disappearance, "the King of England would be laughing at us to-morrow morning in B-u-c-k-i-n-g-h-a-m Palace. We didn't want that, did we?"

We did *not* and said so; also, that Q was right.

"Gosh!" said Quentin abruptly. "Isn't this t-e-r-r-i-b-l-e ? I didn't get that old wallaby's name, and she'll think I never intend to pay her."

Then, after a long moment of thought, he added, "She'll remember us until her dying day."

AND I shall remember it, too, just as I shall another encounter with the cops, which also occurred while the Gang was on its way to the White House. But this time we were proceeding directly, as engagements with TR or Mrs. Roosevelt were sacred, and nothing was allowed to stand in their way—not from any grown-up reasons of paramount command, but because we loved them both as two very human people who were close to us.

One fall afternoon the Gang was to meet TR to take a walk with him. The trees of Rock Creek Park had turned scarlet and brown, and there was an exhilarating crispness to the air. Even the work horses we passed on Sixteenth Street stepped along with an added spring and verve.

Q, detained at school because of hilarious deportment, was frantically writing some foolish sentence twenty-five times on the blackboard, while the Gang in a bunch went on ahead toward the White House. Quentin was to follow, mounted.

We trudged along rather glumly, for we had counted on taking turns riding the pony, ourselves, a Gang privilege of which Q was ever generous. Finally, at the end of Sixteenth Street, we entered Lafayette Square. Looking behind us, we saw a black speck away up Sixteenth Street that looked as if it might be Quentin, and another larger blot which possibly was Allan.

But we kept on going, discussing how best to announce Q's tardiness to TR. Just as we passed around the statue of Andrew Jackson, teetering on his hobby-horse, police whistles began to shrill from both ends of the park.

Q had galloped down Sixteenth Street, but instead of turning right along H, and left, again, at Jackson Place, to go around the park, he was riding directly across the beautiful turf and paths! When we first saw him, he was jumping Algonquin over the corner of a small, carefully-raked flower-bed. The pony landed on all fours and slid, tearing up the sod in long, deep gashes.

"Beat it! Beat it!" Q shouted to us. "Don't keep Father waiting! He hates nothing worse!"

The two park policemen were shouting also, and running to catch Quentin and the devastating pony. Q jerked out his dollar watch, waved it at them, and yelled something about not having time to do anything else—which was incomprehensible as an explanation. But the officers kept on, fired with the obvious intent of capturing him, alive if possible; so Q pivoted Algonquin neatly, dodged about a magnolia tree, avoided the clutch of the law, bolted across the sidewalk out of the park, clattered in front of a street-car frantically clanging for him to get out of the way, galloped furiously through the White House carriage entrance, and up the roadway to the *porte-cochère*, abandoning Algonquin in a cloud of dust.

The motorman abruptly wound up his brake, when he saw the Gang streaming out of the park after Quentin and being closely pursued by the two policemen trying to head us off. The park custodians were amazed and shocked

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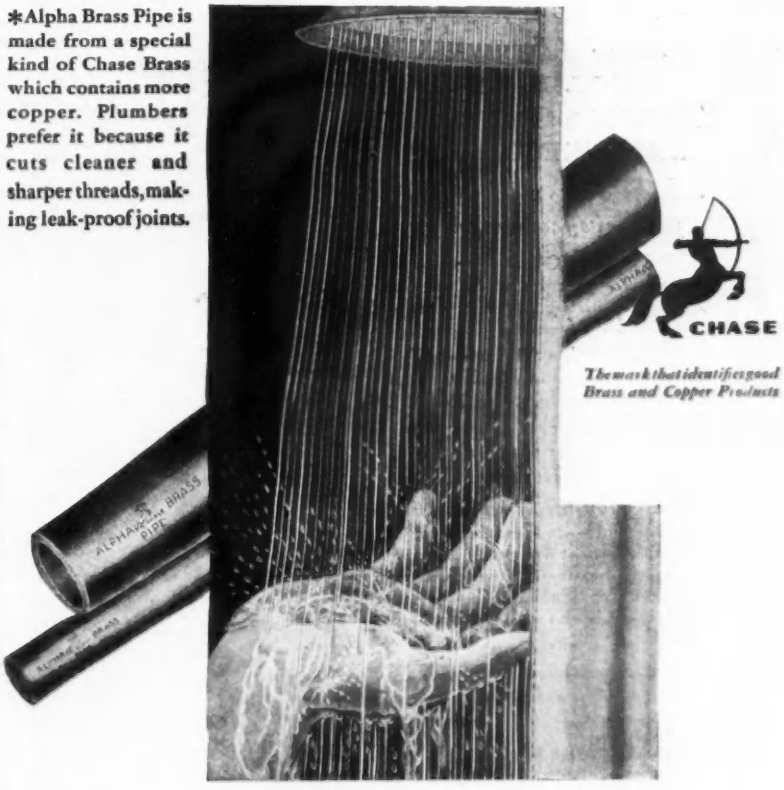

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The White House Gang

when we also made for the White House entrance and were welcomed by the regular police-guard. One of them left his post to explain to the park policemen. As I looked back, I saw the street-car just starting again, its passengers sitting amazed by the sudden infantry charge bursting out of the park, led by its mounted commander and its notable objective.

To our great relief TR's flashing grin, which followed the explanations we had to make, together with his after-chuckles, showed us he was not seriously concerned about the school deportment.

Q said, a little later about school: "Dr. Rixey agrees with me that it isn't the college—I've been talking to him about Harvard—as much as it is the a-s-s-o-c-i-a-t-i-o-n. Now, it's the same way with the Force School; it isn't the darned old school so much, it's the Gang!"

(To be continued)

The Boy with the Basket

(Continued from page 50)

to empty their purse; the money was still in the apostolic treasury, and the crowd was satisfied.

But the boy had given his all.

Yes, and in the giving of it he had been greatly blessed. We can not doubt that his was one of the twelve baskets filled after the fragments were gathered up. He went home well fed, and with a well-filled basket and a happy heart. When he met his mother at the door, he had great things to tell her. Jesus himself had eaten his supper out of this very basket, and had seen that it was filled again, full as it could hold. And that gift had been the occasion of the feeding of the whole crowd.

His mother could hardly believe the story. Grown people think boys and girls exaggerate, but that is because grown people have needlessly trimmed down their ideas of reality to the meager dimensions of the commonplace, thus making it impossible that there should be any miracles for them. But miracles are not impossible to a warm-hearted, generous lad who is ready to give his basket and its contents in unselfish kindness of heart.

The boy got more out of that miracle than any one else. The multitude still hung about, waiting for another miracle. Why should they walk or work when their Lord was able thus to feed them?

That was the very thing he had feared. He had once been tempted, but had refused, to make bread out of stones; now he had done it, and the demand of the crowd was insistent that he should continue the performance three times a day.

The refusal of Jesus was so emphatic that "many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." Indeed, that miracle was the turning point in his ministry. He had been on the crest of the wave of popularity, and the wave subsided. He never had so many disciples afterward.

But we may be sure the boy was not one of those who went back. We could almost wish we might trace him and know his career in later years, but that is not necessary. He helped Jesus in an hour when Jesus needed assistance. He had his rich reward. And we may not permit ourselves to think that he forgot Jesus in the days which followed.

In the last bitter hours, when the crowd cried "Crucify him," none of those who had received from Jesus was there to take his part. No healed leper appeared to carry His cross. None of those who had "heard him gladly" arose to protest against the cruel sentence. But we can imagine on the outskirts of the crowd one small boy, his cheeks burning, his little fists clenched, the tears streaming from his eyes. The others had turned away, for they were the receivers. But he, and the women who followed so unselfishly, were givers. And givers do not forget.

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A Little Window Into Seville

(*Continued from page 35*)

night." But the atmosphere of tragedy and pain which must have pervaded it then has vanished; and now "its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace." Graceful arches curving overhead link one shining façade to another; delicate balconies of wrought-iron work are half hidden by the vivid mass of fragrant flowers clustering over them; stately doorways standing ajar reveal the patterned courtyards which lie beyond. There is always the sound of a fountain coming from these patios, and often the sound of a singing voice as well. No wonder that another writer, in speaking of this *barrio*, has said, "We can think of no haven of rest and luminous beauty more to be desired by way-worn travelers than this old, retired, and secluded Santa Cruz quarter of Seville."

Vespers in the Cathedral

Next, winding our way out of the *barrio*, let us push open the heavy door of the Cathedral at Vesper time. Between the dark, carved choir stalls and the golden, carved reredos walks a little choir boy, swinging a censer; behind him come two others, carrying silver candlesticks taller than they are, from which rise tall white candles tipped with flame. These same shining tapers tower above and around the high altar and shed a radiance that mingles with the pools of rainbow light lying at the end of the shafts that stream from a hundred glowing windows. A sound of chanting voices blends with the strains of organ music. Let us kneel down among the other worshipers and pray. There will be time enough afterward to see the great collection of illuminated missals, brilliant with color still, though some of them were painted in the eleventh century; time enough to see the "treasure," rich in ecclesiastical vestments stiff with embroidery, and chalices and monstrances and reliquaries, crosses and custodia, of gem-incrusted gold and silver; time enough to find the models of the three little ships of Columbus beaten in brass bas-relief in the stone pavements near the main entrance, and his tomb, borne aloft by the figures of four kings, at the right of the central nave; time enough to linger before Murillo's glorious canvas, "The Vision of St. Anthony," which dominates the dim chapel it transfigures with its radiance, and the "*Señora de la Antigua*"—the Madonna painting miraculously excavated after the Christian conquest, from the wall behind which the Moors had buried it. Let us forget for the time being that this is the largest Gothic cathedral in the world, and all other facts historical and statistical concerning it, remembering only that it is a place of prayer for all people. For never have I entered a church where the spirit of holiness seemed to envelop me more completely, or where the sense of omnipresent Divinity was more vital and vivid.

Afterward let us go out into the late afternoon sunshine again, taking up the threads of ordinary life after worship naturally and contentedly, as the Sevillans do. Nearly all the women we pass are carrying fans at their wrists, and are wearing black, with soft lace mantillas draped over their high tortoise-shell combs and fastened at the breast with a brooch. At small iron tables scattered over the narrow sidewalk in front of a modest café, a group of men, apparently unharassed by the necessity of earning a living, are rolling their cigarettes as they consume innocuous drinks and exchange innocuous remarks about the passers-by. They were there yesterday, and they will be there tomorrow. A coach and four, flying a ducal flag, swings gaily up the street, coachman and footman wearing bright cockades and dashing livery. In Seville the horse has not yet been driven out of his kingdom even by the *nuevo modelo* Ford universally advertised; and the open, red-wheeled victorias that one meets at every turn are very smart, and are often

A Little Window Into Seville

emblazoned with coats of arms which proclaim their noble ownership. The water vendors loiter by, with their incessant cry of "*Agua, agua, quien sequiere refrescar!*" ("Water, water, who wishes to refresh himself?") And soon we have reached the entrance of the Maria Luisa park, where the pavilions of the Ibero-American Exposition have been placed along broad shady avenues, bordered by wide-spreading trees with pink rambler roses encircling their trunks.

It is this Exposition, planned to "mark the resumption by Spain of its position as a world power in commerce," that we have crossed the ocean especially to see, so let us consider its background and significance before we visit it. "It was in 1910 that the first plans were made for a celebration to focus the attention of the world on the renaissance that has taken place in Spain during the last twenty-five years and to welcome back to Spain the overseas republics of both the Americas," an official report explains. "These republics, in all or in part, had once been under the Spanish flag, when Spain was at the height of her glory as a leading world empire. Colonized largely by citizens of the Iberian peninsula, which includes both Spain and Portugal, these trans-oceanic republics have always been bound to the mother-country by ties of blood and common interest and language. It was from Andalucía in southern Spain that the early expeditions first cleared for the New World. Seville is the chief city of this section. And when . . . the wealth of the Indies was being poured into the coffers of Spain, Seville, then larger and richer than either London or Paris, was the only city from which expeditions to the New World could clear and to which they must return. Little wonder then that this historic spot should have been selected as the proper place for the Exposition."

The Inaugural Exercises

Little wonder, indeed, as I hope you have felt already, sitting beside the window from which you are looking into Seville; and I am sure you will wish to go with me, early on the morning of the opening day, to the great Plaza de España where the inaugural exercises are to be held. Around it curves the crescent-shaped Casa de España—the most imposing of all the Exposition palaces, built of tawny brick, with trimmings of blue tile, its great central court six hundred feet in width, each of its forty-nine divisions—one for every province in Spain—providing space for the exhibits of that particular province. From the balcony, which encircles the entire palace, the flags of all the Spanish provinces and all the nations participating in the Exposition are poised upon high standards; and across the plaza facing the mammoth building the Spanish flag, the Portuguese flag, the royal flag, and the flag of Seville stand beyond and between the priceless tapestries which have been hung in the background for the raised dais on which the thrones are placed. Heralds, wearing plumed hats and doublet-and-hose of garnet-red velvet, and with long golden trumpets in their hands, are stationed on the steps of this dais; airplanes in wedge-shape formation are soaring overhead; troops in full-dress uniform—the crack regiments of Spain, the Portuguese Marines—stand at attention in the courtyard; and in the tribunes on either side of it, the high officials of Spain and her colonies, and the members of the Diplomatic Corps and their wives, together with other visiting celebrities, are gathered together in colorful array. A priceless mantilla, centuries old, brushes against a snow-white, flowing burnous as a lovely, liquid-eyed Sevillana takes her place near a tall, graceful Arab from Spanish Morocco. Gold lace and gold braid glitter in the sun. And back of the tribunes, on terraces and balconies, and even on the tops of the towers, a great throng of spectators,

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A Little Window Into Seville

twenty thousand strong, is massed, eager, expectant, excited.

Suddenly there is the clatter of horses' hoofs beating through the music of the band—the King is coming escorted by a troop of cavalry. An instant later the royal party, surrounded by the members of its suite, is mounting the dais. The court mourning, worn for the beloved Queen Mother Maria Cristina, has been lightened for the day: the King is in gorgeous uniform; the Queen in lavender—a simple close-fitting hat, a simple close-fitting coat edged with fur around the hem; the two young princesses—the Infanta Maria Cristina and the Infanta Beatriz—are wearing the same model as their mother, repeated in pure white. As the King and Queen take their places upon the thrones, a flock of carrier pigeons, suddenly released, rises swiftly aloft, winging its snowy way to the four corners of the earth in a symbolic flight of peace. Between the ranks of the soldiers the Cardinal Archibishop of Seville, a superb figure in flowing scarlet, advances toward the dais, bearing a historic crucifix of gold, and with uplifted hand delivers a benediction. Don José Cruz Conde, Director General of the Exposition, and General Primo de Rivera, chief of the national government, give brief addresses. Then the King rises and in a single sentence utters the pronouncement from the throne,

"The Ibero-American Exposition of Seville is open."

As he finishes speaking, from the great balcony of the Casa de España the "Hymn of the Exposition" rings out, sung by the Basque choir, the Bilbao choir, and the Seville choir—seven hundred voices merged in a mighty whole, beautiful, compelling, almost overpowering in intensity and strength. Then from the crowd rise three long cheers:

"Viva España! Viva Sevilla! Viva America Española!"

The United States Exhibits

Following the formal opening of the Exposition the King and Queen and the two Infantas, accompanied by the members of their suites, visit the Spanish and Portuguese buildings; then, in turn, the buildings of all the other nations represented, beginning with those of Brazil, Colombia, and Cuba. We can not, of course, accompany Their Majesties upon all these visits; but it is our proud privilege to be present upon the occasion of their visit to the three pavilions of the United States: the permanent building, which is built in Spanish colonial style, as a "memorial to the important influence which Spanish colonization has had on the architecture and customs of the United States," and which, at the end of the Exposition, is to be used as a consulate, with one wing set apart as a library and reading room for American students attending the new university; and the two temporary buildings constructed in the same general style; one used as a cinema auditorium, where regular programs illustrating farming, irrigation, road-construction, etc., are given, as well as moving pictures portraying the early history and development of our country; the other containing the exhibits of the Department of Commerce, the Department of Agriculture, the Navy Department, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the Bureau of Reclamation.

The permanent building contains at present the exhibits from the State Department, the Department of Labor, the Bureau of Education, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Library of Congress and the Shipping Board, besides a model of the Capitol, and a large map of the United States, furnished by the General Land Office, showing the routes followed by the Spanish explorers and navigators. It also contains the offices of the United States Commission to the Ibero-American Exposition, of which ex-Governor Campbell of Arizona is the chairman, and which numbers three prominent

A Little Window Into Seville

women among its members: Mrs. Helen Hall Upham of Chicago, whose late husband was a National Treasurer of the Republican Party and who has herself long taken an active interest in public affairs; Miss Agnes Repplier, the famous essayist; and Miss Helen Varick Boswell, founder and president of the Women's Forum of New York, vice-chairman of the Republican County Committee of New York, and head of the speakers' bureau in the women's division of the Republican National Committee.

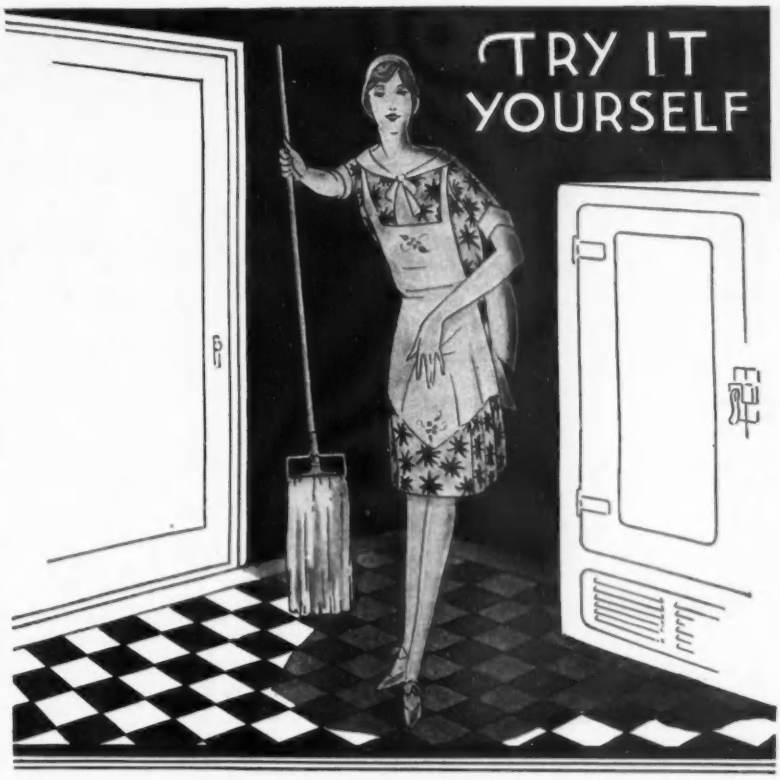
The permanent building is the one in which Miss Elisabeth Shirley's interest is naturally centered, since it is here that the exhibit from the Children's Bureau, which she planned and assembled with such loving care, has been placed, and of which, as well as the exhibit of the Women's Bureau, she is now in charge. And I am sure you will share our thrill of pleasure in finding that the royal flag, flown only for the visit of the King and Queen, is hanging from the window of "our room." In our excitement we can hardly tear ourselves away from it; but finally, realizing that we shall not be at the front door when the royal party arrives unless we go downstairs, we cross the tiled gallery, where tiny eagles and American coats of arms are set in the pavement, pass through the unique six-sided patio, and join the group standing near the entrance.

Royalty Visits Our Building

There is a long wait. But at last the gleaming motors bearing the awaited guests swing into sight and come to a stop. The *Marcha Real* and the Star-Spangled Banner ring out. The King, talking with his usual animation, comes up the walk with the American Ambassador, Mr. Hammond, on one side of him, and Governor Campbell on the other. The Queen follows with Mrs. Hammond. Mrs. Campbell is standing at the door to welcome them. Mrs. Upham, Miss Repplier, and Miss Boswell are presented to Their Majesties, then the other members of the official party. Following the pleasant custom already begun of making a gift to Their Majesties on the occasion of their visit to each of the national buildings, the gorgeous feathered head-dress of an Indian chief is given to the King, and an Indian bracelet of silver set with turquoises to the Queen. Then the tour of inspection begins. By this time, of course, Elisabeth and I have hastened back to our own quarters, and here we receive the reward of months of careful planning for this great occasion. For the Queen, as she enters the room where the exhibit of the Children's Bureau is displayed, exclaims in tones of unmistakable enthusiasm, "Oh, I *must* see this!" She reads the "Child's Bill of Rights," written by Herbert Hoover, with rapt attention. She examines the models representing the juvenile court, the child-health conference, the playground, the care of dependent children, and the study of child-hygiene, with understanding care. The interest which this most queenly of queens—always a figure of supreme beauty and dignity—has long felt in child welfare never was more apparent. The King, meanwhile, stands entranced before the big mechanical book, its pages turned by electricity, which tells the story in picture and legend of "John, a typical American boy," and the conditions which should surround him when he leaves school and goes to work. The visit is prolonged far past the time usually allotted to each display; and as the King and Queen finally turn to leave, it is with words of warmest commendation:

"Thank you. It has all been most interesting, and the work you are doing for children in the United States is most remarkable."

Later in the afternoon, when the royal visit was over and our excitement had abated somewhat, Elisabeth and I wandered over to the temporary exhibition building to talk things over with our friends there and inspect



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the displays which we had not yet seen. We found Captain Sidney Morgan, of the United States Bureau of Efficiency, who is in charge of the splendid exhibit of the Department of Commerce, standing near the door beside the cut-out map of the United States and the Iberian peninsula, with the principal exports exchanged between the two areas shown in small models placed in the country of origin—for Spain and Portugal, olives, olive-oil, cork, hides and skins; for the United States, baled cotton, automobiles, typewriters, petroleum, lumber, rubber tires, and machinery of various sorts. In a zealous effort at supreme realism Captain Morgan had placed real olives upon this map; and one of the first visitors who passed through the automatic admission counter had eaten them up!

Laughing together over this mischance, we began our rounds of the building. While every attention has been paid to statistical thoroughness, the exhibitions have, at the same time, been made almost unbelievably attractive. The large operating model of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, for instance, shown by the National Parks Service, gives a most impressive panorama of this wonderful chasm, the lighting effects arranged to show it first at night, then at sunrise, then at midday, and finally by sunset and dusk, and is so truly beautiful and realistic that it is almost impossible to tear oneself away from it. The model shown by the Department of Agriculture, of Columbus introducing the first livestock into America under the flag of Spain, is no less interesting; and it was a pleasure for me to find Mr. Frank Louis Goll, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, in charge of the exhibit of this Department, for my pleasant acquaintance with him dates back to the time when he came to Pine Grove Farm long ago, to photograph our trees for some government-made moving pictures. He and Mrs. Goll and Mrs. Morgan joined our little party.

We stopped beside the printing press, supplied by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and capably manipulated by the Reader family, and were each given an engraving of the King that was made before our eyes; and we permitted ourselves the luxury of sitting down quietly for a few minutes and listening to the superb phonograph which, from a central booth, supplies music to each of the United States buildings. But we could not relax for long, since there are exhibits from thirty-four bureaus and independent establishments of the government, and we wished to have at least a bird's-eye view of them before we went, wearily but happily, back to our hotel.

Postponed Pleasures

Another evening, of course, we shall wish to see the beautiful illumination of the grounds, the jeweled cords of light that bind the buildings together, the shafts of it that stream upon the fountains and statues, changing them from green to rose, from rose to azure, and from azure to gold; while the Giralda—"the tower of faith"—illuminated also, rises beyond and above all other radiance, its tall, dark shaft luminous at the summit.

Another evening, of course, we shall wish to take the funny little train—almost like a toy train, it is so tiny—that darts with noisy self-importance quite out of proportion to its size—from one pavilion to another, on a little toy track. Its engineer stokes it vigorously with a little toy shovel at every stop. Its little red and yellow cars are named for the three caravels of Columbus—the *Santa Maria*, the *Niña*, and the *Pinta*. Its piercing little whistle shrieks like a siren. It is an unescapable and irresistible little train—but then who wishes to escape from it or resist it? On the contrary, it affords us the greatest amusement and delight, and we shall ride on it whenever we can. It will take us to see the treasures that all the other countries have brought to Seville. But

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Mrs. Gibson—"Oh yes. Of course she has everything like that. Among her wedding gifts was a vacuum cleaner and other such appliances."

Doctor Gray—"A vacuum cleaner, eh? Well, I hope that whoever gave Eleanor the cleaner considered how she is going to dispose of the dust and dirt it collects. You realize, don't you, that modern women avoid the task of emptying infectious cleaner-bag dirt by using Air-Way?"

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Mrs. Gibson—"It must be marvelous. I certainly am going to look into it before Eleanor gets home. I will buy her one myself. It is a wonderful thing to think that in her lovely home she will never have to empty the filthy contents of a cleaner bag—a task that I always detested."

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A School Teacher—
Miss Daisy D. Williams

Miss Daisy D. Williams is a busy school teacher in a little town in Illinois. Yet for years she has been finding a few spare hours every week to devote to our easy money-making plan. She recently built a new five room home entirely with magazine money and says: "I find the work very interesting and easy. I have made and kept many dear friends whom I would never have known were it not for my magazine business."

A Grandmother —
Mrs. Fannie H. Jones

Mrs. Fannie H. Jones of California is a grandmother who uses our plan for earning money for her charities, club funds, etc., and recently celebrated her twentieth year of successful spare-time earning through our plan.

A Business Girl—
Pearl Jacobus Thiel

Pearl Jacobus Thiel of Illinois writes: "It is surprising to me why more have not taken advantage of the wonderful opportunity which is theirs merely for the asking. I have been in the game two years and have increased my business 100% over the previous year."

Another Mother—
Mrs. Florence M. Caffee

Mrs. Florence M. Caffee of Wyoming is a busy housewife with five children to care for. Yet she found time to earn $150.00 in a single month with our pleasant money-making plan, and says: "I am very grateful for the advertisement that called my attention to this work, for it has earned me several hundred dollars. Nothing would induce me to give up my magazine work for it is such a nice way for a mother to get the little luxuries that mean so much for both the kiddies and herself, aside from the feeling of confidence and independence which is a very comfortable one to have."

Miss Rachel H. Stannard

Miss Rachel H. Stannard writes: "The work has built up my health wonderfully, has helped me renew many old friendships and make many new ones and has netted me good profits. I am sincerely grateful to the IMC."

Simple—Convenient—Experience Unnecessary

This spare-time side-line (or full time, if you wish) is simple. It is convenient. It is dignified and pleasant. Business training is unnecessary. There is no interference with your regular duties in home or office. You can earn good money in your leisure hours of day or evening, indoors or outdoors, whenever you please, and there are no obligations entailed. All you need is the desire to earn, and your profits start **AT ONCE!**

Take this Royal Road to Extra Money! Mail the coupon for a description of our interesting plan at once!

Don't Put This Off!

Dept. 929A, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me at once, without obligation, details of your spare-time, money-making plan.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

A Little Window Into Seville

not *this* evening. This has been *our* day, and we are going home to live it all over again before we do anything else.

And just what does it all amount to, perhaps you are asking, this participation of ours in the Ibero-American Exposition? It means, first of all, that in its nine months' duration the people of Spain and Portugal will learn more about us than they ever have before, through the evidence of their own eyes. No one who has stood and watched the throngs pouring into our buildings from nine in the morning until ten at night, who has tried to answer some of the eager questions asked, who has listened to the spontaneous comments of interest and praise, can fail to feel that they desire this knowledge. And the spirit in which they receive it is bound to be affected by the fact that no private or commercial exhibitors have been given space on the site allotted to the United States Government. Our participation has been actuated, not by a desire for financial return, but by a desire to promote good will, friendly relations, and a more complete understanding with the Iberian peninsula and our sister republics of the Western Hemisphere. The fact that exhibits have been chosen with a view to making them interesting to the Iberian peninsula and Latin-America rather than with a view to casting glory upon our own achievements is also momentous; for people peculiarly sensitive to courtesy and fine feeling are not slow to see the significance of this.

Second, our participation in the exhibition means that we shall learn more of Spain and Portugal than we have ever known before. We shall go in large numbers to the Exposition during the next few months, and our window into Seville will become enlarged until it is a window overlooking the whole peninsula because, having seen Seville, we shall inevitably wish to see much more of the country of which it is a part, the country which is a mother of our own hemisphere.

Back to Christopher Columbus

Leaving the exhibition grounds behind us, let us wander down to the Guadalquivir and go aboard the replica of the *Santa Maria* which lies at anchor there. It has been constructed with the most comprehensive and intelligent understanding, reproducing in every detail the little ship of destiny in which Columbus began his quest. The cabin of the Admiral, with its box-bed in one corner and the Nuncio's chair in the other, its pewter jugs and basins, is complete in every way; the small, clumsy cannon pointing out to sea, the old compass, the nail-studded chests, the crude ladders leading from deck to deck, the marked barrels from which drinking water was carefully measured out—none of these has been forgotten. From the prow of the boat floats a pennant bearing the coat of arms of the house of Columbus, and the national flag of the period, white and red, with castles and lions upon it—the banner of the "Catholic Kings," Ferdinand and Isabella. To make the illusion more complete, the present crew lives aboard the caravel, sleeping, when it is not in port, in the same rude quarters, eating the same coarse food cooked in iron pots over an open fire, that the sailors of Columbus used. One of the *bombarderos* takes us over the ship proudly and thoroughly; he leads us from stern to bow, from deck to cabin, explaining as he goes; and like an echo, piercing every sentence he speaks, the immortal words of Columbus seem to ring like a challenge—

"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

That is the voice of the spirit of Spain, the unconquerable and unquenchable spirit which is as strong today as it was four centuries ago. Answering it, we have come home again—to Spain. And, in the days that lie immediately before us, we shall sit at her feet and learn the lessons that she has to teach us . . .

A Little Window Into Seville

But I must not wear out my welcome in this lovely garden by staying too long. I have only tried today to open a little window into Seville that you might look at it with me; another day, soon, I shall try to open a wider window still, showing you more of Spain—her King; her countryside; her palaces and her ports. But now, goodby, my dear, and a happy birthday!

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Green Orchids

(Continued from page 49)

of his traveled swiftly over the keyboard.

"Don't, don't, Dorine,
That's what they say,
Tum . . . tum . . . tum . . . tum . . ."

A final, quick, smashing chord, then he suddenly swirled around on the piano stool and impulsively clasped both her hands within his own.

"You see, Dorine is my lucky name," he explained. "It earned me a million dollars."

Next, in his characteristic fashion, he changed the subject. "Come on, let's get away from this bedlam!"

And she had gone. Gone out with this self-centered boy. A boy so young, so talented, so impetuous, so—so—like herself.

He helped her into his car. They sped up the Drive. It was spring. The trees were commencing to bud, and the grass to show green on the dark brown soil. The very air seemed happy.

They talked of many things. People and life. Books and music. But of themselves mostly.

They laughed a great deal, and the time flew by as if on wings. One hour. They were in the country now. Two hours. The sun went down. They took no notice. Three. The stars came out. The moon was bright.

Dorine's heart sang, and her eyes shone with a soft, glad light. She knew now. There was such a thing as love.

SO IT began. Their wonderful, too-good-to-be-true companionship. This time Dorine did not broadcast the fact that she was in love. She kept silent, and her face glowed with happiness.

Her feelings for Scott were too sacred for other people's ears. Hours spent with him seemed perfect in themselves; little, private, joyful moments that must not be marred by descriptions to others.

They dreamed aloud. Always.

At opening nights, Dorine, snuggling in the soft, flattering fur of her white ermine wrap. Glad little, proud little, very-much-in-love little Dorine. Her small head held high. So happy, so content, just to be close at Scott's side; wearing his flowers and smiling into his face.

Green orchids. He frequently sent them to her.

"To match your eyes," he said.

In restaurants. Those funny, mannish restaurants he selected. How he loved steak! She detested the heavy food, but ordered it, too. Not knowing, not caring. Mechanically putting the fork to her mouth, mechanically swallowing the meat, conscious only of Scott's expressive eyes, his delicately molded hands, the schoolboyish way his hair curled, and the lovely things he said.

At parties. Gay, laughing, everybody-there parties. She had heard things. Remarks flung behind her back. Loud whispers. Flattering ones.

"Y'know who that is, don't you? Yeah, you wouldn't think she made so much money. Such

National Fashion Authority
Gives Expert Training at White Schools of Costume Art

UNDER the supervision of Evalyn B. Shackelford, an authority on dress design, as well as on the actual technique of expert dressmaking—and for several years connected with a prominent New York dress manufacturer, the White Sewing Machine Company conducts White Schools of Costume Art in one hundred and twenty-five cities throughout the United States. The tuition is free to purchasers of White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines.

The fine art, the delicate technique of dressing smartly—becomingly . . the lines and colors that best suit you are all taught to you at the White Schools, and in addition you are shown every detail of making for yourself fashionable and individually smart clothes at small cost.

You are given personal instruction complete, in cutting, fitting, right through to the final finishing, by experts trained under Evalyn Shackelford's direction. And this truly wonderful course is *free* to purchasers of the beautiful new cabinet models of the White Rotary Electric. The White representative calling at your home, will give you full information on the White Schools of Costume Art. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The beautiful Martha Washington White Rotary Electric. Convenient terms and your old machine taken in trade.

White ★
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

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SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

In using advertisements see page 6

LET THEM HAVE MORE FUN IN HOODS

Guard the health of their school day feet in HOODS

THE PREP

Dressy play shoe for boys, made on special sportshoe last. Hygeen insole. Half heel. Long-wearing. Colors: brown or neutral uppers.

THE CHICKETTE

An innovation. A laced type shoe with white duck upper, faced on the inside with a novel print sateen which when worn turned down makes an attractive, stylish cuff. Pavo insole. Smokrepe sole.

OF course your boys and girls will run and play. You can't keep their feet from having a good time but you *can* see that they are well protected.

Buy them *Hoods*. Hoods have nothing in common with old-fashioned flimsy sneakers. Hoods are made with heavy canvas uppers that lend support to growing ankles. Hoods have narrow shanks that firmly support arches; rugged soles of Smokrepe or Tire Tread rubber that will withstand the hardest sort of wear. You can buy Hoods with the Hygeen insole that prevents unpleasant perspiration odor; with the Cushion heel that prevents heel bruises.

And Hoods are the most economical shoes that the shoe dollar can buy.

Hoods for Women

Hoods are also made in several styles for women—for athletic and sport use and for wear around the house.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
Watertown, Mass.

Look for the Hood Arrow

HOOD

4 REASONS *why you should wear* HOODS

For Comfort. Hoods have outside seams that prevent chafing; instep straps and narrow shanks that support the arches; some Hoods have sponge cushion heels that protect against bruises.

For Wear. Hoods have the Smokrepe or Tire Tread soles that stand the wear and tear of active feet.

For Health. Hoods have the Hygeen insole that is non-absorbing and which prevents unpleasant perspiration odor.

For Style. Hoods are smart and snappy in design. White, brown and patterned uppers. Handsome nickel eyelets.

HOOD MAKES · CANVAS SHOES · RUBBER FOOTWEAR · TIRES
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING

Green Orchids

a cute little girl. Doesn't look a bit like an artist. Not messy or dirty or Greenwich Villagey or anything. Yes, they're seen together all the time. He? My dear, you must have sung his songs. D'y' remember that old show of his, 'Don't, Don't, Dorine'? They say he named it after her. Yeah. Dorine is the inspiration for all his music. He's got a musical comedy on now, about a red-headed sinner. No, *her* hair's not red. But I guess he wouldn't have dared! He's working on his new operetta. A friend of a friend of mine heard some of the music. Says it's a wow!"

Other times, in his car. Sitting close beside him. Cheeks aglow. Loving the feel of the fresh air roughly brushing across her face. Adoring the easy, competent way he drove the long, low, gun-metal colored car with the body that cost I-don't-know-how-much, and the engine imported from Europe.

"There they go. Aren't they a cute couple! So young!"

Being pointed out, admired, as they sped by. Up the road or down on Long Island to some place for dinner, stealing precious hours from the rehearsals of his operetta.

"This is my one real recreation," he used to say, pulling that boyish cap of his over the bright eyes she loved, as he stepped on the gas. "Whenever I can't compose, all I need to do is ride in this little ol' bus for a couple of hours, and the brain starts to work overtime!"

He would pat the car lovingly. And she would be jealous. Jealous of a powerful, man-made chariot that ran when you bore down upon a pedal and shifted gears. Jealous because it had spent so many enjoyable hours with him. Known him long before she did. Taken him through all those places. Once he had counted the rivers. Across the Thames. Across the Tiber. Across the Rhine. Across the Seine. The Delaware. The Hudson. The Mississippi.

They would sit for hours, silent. Never talking. Just listening to the busy whir of the life they passed; the soft drone of the engine. Occasionally he pressed a mysterious something, and the car, making a noise like an aeroplane, would obediently jump forward. It could go one hundred and forty miles an hour. But not here in America, where the roads would never hold and the policemen were on guard. He had done it, though, in Germany. Or was it Austria? Like a kid he told her about that, proudly repeating the story many times. No speed limits over there. But you first had to take a test. Three hours. He had passed very well; was a born mechanic anyway. The roads were exceptionally strong. You wore goggles, you rode so fast.

Lounging in his dimly-lit studio on the nineteenth floor of a skyscraper. High above humanity, listening to his melodies; soft, sweet songs composed to her. Songs that were intended to form the backbone of the new operetta.

IN THE beginning he asked her to marry him. Over and over again. She settled that.

"No," she finally answered. "Then, if this romance peters out, there'll be a tiresome, unpleasant divorce trial. It would be different if I were just an average woman, dependent on a man for my board and lodging. But I can earn my own living and a darn good one!

"Don't you see?" she continued. "It's all so perfect now. It would kill me if we grew to be like Evelyn and Henry. Let's keep this an ideal romance and quit when it first starts to fade, not after it rots!"

"When it first starts to fade." The sentence rang in their heads.

"Word of honor," he had said.

"Word of honor," she had echoed.

Then, just a few weeks later, because they both were young and impulsive and prided themselves upon being honorable, their heaven-on-earth was disrupted by a minute bomb. A mere fire-cracker. But Dorine's woman intuition sensed the beginning of the end.

Green Orchids

She had not been altogether in the right. She admitted that to herself. But even if he was disturbed, there was no excuse for Scott to have acted the way he did, and in front of people, too. Like Evelyn's Henry.

After it was over, she sat silent, alone in her room. The whole incident came back. It ran itself off, a little motion picture whirling inside her brain. Scott, working in his study. She, entering the outer hall with two of his friends. They were gay, and their voices carried. She had laughed. Too loudly. Her last laugh, so it seemed. For hilarity was cruelly struck from her lips, from her entire being, as she heard Scott's voice bellowing down the corridor.

"Can that hyena laugh of yours, will you! I'm trying to work!"

Hyena laugh! Only two months before he had likened it to a waterfall, to the tinkling of musical bells. And now—hyena laugh. The words stung. They lashed her. They hurt.

No doubt it would have passed over. But the next occasion when he said something mean, Dorine knew she could not curb her own temper and would be sure to fling a cross answer at him. In no time they were bound to become like Evelyn and Henry. Like any number of disagreeable couples. This is what she dreaded. This is what she felt would happen. She could not see her romance degenerate into cheap battles. Rather leave it now, before it was too late.

So Dorine quietly walked into his study, trembling a little, as she stood close to Scott's desk.

He looked up. "Well, what is it?" he asked, in the querulous tones of a naughty small boy who is ashamed of himself.

Her eyes smiled. A sad, understanding sort of smile. She longed to throw her arms around his neck. To kiss him. To break down and sob on his shoulder. But no, she could do none of those things. She was an independent woman. She had made this bargain, and she would stick to it.

"After today we're quits, Scott," was what she had said.

"All right," was what he had answered.

"All right." Just like that. In such a final tone. Quick as could be. His eyes seemed sorry. His mouth looked hurt. But he did take her up so quickly. "All right." Of course, he used to brag that he never broke his word, still he could have protested—just a little.

She shivered now, as she remembered how he prided himself upon always keeping his promises. It was not going to be easy—carrying on.

AT THESE thoughts Dorine cuddled deeper into the big arm chair, and reached for the newspaper that had shocked her so. The paper containing that nasty sentence which proved outsiders already knew.

"Phfft!" How the sizzling little word had unexpectedly jumped up from the printed page! It slapped her face. A stinging slap. It boxed her ears. It struck hard. The blow smarted.

"Phfft!" The latest Broadway term invented by the latest Broadway bard. Why, only a few short weeks ago, when they first heard it, Scott and she, how they had laughed!

"What an expression!" Scott had admiringly exclaimed, his sharp, pointed ears always attuned to rhythm. "Like the sputtering out of a candle. Phfft!" He had said it between his teeth. He had fairly whistled it.

And almost immediately he had entered it in that ever-present notebook of his. Keen-eyed Scott never missing a bit of every-day life. Alert Scott, who loved sounds so. Who molded them, and played with them, and made them do wonderful things.

But it was not like the sputtering out of a candle. Not now. Not when it applied to yourself. Not when you read it in a popular gossip column and discovered that the catastrophe you privately dreaded had actually happened; that matters were real and people knew. Prying, never-minding-their-own-business

A SUBJECT SELDOM DISCUSSED..

HENCE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

THE purchase of a casket, although a duty closely associated with sentiment, should involve a careful consideration of value. As endurance and protection are primary requisites of a casket, is it not natural and proper that one should ask "Who makes it?" "How is it made?" "What is it made of?"

Every National casket is constructed with the greatest care and with one aim—to build the best casket that can be built for the price asked. Down to the smallest details, our standards call for the use of only the highest grade materials. In all grades National casket construction and design reflect the ability of skilled and experienced workmen.

National caskets are identified by the visible but inconspicuous trademark reproduced above. This trademark is a pledge of quality. It specifically states the material used. If you choose a casket bearing this mark, you can be sure that you are receiving true value—a casket which conforms to the highest standards of acceptance and good taste.

National caskets are sold only through funeral directors. It is reasonable to assume that those who handle merchandise of high quality have high standards of service.

We have prepared a little booklet, "Funeral Facts." We shall be glad to send this to anyone upon request. Address Dept. C-2, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY
INCORPORATED

DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

In using advertisements see page 6

NO MORE CHILDREN OF DARKNESS!

TURN ON THE SUN

COOPED up in darkened houses and flats . . . working in artificially lighted offices and factories . . . living in crowded, smoke and dust laden centers, where very little sun penetrates . . . more than half the population of the United States are "children of darkness."

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK!

Floyd W. Parsons, nationally known writer and eminent physician, has prepared a most interesting, instructive and understandable book on the vital light and heat rays which are today of such paramount importance to health, strength, growth and development. A copy will be mailed to you without charge. Write now before the supply is exhausted!

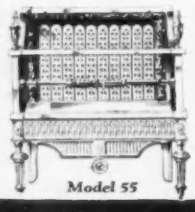
WE need more sunlight, for sunshine is nature's greatest blessing. It spreads health and strength wherever its golden beams penetrate! For ages man has sought to devise effective substitutes for the vital light and heat waves of the sun.

The Humphrey Radiantfire has been shown by physical tests, conducted by eminent authorities, to contain not only the visible rays but the infra-red and some of the ultra-violet of natural sunshine.

Join the host of more than a million Radiantfire users who "turn on the sun" and bask in its vital health-giving rays while they are enjoying this flexible, convenient and economical form of household heating. The Humphrey Radiantfire is furnished in 32 beautiful models. It can be installed in any home quickly and economically.

Visit your local gas company or dealer now.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT CO., KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
44 W. Broadway, N. Y. C. 135 Bluxome St., San Francisco, Cal.


Model 55

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

FIRESIDE CHARM WITH SUNLIKE HEAT

Green Orchids

people, who must have missed seeing them together.

Dorine stared down at the paper, and her nervous hands ran impatiently through the rumpled, brown bob. Green eyes dilated slightly, breath came in short, panicky gasps, as she read the annoying sentence over and over again. It buzzed around her brain. It sang a song. It hummed a hymn of acute pain. It repeated itself before her. Black and white printed words; jumping up and down; dancing a taunting jig; searing themselves into her flesh. Mean black-and-white words because they were true.

"The Scott Mason-Dorine Parker romance has phfft!"

Like the sputtering out of a candle, nothing. It was an elephant's hoof tramping upon her heart. It clutched her. Suffocated her soul. That word. Phfft!

She could not cry. Her eyelids felt as if they were made of steel. Heavy walls of steel. She prayed that the walls would give way. She wanted to cry until her face became a blotchy mass of red skin. She wanted to cry until the throbbing in her heart lessened, and the burning sensation that seared her throat disappeared. It was difficult, almost impossible, to be brave; to anticipate a future without Scott.

The days that followed seemed endless. Days when Dorine went about, smiling at other men and not letting any one see into her soul. To outward appearances she was just an exceedingly hard-working and popular young artist.

The nights were by far the worst. They seemed so long, when she tossed and turned, while her head ached from the effort of trying to forget. If she did sleep, she would wake in the morning with a start; with the feeling that something dreadful had happened. Then she would remember. She had parted with Scott.

Twice she thought she saw him on the street, and twice she had been mistaken. Once she glimpsed his car, parked and empty, in front of a theatre. She never wanted to walk past the skyscraper that housed his studio, but somehow her feet persisted upon carrying her by, and she would always look up to see if there were lights in the widows of his suite on the nineteenth floor. Probably he was inside, working on his operetta. "My operetta," she thought, for the melodies had been played to her so many times.

IT OPENED in New York. It was a hit. She could not go. She felt she would die if she listened to that music. Always Dorine braced herself against the time she would hear Scott's new songs. Her songs.

The first time she heard the familiar, heart-rending music was in a night club. Dorine was dancing. Suddenly the orchestra struck up the melody Scott had composed on a certain moonlight night. The couples went on whirling. Dorine's feet kept moving. Dancing. Dancing. Keeping time to bars made from her own heart-beats. And still she could not cry. But the lump that had been in her throat since the day they quarreled burned deeper than ever.

She heard more of his music. Right in her own home. They sat in the living-room. There were guests. Hannah's in-laws. Her husband was the type of man who insisted upon turning on the radio whether people talked or not. Out of the horn came another one of Scott's songs. Her love song. But Dorine found herself discussing the fattening qualities of rice pudding. The world went on. Not a tear came to her eyes.

"Maybe, in my heart of hearts, I have been too selfish for love," she thought. Certainly she wanted to cry; to cry buckets of tears, and she could not weep one. However, her throat continued to burn horribly.

She possessed nothing much to remember him by. Nothing tangible to cherish. A book. Huneker's "Steeplejack." He had sent that to her on the day she said she wanted to know

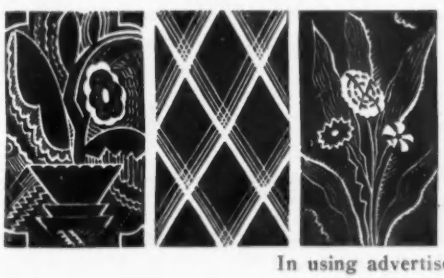
Smart
WALLPAPER

MODERN . . .
SEMI-MODERN . .
CLASSIC . . .

NOTHING so dates a house as its owner's attitude toward wallpaper . . . Monotone walls have gone the way of monotone clothes. The fresh colors and delightful designs of the new papers have swept the world of decoration as the new printed silks have conquered the citadels of fashion.

Daring papers—that go the whole way with the unfettered young modernist to make a background for furniture based on dynamic symmetry . . . Subtle papers—that treat traditional forms from a new angle and carry conventional furniture with them into the moment's mode . . . Classic papers—too beautiful in their perfect designs and colors ever to seem old-fashioned . . . Tested papers — that bear a two-year guarantee against fading. Realizing the need for expert opinion as a guide to choice, the Wallpaper Association has established a Consulting Decorators' Bureau, the services of which are at your disposal. Questions will be answered by return mail—without expense to you. Two Booklets have been prepared—"How to Modernize Your Home" and "Which Wallpaper and Why". They will answer every wallpaper question.

The WALLPAPER



ASSOCIATION
OF UNITED STATES
10 E. 40 ST., N. Y. C.

Send 50 cents for the booklets mentioned above and 50 samples of actual wallpapers.

In using advertisements see page 6

Remember these 3 advantages of ICE for food preservation

1 ICE IS PURIFYING. Food odors are absorbed by the melting ice film and ELIMINATED through the outlet. This goes on all the time, every hour of the day.

2 ICE PROTECTS FLAVOR. It maintains proper atmospheric balance of cold air (easily 45° in the milk compartment), dry air, moist air and pure air to preserve food juices and flavors. There is less drying out.

3 ICE IS CHEAP. A survey of 20,000 ice bills shows an average year-'round cost per home of $3.54 a month. And you have no initial investment but the cost of an ice box.

A good ice refrigerator is all important

Get one properly designed, sturdily built, well insulated. Keep it well iced for safe food preservation at low cost. Ask your own ice company to help you select a good ice refrigerator. Write for free folder, "The ice box check-up book."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 163 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SAVE WITH ICE

Green Orchids

more about music. Upon the fly-leaf was written in his dear, scrawly writing,

"Dorine, I hope you enjoy this book as much as I did, Scott."

He had also given her "My Musical Life," by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

"A composer's life, by himself. Gee, I got a kick out of it!" he had exclaimed.

But he never wrote in that.

She had nothing else except a jagged scrap of paper on which he once scribbled his private telephone numbers.

"To show you what I think of you," he had said.

There was the particular one on his desk that nobody ever answered except himself.

Sometimes she looked over her little hoard of treasures. But they could not make her cry.

Then it happened. At dinner. The evening of Hannah's fifth wedding anniversary. A box from the florist's arrived. The maid brought it to the table, and Hannah's excited hands broke the strings. The lid fell off, and inside the glazed paper lay the perfect blossoms.

"Green orchids for you, dear," said Hannah's husband. "You always used to admire the ones Dorine wore."

Smiling with delight, Hannah held up the flowers. "Aren't they lovely!" she exclaimed.

Dorine grew white. Suddenly it all came back so vividly. The very pain of it took her breath away. Music could not do it. His own handwriting could not do it. But orchids—green orchids.

"To match your eyes," Scott had said.

She could hear him now. Hear every word. His face rose before her. His hair that curled so rebelliously.

Dorine screamed. A frightened child's scream. She burst into hysterical sobs. The tears ran down her cheeks. She rushed from the room. Hannah's astonished voice followed her down the hall.

"Well, did you ever! I know what's the matter with her! She's run down, that's what! Too much work! The idea! Why, she hasn't had a real beau call here in a long while. She shouldn't work so hard! I haven't heard Dorine say she's in love for months now! That's what, she should fall in love again—be young!"

This from Hannah. Hannah who once said, "When you're really in love, you won't talk about it!"

Her words echoed in Dorine's ears. "Fall in love—be young." Why, it was silly. Love made you old. Old and wise. Dorine slammed her bedroom door. No longer could she hear Hannah's shrill voice. The tears fell readily now. She felt she could not bear the intense longing to see Scott again; to hear him speak.

Suddenly she knew she had been wrong, all wrong. She was a coward, afraid that her romance would fade. Afraid of life. Real love could face the disappearance of glamour; could face anything.

Miserably, she crept to the telephone. She called a number. One that had been written on the little white scrap of paper. Written in Scott's own hand. It was in the Murray Hill district.

He answered.

She trembled.

"Hello," he said.

"Scott," she whispered, "I see it all now. And I'll marry you if you still want me!"

"Want you!" he echoed. "Want you, Dorine darling! I'll be right over!"

LATER he asked questions. "What brought you to your senses? What sent you back to me? Was it my love song? I purposely had it broadcast every night."

Dorine smiled. She was wise now. She had learned that it is part of love's business to preserve romance.

"Yes, dear," her lips answered. "It was your love song."

But her heart knew it had been the green orchids.

An old Maine woods recipe gives the finest baked-bean flavor known

They have a unique way of baking beans in the logging camps of the Maine woods.

They bake them *in the ground!*

The big round-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with flavor-rich ingredients. Plump selected beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar—layer upon layer.

Then it is put to bake all night long in the "bean hole"—an oven in the ground heated by embers of glowing pine wood.

This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known... a blend of forest fragrance, pungent wood smoke, sweet earthen oven.

And now, wherever you are, you can enjoy it—that very same taste! In Bean Hole Beans, the first real reproduction of that famous Maine woods flavor.

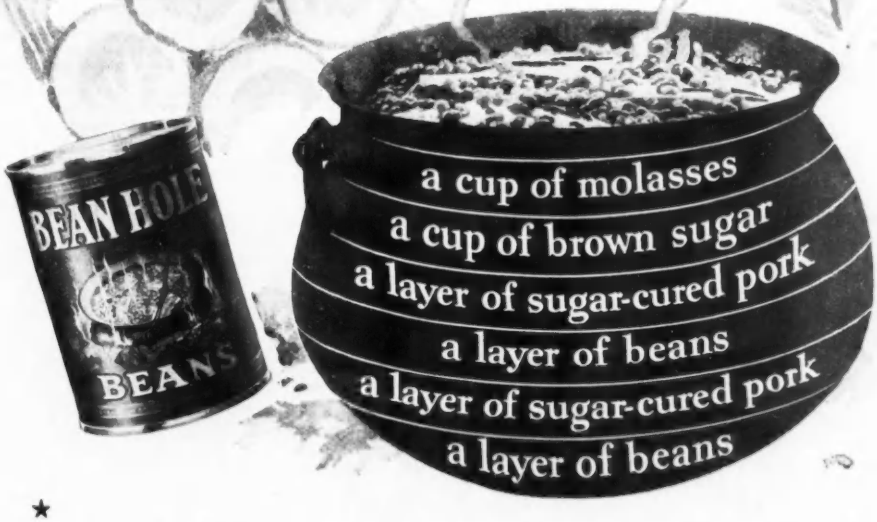
You'll know that Bean Hole Beans are different, at the very first taste. They bring to you that rarest of all things—the experience of a new delightful flavor!

Why not try them for dinner tonight? Your grocer has them in two sizes, medium, 15c, and large, 25c. (Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.)

VAN CAMP'S, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Makers of

SOUPS CATSUP KIDNEY BEANS CHILE CON CARNE
SPAGHETTI KRAUT PUMPKIN
and other Vegetable Products



Bean Hole Beans are the first real reproduction of that famous Maine woods flavor.

★

BEAN HOLE BEANS

In using advertisements see page 6

The grease-clogged "eyes" of your RANGE

—Drāno will *open* and *clean* them, too!

YOU know—millions of women know—how quickly Drāno removes clogging grease from drain-pipes—keeps them open, free-flowing.

And it will do the same thing for the flickering, stopped-up burners of your gas or oil range. A Drāno soaking—their "eyes" are open. The flame burns clear and hot and blue. Or, if it's an electric range, Drāno will free the heating units from every trace of lingering grease.

The drip-bespattered cooking top—the sticky, crusty broiler and drip-pan, clean them, too, the modern way—with Drāno.

Drāno *does the drudgery*

Drāno eliminates all accumulations of grease, animal and vegetable matter—wherever they may be.

It cleans and opens stubborn drains. Removes crusted grease from frying pans. Dissolves baked-on food from casseroles. Cleans and deodorizes garbage cans.

It makes easy so many hard-to-do cleaning jobs about the house.

A helpful booklet for you

Women everywhere have discovered new uses for Drāno. So, we have put some of these home-tested methods in a booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning." To get a copy, send us your name and address.

And while you are waiting for it, give those greasy burners on your range a Drāno bath. The simple directions are printed here. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS
keep them with your recipes

To clean stove burners, heater units and cooking top

1. Put two cupfuls of water into a dish-pan (any kind but aluminum)
2. Add ¼ can of Drāno
3. Put burners (or heating units) and cooking-top section into the solution—adding enough water to cover
4. Let soak three or four hours, or overnight
5. Thoroughly rinse, then wash with hot soap-suds—or, better still, with Dawn

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

DO YOU KNOW that porcelain, tile and enamel can be kept shining, always beautiful with Dawn? It dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

25¢ *a can*

Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States

35¢ *in Canada*

Golden to the Winds

(*Continued from page 33*)

when men spoke to her of marriage, of longing and loneliness, until, in the end, they decided that Yekaterina was not meant for them, and they would talk about her as people will when the grapes hang high:

"*Wah!* Who does she think she is, that she can not find a husband among us, the pride of the land?"

"Whom does she want?"

"The Emperor of China?"

"Or, belike, the *Akh-Padshah*, the Little White Father, himself?"

"She may be the only woman in this place. But, by the Prophet, there are other girls in other places."

"With lips as red."

"Aye, and just as clever as she when it comes to stewing and brewing and broiling!"

Baron de Kuprine, too, wondered. "You are alone," he said to her one day. "Why don't you marry one of the decent lads hereabouts?"

"I can not."

"*Slava Bogoo*—what are you waiting for, child?"

Her reply was shattering in its stark simplicity: "Love. True love."

The Baron sighed. "True love?" he echoed morosely, for he, too, had memories. "Ah—find it, my dear—and you will be seeing the ark of the Lord's covenant in the Lord's temple!"

STILL, she liked the tribesmen; and for all her yelling at them and, when need arose, using skillet or rolling-pin on their hard heads, they liked her. They would have protected her against fire and high water and the Devil himself. Only, coarse men, they enjoyed their coarse jests. So, when a newcomer drifted into camp, they would edge him on, playing on his sturdy conceit. They would tell him that here was a fine wife for a hardy man's daring, and would watch what might happen—what never failed to happen: the unsuspecting stranger, cocking his shaggy fur bonnet at a rakish angle, walking up to Yekaterina with a heavy swagger, assuring her by his own and his mother's honor that for the sake of one of her precious eyelashes he would sin the thousand sins, putting a gallant arm about her waist—and she booming out with a loud:

"What manners be these, O creature? Begone, O long-ears! Begone, O almost noseless!"

And her fists would send him spinning when he would not take no for an answer, while the other workmen hooted bellowing guffaws, until she turned on them sharply,

"Peace, O men of large feet and small heads!"

And then, one morning, there was whispering and gliding laughter. There were wagers freely offered, though only one taker, that soon the Dark One would meet her match.

For a caravaneer, coming with government supplies, brought word that Karakhan was on his way to the camp: Karakhan, the Afghan, of whom was the telling, wide-blown through the hills and the steppes, that there was none like him in love or strife, or showing a handsome leg in stepping the measure of a sword dance, or warbling melodies on the brown reed-flute; Karakhan, whose mother's-wit, to quote one man, was a lamp in the night, a horse on the plains, a mule on a stony path, a boat in the water, a mountain on land.

A few days later he reached the Valley of the Windy Gates. Tall he was, jaunty and supple, truculently dragging his long sword so that it clanked a song of iron against the stones, his reed-pipe tenderly velvet-cased and stuck in his scarlet waist-shawl, his face keen and hawkish, and with the arrogant toss of the shoulders that never an Afghan lacked.

The people quit work when they saw him. Many knew him. All had heard of him. They crowded about him. They shook his hand. They bade him boisterous welcome.

When company drops in

...just leave things to the AutomatiCook

ALL you do is get the food ready. The AutomatiCook does the rest. Light the gas . . . Put the food in the oven . . . Set the AutomatiCook, and *your* work is done.

Leave the house entirely if you want to—hours at a time . . . this ever-dependable oven heat control stays faithfully on the job. It never fails—because it works *automatically.*

Roasts, juicy and delicious—fowl, bread, pastries, even whole meals—all are cooked to perfection under the watchful care of the AutomatiCook.

Home economics bureaus, gas companies and good dealers everywhere recommend the AutomatiCook highly.

You can't buy it separately. It is built right into the range. But fortunately nearly one hundred makers of the finest modern ranges provide it for your convenience.

The AutomatiCook Book tells you how and what to cook—very complete—attractively illustrated. Send 25 cents for your copy.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY
Youngwood, Penna.

ROBERTSHAW ★
TRADE MARK
AutomatiCook

In using advertisements see page 6

COCONUT'S *tropic flavor enriches your simplest* Desserts

OF all the luscious fruits and foods that grow in the tropics none is more delicious —more varied in its uses than juicy, tender coconut.

Thanks to Franklin Baker—the finest sun-ripe coconut comes to your table right from the heart of the golden tropics—as fresh and tender as the day it was plucked.

Only choicest nuts are gathered. Fast fruit steamers hurry them to New York. Here the shells are opened—the snowy-white meat shredded and packed with every bit of its native flavor retained.

Delicious new ways to use coconut are given in our recipe book. For a free copy or a trial can of Southern-Style—see coupon.

Baker's Premium Shred, in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages, the familiar kind, ideal for pie fillings, custards, and puddings.

•

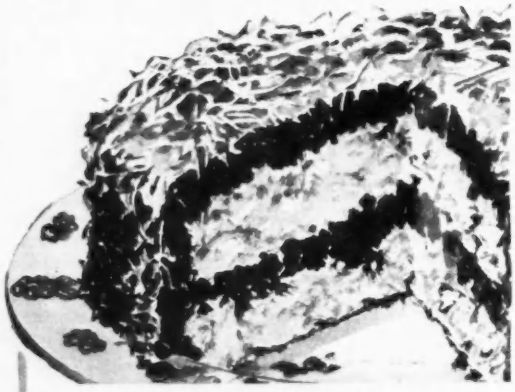
Baker's Southern-Style, the new moist-packed kind in tins, slightly sweetened, delicious in all coconut desserts and in cake frostings.

Chocolate Coconut Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
5 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled.

Put egg whites, sugar, cream of tartar, and water in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire; fold in vanilla and coconut. Do not beat mixture. Cool. Add chocolate. Spread on cake. This recipe makes enough frosting for two 9-inch layers.

All measurements are level



FRANKLIN
BAKER'S
COCONUT
"adds tropic richness to desserts"

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FRANKLIN BAKER Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. G. H.-9-29

☐ Please send recipe book (free). ☐ I enclose 10¢ for half-size trial can of Southern-Style. (For Canada, Franklin Baker, Ltd., Sterling Tower, 19th floor, Toronto 2, Ont.) Print name and address—Mark X for choice.

Name.....

Address.....City.....

Golden to the Winds

"How goes it with you?"

"The salute!"

"The salute, O son of the world!"

"The salute, O burly one!"

They asked him where he had been—what men had he fought—what women kissed!

"Plenty men!" he laughed. For his was the happy, careless lot of the wanderer with steel at his haunch and fire at his heart. "And women more than a few!"

Then his tales—and most of them true:

"Did not the Afghan Amir himself—honor to his beard!—assure me it is me he prefers when strong warriors are out with weapons and only cowards stand up for peace and tranquil sleep? And did I not battle, single-handed, with seven Persians and drive them away with the point of my sword—and they yelling for mercy and eating dirt? And the night I fell in with the three Punjaubi robbers —by Allah and by Allah—did we not fight it savagely and splendidly in the dark, with fingers at the throat and laying on cudgels with grand vigor on turbaned pates? And as to the women, when I walked through the bazaars, did they not drop their veils and look at me with blue eyes, brown eyes, black eyes—eyes saying as plain as with the saying of words, 'I love you'?"

"*Wah*—" exclaimed a Kirghiz admiringly—"it is you who sat on top of the heap when boldness was given away and good looks were to be had for the asking!"

"That is so," agreed Karakhan with an Afghan's naive, unblushing vanity that sat on him almost like a virtue.

"And yet—" began a youth whose name was Mustaffa.

"And yet—what?"

"There is a woman in this camp who—"

"A cold woman, a proud woman!" interrupted the other. "I heard of her—and it is she who brought me here. Ah, presently I shall whistle to her, and, by the Prophet! this cold, proud woman will come to the heel of me!"

"Unless," mocked Mustaffa, "her hard fist will crash on the head of you!"

The Afghan smiled. "You wager?" he demanded.

"My two short daggers against your long sword!"

"Good!"

Thus their bet; and, as it turned out, neither won—nor lost.

IT WAS evening before Yekaterina saw Karakhan—heard him before she saw him, when to her, busy in the kitchen, there came from the inn itself the sounds of a flute.

She put down her grilling fork. She listened. The meat sizzled, burned. She did not care. For on his slim, brown reed Karakhan could charm the notes from the deeps of time, from the deeps of men's souls and women's.

Of war he piped first, shrilly, challengingly. Of strong men marching with banners and bright weapons; and grand looting of houses and cattle wantonly slaughtered; and the burning of fine towns flaring crimson and splendid against the tall, black nights; and the mountain clans meeting on the field of strife; and the salt smell of new blood bringing a shiver to the wind and the trees; and the vultures dipping on eager wings; and, back in their homes, the women sitting—staring with cold eyes into the distance . . .

Of the women's sorrow wailed the flute. *Hai, hai*—their bitter grief in the minor cadences—and their crooning and plaints . . . *Hai, hai, hai*—here are our men at the killing, the dying . . . Allah's curse on them and their rowdy fighting—and Allah's pity on the widows they must make and the hearths they must leave lonely, lonely . . .

And then, quickly, cunningly, Karakhan changed the tune to a melting melody of mild, gentle things—a soft melody of the miracle of spring—of flowers in bud and bloom, and the birds tearing through the thousand green

Golden to the Winds

tunnels of the trees, and the sun rays spilling like gold on a stair. Ah—warbled the slim, brown reed—what sort of heart is this that would not lift and soar to see the fresh, moist green blown upon the gray oaks—to see the hedges burst white and pink—to see the young fir trees prick up proudly and insolently among the slower, elder pines—to see everywhere the boys and girls strolling hand in hand through the fields . . .

Of great longing and deep tenderness trilled the flute, as of a man crying out to a woman: Thou dwellest on a steep, far mountain, O my beloved, and I, an eagle with broken wings, lie here below . . . Come to me and lift me up—come and hurry, O my beloved . . .

The music swelled ecstatically. Come to me, O my beloved—it said—come to me . . . for I can not live nor can I die with my hopes unharvested, my joys ungarnered, my songs unsung—so fair is my youth and rich . . . Come to me . . .

The music throbbed, then suddenly broke off on a minor, quavering note . . .

CAME roaring applause, rapidly stilled as some one cried, "Look"—and they turned and saw Yekaterina standing on the kitchen threshold; saw her staring wide-eyed at the Afghan; heard, a moment later, her queer, slurred question,

"Tell me, stranger, was it a song to the girl you love?"

"No," replied Karakhan. "A song to the girl who will love *me*—presently!"

Their eyes met; held each other. There was silence.

Then he walked up to her and spoke negligently,

"By my honor, but here is a fine riddle before me!"

"Riddle?" she echoed wonderingly.

"Indeed! The riddle of new lips to kiss—your own lips, O delight!"

His hands dropped on her shoulders.

"Ah," laughed Mustaffa, addressing a neighbor, "here is where I win my wager!"

And he looked on amazed, as did the others, when Yekaterina neither broke into full-flavored abuse, nor raised an arm to defend herself; just stood there, motionless . . . and it was only the Afghan who could hear her whisper,

"Would you kiss me against my will?"

He, too, whispered, "Why not?"

"Stolen kisses are bitter kisses."

"Let me find out for myself if that is so. You see—all my life doubt has been my most besetting sin."

She did not budge, though his fingers tightened on her shoulders. She kept on staring at him with a strange, calm assurance, a silent question in her eyes—which, a second later, she put into words,

"Why do you want to kiss me?"

"Are not your lips red?"

"Is there no other reason?"

"What other reason could there be?" he demanded.

"Are you sure—quite sure?"

"Of course, I am."

Then, as she still stood there, motionless, staring at him, he grew impatient. He released her.

"Pah—" he went on—"you are cold, cold! There is ice in your veins instead of blood! And I know other women here and there—women with warm lips, warm hearts!"

He turned away from her. He sat down and drank deeply of vodka—and looked up sharply when he heard Mustaffa's mocking query,

"So, after all, she did not come to the heel of you—eh?"

Karakhan roared with rage. He jumped up; gripped Mustaffa's throat. The latter twisted, tried to free himself, and did not succeed.

"Let me go!" he begged. "What have I done?"

"You said—"

"The truth! I said that—"

"Do not say it again!" cried Karakhan, and all at once he kicked him the length of the room and across the outer threshold.

The man picked himself up. He trembled with fear. But distance, even so short a distance, lent a measure of courage. "And yet I am right!" he jeered. "Never her lips to yours—"

He interrupted himself, gave a shriek of terror, "*Hayah!*"

For a dagger had leaped to the Afghan's fingers. It cut through the air in a shimmering curve and buried itself inch-deep in the door jamb a hair's-breadth from Mustaffa's quickly ducked head. He ran away. There were excited exclamations, laughter; then silence as Yekaterina, once more her old self, faced Karakhan and shouted:

"What manners be these, O assassin from the hills? If brawling it must be, go and seek another place, not my clean, honest house!"

He did not reply. He shrugged his shoulders and stepped out into the night—and out of that same night, two hours later, when every one had left the inn and Yekaterina was putting things to rights, drifted again the piping of his flute.

An eerie tune he played. Like the dirge of a lost soul, the curious imagining came to her, a lost soul astray on the outer rim of creation. Like the ghosts of flames in a dusty, deserted house. Ah—she thought—the house of her own heart so dark and cold, yet longing for brightness, for warmth, for some one to blot out the inky shadows of men's cruelty and injustice, which the past had scrawled across her brain—to build anew the Lord's sacrament and shrine in her burning soul . . .

THE tune broke off. A foot stumbled among stones. Then a figure loomed up on the threshold.

She saw Karakhan; told herself:

"How bold and fearless his eyes! And his hands—strong, strong!"

She heard his words:

"Within the hour I am taking the far road. Come with me! Be my wife, O child of kings!"

She trembled a little. "Why should I?" she asked.

"Because of the fine, sparkling towns."

"What towns?"

"The towns I shall show you—and the splendid houses where you and I shall dwell in ease."

"And," she demanded, as she had earlier in the evening, "is there no other reason?"

"There is."

"Tell me!"

"Because, hereafter, it will be no more floors to scrub for you, no more bread to bake, no more waiting on coarse Tartars. A deal of servants it will be for you instead, to mind your every whim—and red gold for your white throat—and soft rugs for your feet to step on!"

And, misreading the silent, tense question in her eyes, imagining that she was doubting his prowess, he went on heatedly, with that naive Afghan vanity of his:

"It is so! There may be many stout, swank, roaring fellows in the hills. But I make bold to think that I am the pick of them all."

He took a step nearer to her. "Listen, O moon of the world! I know a castle high in the southern mountains—and a man owns it whom I never liked, a gross man, flabby at the jowl and thick-lipped. A skilled fighter, I am not denying it. But—you care for his castle? By Allah, you shall have it! His pearls and emeralds shall be yours, his silken carpets, his prancing horses, his—"

"And what do I want of pearls and emeralds and prancing horses?" she cut in. Had Karakhan been a more subtle man, he might have felt the throb and longing in her voice. "What do I want of such grand luxuries? I want—"

"I know—and you are right. A large castle means trouble. It means envious neighbors and bickering servants. I shall win you a smaller one with the strength of my arms. I

Bob coaxes for a lesson on Saturdays!

"You wouldn't believe it. And neither would I three months ago. You see, we had been worrying about Bob's school for ages.

"Gone all day, learning we didn't know just what, long hours indoors, trips back and forth in any kind of weather . . . well, naturally he was tired and didn't have much interest in studying in the evenings.

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"I don't know what school you're sending your children to now . . . and I hope you won't mind my saying so, but . . . you really don't know what your youngsters are missing if you haven't tried the Calvert courses!"

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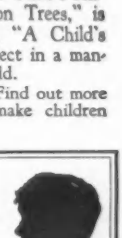

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SANITAS
MODERN
WALL COVERING

is made in styles for every room in the house.

No matter what room you intend to decorate this fall, it will pay you to consider Sanitas—see the wide range of colors and patterns, and then learn also about the many unique advantages of this distinctive decorative fabric.

Made of cloth, with a cleanable surface, Sanitas does not fade, crack or tear.

Before you decorate, ask your decorator to show you the complete line in the Sanitas Sample Book—see for yourself what a wide variety of styles this very practical wall covering offers you.

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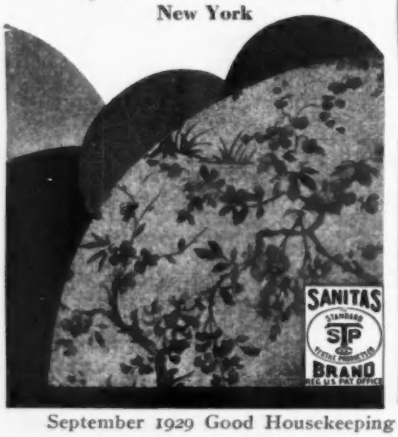


Golden to the Winds

have the very place in mind—with a garden all around where the blossoms are like a whirl of fragrant, pink-tinted snow—and a broad stretching of fields, fat and yellow with the ripening of the year—and birds swarming in the bracken—and the forest teeming with deer—and a silver stream murmuring the grave, glad purposes of life. *Hai*—a place for happiness and the full heart!"

He held out a hand. "Come with me! Be my wife! What is your answer?"

"My answer is—no, no, no!"

He did not believe his ears. "Eh?"

"No!" she repeated. "Go away!"

He was a little puzzled, a little hurt. "How can that be?" he stammered. "Why, I offer you everything, everything!"

"Everything, except—"

"Except—?"

"The one thing my soul craves!"

"Put a name to it and I shall get it for you!"

And, when she was silent, Karakhan insisted,

"Tell me—what is this thing you crave?"

"It is for yourself to find out, O great fool!" exclaimed Yekaterina—and all at once she pushed him across the threshold and slammed the door.

He stood there, scratching his head, staring wonderingly into the thick, purple night where the crested trees rushed and rustled like the surge of the sea, saying to himself:

"Here is a girl made for me as the scabbard is for the sword and the ripe wheat for the sweep of the scythe! And how unreasonable she is, with her 'The one thing my soul craves!' What does she want? What can she want? Have I not offered her all I have—all I shall ever have?"

He was about to knock at the door, to argue with her. But suddenly he reconsidered.

"I know what she means," he laughed, for his mind was so bent on one thing. "Thinking me a liar, she is—thinking me a bragging windbag! By the honor of my teeth, but I shall prove to her what sort of man I am!"

And he turned on his heel, and that same night he left the Valley of the Windy Gates and went south, crying to the rocks and trees,

"Here is to face a far road, a keen road—and all the luck of it!"

ABOUT this luck being good or ill there might be small doubt. For when, a week later, he reached his native country, he found the Amir of the Afghans ready to ride to the east, with the cold crackle of iron and the hollow, nasal thud of the drums, to "pull the beard of the Khan of Kafiristan," as the Amir expressed it—which was an ingenuous way of saying that his treasury was empty and that Kafiristan was bursting with gold to be had for the taking.

So, throughout the tribes, his emissaries were speeding and calling:

"Gather in! Gather in! What are you waiting for, O laggards?"

From hill to hill blades were at the sharpening; and the clansmen hugging their wives and telling them they would be back from the war in no time, with a bit of shimmering loot tucked in their waist-shawls and driving a few head of cattle before them; and the very boys in their teens clamoring to step forth among strange swords with swords of their own; and the chiefs strutting as haughtily as fighting-cocks with their combs uncut, blustering big words in their big beards, and making the boastful prophecies about the fine deeds they would do—and none boasting more loudly nor, as it turned out, with better reason, than Karakhan.

"*Hai!*" cried the Amir on the morning when his warriors met those of the Khan of Kafiristan, like shaggy, lank hounds, as eager for a row as the next man. "Here we ride to put the chance of life and death on a swinging stroke or two!"

"No death for me today!" laughed Karakhan. "I can not obey the black summons until a red-haired girl has given me her lips so soft!"

He spurred on his horse. With heart almost jesting he plunged into the pith of the strife.

Strife! Strife red and lusty! The clank and jar of it filled the land from hill to hill; filled all that day between sun-up and sun-down. Sword against sword. Lance against lance. Thrust and slash against thrust and slash. Skill and strength against skill and strength.

Few firearms. Only rarely a rifle snicking or pistol spitting. Below foot and hoof the grass warm and slippery, nor the reason for it hard to seek. And ever Karakhan in the thick of the fray, doing deeds the tale of which went round and round the cold world in a rumor of wind; and ever the fast cut and drive of his long sword; ever his savage, guttural war-cry:

"*Din! Din! Fateh Mohammed!*"

So the time passed, and the sun stood high and hot; and the sun dropped low and chilly to meet the rush of oncoming night; and the moon came out to take a look at things—at strong men fighting, killing, dying, and the fortunes of that crimson span of strife swinging now one way and now the other. And it was Karakhan who, at last, followed by a picked troop of tribesmen, turned the tide of battle when, by a rapid, skilled flanking charge, he sent the enemy to flight, headlong, helter-skelter, all at once panic-stricken. It was he who captured the Khan of Kafiristan and dragged him to the feet of the Amir—although, careful man, he did not tell him that on the way he had helped himself to the Khan's broad, jeweled bracelets and emerald-studded dagger. It was he who, finally, embraced by his sovereign lord and richly rewarded with the latter's own diamond thumb-ring, seven purses of gold, a scarlet, sable-lined cloak of honor, and the promise of the Amir's sister in marriage, said boldly,

"All I accept gratefully, O Heaven-Born—except your sister's hand."

"Eh?" cried the Amir, flushing angrily.

"A king's daughter she—a hillman I!" went on Karakhan. "I am not worthy of her."

"Not worthy of her? Pah—I know you and your stiff-necked conceit. Come—let your Afghan tongue straighten out its kinks and tell me the truth!"

"Such a simple truth!"

"Well—?"

"There is another girl—a red-haired girl."

The Amir's frown gave way to a smile. "Yes, yes," he interrupted. "I remember. You mentioned her."

He laughed. He plunged a hand into his waist-shawl and—for indeed the man carried precious stones about with him as boys do pebbles—came out with rubies and sapphires.

"Here—a wedding present for the red-haired girl! Go in peace!"

EARLY the next morning, Karakhan set out for the north.

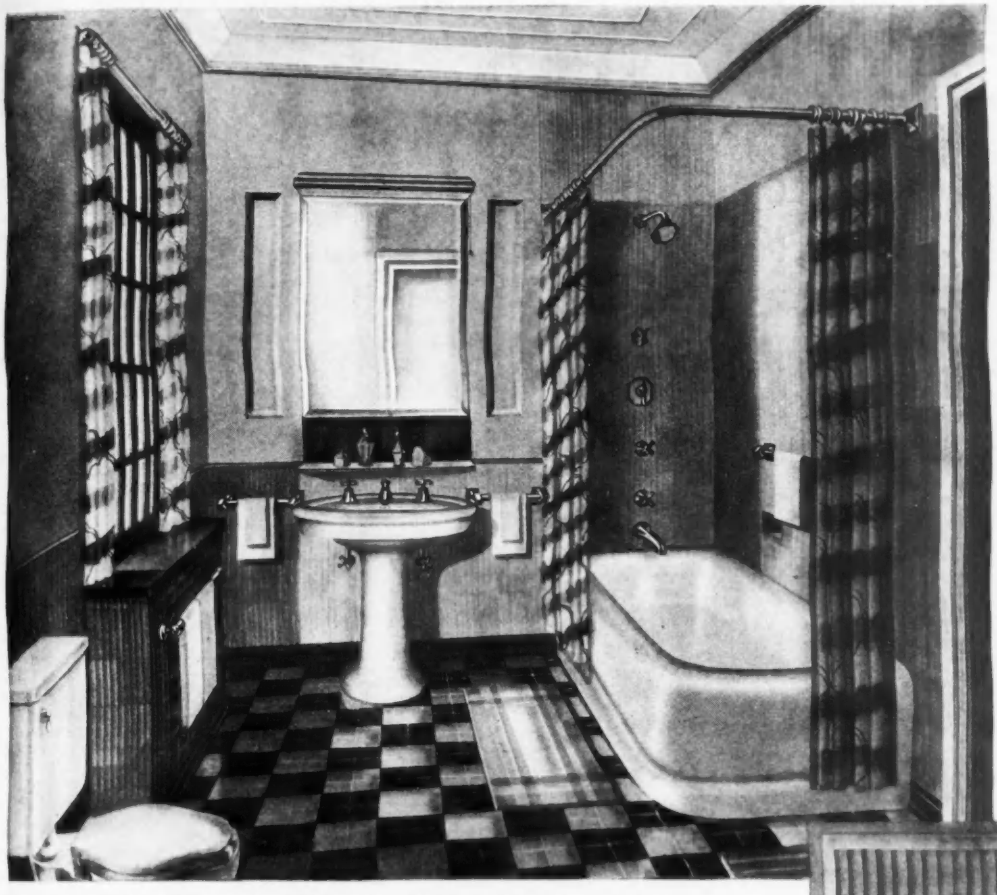
He was proud. He was happy. Jewels and gold clanking in his pockets—fame trotting at his heel like a good hound. *Wah*—fame and riches—the price of a hero—the price of Yekaterina's soft lips . . .

"The one thing my soul craves!"—had she not told him?

Well, here was this same thing—success. Here was he himself in proof of it, wealthy and envied among tall, storied warriors! And he traveled fast, grudging each hour of rest, until, on the evening of the seventh day, he came within sight of the Valley of the Windy Gates.

He was anxious to cover the last miles. But it was late, with black night closing in, and the trail down to the valley steep and treacherous, and the Russian road not yet finished. So he hobbled his horse and made camp in a clearing tucked neat and warm and friendly into the heart of the forest.

The time passed sweetly to the swing of his thoughts—thoughts of Yekaterina. Ah, it was not with her, he understood at this moment, as it had been with other women in the



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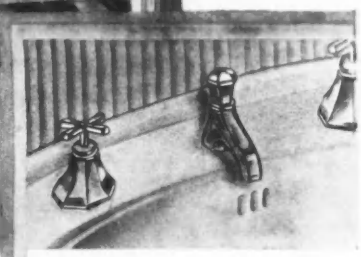

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Golden to the Winds

past: a flirting it or roughing it for the sake of a kiss. Love it was—a thing, a fact, for the space of a man's life.

Golden his love! Golden to the winds! Golden to the hills . . .

He dozed off. He slept soundly for hours; was suddenly startled wide awake, not by the sun, which was already rising in crimson and lavender, but by a sharp tickle of steel below his left ear and a rough voice:

"Be careful how you move! For here at your throat is my dagger—as eager for blood as a young flea!"

He looked. Above him stood Mustaffa, the Tartar whom, some time earlier, he had booted across the threshold of Yekaterina's inn, and by his side two other men. The three, with spring crying them out to the steppes, had given up work at the Russian camp and, on their way from the valley, had come by chance upon the Afghan. They had seen the glitter of jewels, and so—bandits vulpine and shameless—here they were, going through his clothes with agile fingers, while he cursed and blustered and threatened impotently, helplessly, the point of the dagger so near his throat, listening to their laughter, their jeers:

"These broad bracelets of yours—behold how snugly they clasp my wrists!"

"This diamond ring—the very gem for my father's only son!"

"And—look—your emerald-studded dagger! Does it not seem fine and foppish stuck in my waist-shawl at the proper angle—thus?"

"Rubies!"

"Sapphires!"

"Purses heavy with gold!"

"And your long sword, its hilt fashioned—by the adorable Lord!—well to fill my fist!"

"And your scarlet cloak, O Karakhan! *Wah*—the swing of it—the elegant cut!"

"And your sleek, roan horse!"

"Crooked-mouths!" yelled the Afghan. "Squint-eyes! May yours be the black luck of the seventh son's seventh son! Ah, eaters of dirt!"

"Eaters of rich food—" rejoined Mustaffa—"with your money to foot the bill!"

So he mocked him, being a Tartar; and, being that same Tartar, he sent his fist crashing into the prone man's face, adding,

"This is to pay for the booting you gave me!"

The blow knocked Karakhan unconscious. It was minutes before he regained his senses. He sat there, his face buried in his hands. He was unhappy, and he thought:

"Of riches I bragged to her! Of glorious deeds! And here I am, defeated, a beggar, with nothing left me—nothing—nothing—nothing except—ah—" he laughed with bitter self-irony—"my flute . . ."

He put the thin, brown reed to his pursed lips, and all to himself he played a tune.

Such a tune it was, with a lilt and a sob in it to break hearts. A tune as of a man walking through the black end of a cold day alone, stark alone; and coming at last to a house, the house of his dreams—golden dreams once, but today these dreams gray and lifeless—sitting about the walls like corpses stiffly propped in chairs . . .

So the flute wailed; and Yekaterina, who had gone to the woods to pick berries, heard and said to herself, "If the piping is near, the piper can not be far!"

She followed the sound. She saw Karakhan; and he saw her.

He was for turning his back on her without a word and going the way he had come. For he was ashamed. But she stretched out a hand.

"Karakhan!" she cried.

Then he told her; told her about the splendid deeds he had done for her sake, the gold and jewels he had brought to pour into her lap; told her, too, how he had been robbed. And he added with a cry of despair:

"Nothing left! Nothing! And—Allah—I love you . . . I love you so . . ."

Suddenly she laughed—such a clear, ringing, merry laugh—and said, "You might have told me that before you went away!"

"Told you what?"

"That you love me! Ah, there would have been no need for your going."

"But I said to you that—"

"Never a word of love did you say, O great fool! Of jewels you spoke, of gold, of fine castles! Of—oh, things—just things! Chilly, glittering, dead things! And you never spoke of the one thing my soul craves—the red, glorious, living thing—your love, O son of Adam!"

Then quickly he took her in his arms. He kissed her, and after a while, with thick chest swelled out braggingly, and standing upon his toes to make himself seem the taller, he exclaimed:

"Beggar am I? Defeated? Beggar and defeated only for a day or two! For am I not the fellow of many gifts, with the whole world before me like an open road? I shall get me another horse, another sword! By Allah, child, you shall see. I shall gather a few likely lads of hard daring and ride through the land and harry caravans. Ah—" laughing exultantly, flexing his great arms, "I am strong, strong!"

"Strong enough," interrupted Yekaterina, "to do your fair share of peaceful, decent work hereafter! Strong enough to scrub the floors of my good, clean inn—to herd a few head of cattle—to do proper things about the house and the fields!"

She pointed down the Valley of the Windy Gates. "Come with me, Karakhan!"

She looked at him, and he followed gladly.

Bows, Bands, and Collars

(*Continued from page 78*)

If you can not match the material of your dress exactly, buy the nearest shade you can get and have both dress and extra material dyed to match in a slightly darker shade. Make a tiny pin-tuck around the bottom of the blouse as indicated. The neck should be bound with a bias binding of the new material.

The applied bands on the blouse, square neck, and plaited side panels were fashion's addition to last season's plain dress of flat crêpe or some similar material, shown at the left of page 78. It is surprisingly easy to remodel a dress like this from any straight-line frock.

Buy 2½ yards of new material to match the fabric of your dress, and if necessary have both dyed a darker shade so that the color will match exactly. Rip the skirt from the waist and lift it so that it comes just above the hip bone. Let out the hem in order to bring the skirt about two inches below the bottom of the knee-cap; face the skirt. Cut four sections of the new material for panels to be six inches longer than the hem of the skirt. (These sections will be about a yard long and 18 inches wide.) Have them picoted and plaited in narrow knife-plaits so that when finished they will be about 6 inches wide. Attach the panels to the new raised belt line, two on each side, meeting at the side seam. Then adjust the narrow belt. If the neck of your dress is V or round, cut it square and bind. Then, starting at the shoulder seam, close to the neck, measure down 18 inches, and across the width of your neck and mark with pins. Cut a band of the material in one piece to go from the right shoulder seam down to the pins, across the front, and up to the left shoulder seam. This strip should be two inches wide. Cut a strip of the same width, curved to fit, for the back of the neck. Join these bands on the shoulders, turn under the edges about a quarter of an inch and baste flat to the blouse on the line indicated. Before basting make two bound buttonholes as indicated. Cut a strip of material 1¼ inches wide,

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Bows, Bands, and Collars

and about 18 inches long, fold double, stitch one end and the side, turn, press, tuck in the unfinished end, and stitch. Slip this through the buttonholes and tie in a bow. Then stitch down the applied band to the blouse. Similar bands may be applied at the wrists if desired.

The details shown at the top of page 78 are unusually attractive and can readily be used to refurbish an old frock or make a new one.

Lingerie touches, always a welcome change on a collarless blouse, and particularly smart this season, are becoming to almost every one, especially when the neck is cut in a deep V like the two on page 78. While any sheer washable fabric is charming for these collar and cuff sets, organdy in a light and a dark shade of beige would be nice for the rolled collar with plaited ends worn with a brown dress; and with a navy blue or black crêpe the collar with plaited jabot and cuffs would be smart made of white or yellow handkerchief linen, organdy, crêpe de Chine, or crêpe Elizabeth. If the neck of the blouse is bound and the collar and cuffs are finished with a ¾ inch band and snaps, they can easily be detached for cleaning. A suggestion for a surplice blouse with the new cowl neckline is shown at the right of the center. The surplice opening was enlarged and bound, and a scarf sewed to the sides and back of the neck, the end hanging over the right shoulder.

Nothing is smarter with a suit or street frock than a bright-colored scarf tied in some novel way. The sketch at the extreme left shows a soft arrangement for a scarf to be worn with a dress or under a collarless coat; the one at the extreme right, tied close to the throat like an old-fashioned stock, has a tailored air which goes well with a country coat of tweed.

A Bedroom in the Modern Feeling

(*Continued from page 57*)

blue, and almost a salmon pink, with the furniture and floor of a brown mahogany tone.

The area of the room is small, 12′ x 15′, a little longer than it is broad. Three doors and two windows break up the wall spaces, the door to a closet, a door to the hall, and a door to the bathroom—another problem found in almost every modern apartment. In furnishing such a room to make it comfortable for two people the first requisite is to find two beds, a bureau, the necessary tables and a dressing-table arrangement small enough in scale to fit into the room, not only with comfort, but with charm. This we succeeded in doing: the twin beds are full size, 3′5″ x 6′6″; the bureau is commodious with three deep drawers; the two dressing cabinets each have one deep drawer and a space with shelf underneath which is quite commodious; the two small tables each have a shallow drawer; and the stand between the beds holds a lamp, a telephone, and has shelves for books. Because these pieces are on a moderate-sized scale the room is not crowded. Finely-grained pieces of brown mahogany are matched in an unobtrusive pattern, while the sides of the bureau and cabinet show a beaded inlay at the upper edges and a reeded corner which gives refinement, while the hardware of other ages is replaced by square knobs with an ivory-like finish. To modern veneering we owe the possibility of obtaining such finely grained wood at a reasonable price.

Mirrors in any size we desire, at comparatively moderate prices, are also a modern product, and here one with a beveled edge is used over the bureau, while a larger one, 4′ x 7′, is set into one of the side walls between the dressing-table cabinets. Could anything be more comfortable than such an arrangement? The cabinets hold the dressing articles. The full-length mirror takes the place of the old-fashioned cheval glass, or the mirror set in a door, and allows the modern woman to see herself from tip to toe. It is lighted with brackets of ground glass, while lamps of mirror and metal are used as a decoration rather than a necessity. A different method of treating the lighting of this mirror would have been a band of light on each side from the top to the edge of the cabinets, placed behind ground glass. To do this, plaster walls must be broken, prepared, and lights inserted, then the walls repaired again. As this is an expensive process, unless the lighting is built into the house, the Studio determined to show sidelights, as many of our readers will have the electric openings.

After all, the characteristic that has charmed the many visitors to this room has been the general effect of its color; the use of lustrous, sky-blue, satin curtains put within the window frames and completed with the flat little valances delightfully shaped, drawn back to show voile curtains in geometric pattern which repeat the color of the walls and window frames. The orange yellow, which has a tint of salmon in it, was found in the satin for the bedspread. As a decided bit of contrast, the overstuffed chair is covered in a modern chintz with bright greens, salmon pink, and brown on a neutral background, while the two rugs give pattern to the plain surface of the floor.

True to the spirit of the room, the perfume bottles, the lamps of metal and mirror, and even one of alabaster in a simple urn shape on the small table at the foot of the bed, carry a note of straight-forwardness. There is no fuss or furbelows about them, but they have the essentials of charm—good proportions and nice color.

And now a word about the closet. In construction it would be the same were the room a modern Colonial, English, or Italian. It is essentially a modern closet, built to suit our modern needs. There are shelves for shoes, drawers for men's shirts, stands for hats, and a mechanical clothes pole which pulls out for convenience, on which dress or coat hangers may be placed. Above and beyond all, it has light! There is no fumbling for the mate to a shoe, for the electric light placed over the door shows a place for everything and everything in its place. This light is within the reach of everybody. It is not built in, but merely a tubular light in a metal reflector, such as is used in show cases, placed over the door and controlled by a switch at a convenient height. This is an economical way of lighting any dark closet, which could be installed by anybody understanding the rudiments of electricity.

New Fall Patterns for the Schoolgirl

(*Continued from page 84*)

at the right of the group is made of navy blue wool crêpe or poplin and has a detachable white linen collar and red bow. The bolero is not a separate jacket, but a part of the dress, attached to the sleeveless bodice of the same material as the slightly circular skirt. The pattern in size ten requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, and ¼ yard of linen for the collar.

The remaining dress on the page is unusually smart and attractive for the older girl. The plaited skirt buttons on to a wide band on the bottom of the blouse, or may be worn with separate sweaters. Any number of charming combinations of fabrics and colors can be used for this frock, which is very practical, as the blouse can be removed and washed. For example, besides the skirt of Scotch plaid in tones of red, dark blue, green, and cream, and the cream-colored linen or washable flannel blouse, the skirt could be made of a light-weight tweed in blue or tan with a crêpe or pongee blouse in a lighter shade. In size twelve this requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material for the skirt and 2¼ yards of 36-inch material for the blouse.